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March 7, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Gunsight Trail
A New Novel by ALAN Le MAY

How to Wreck Capone's Gang — By Colonel Robert Isham Randolph

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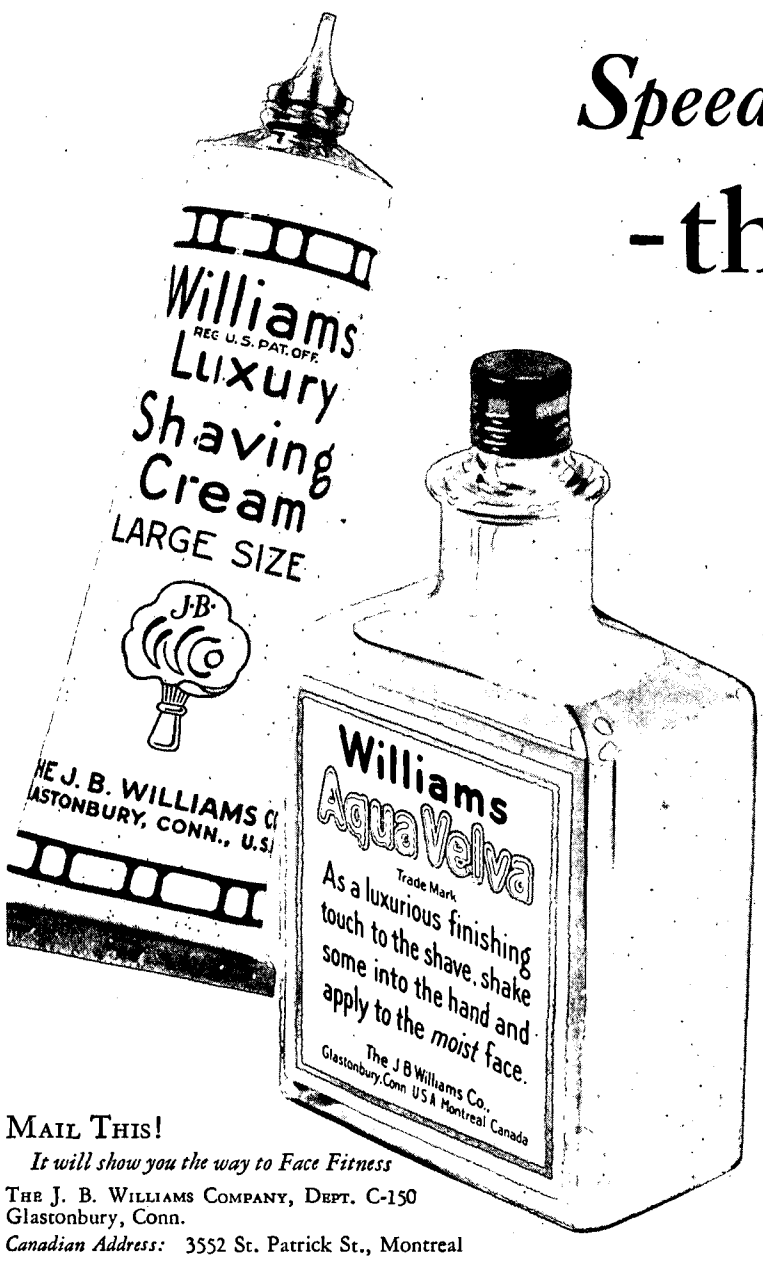

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Bluff and blustery—these days of madcap March. Blow high, blow low—the Face that's Fit *welcomes* wind and weather. And the man who wears the Face starts his day in speed and comfort, with Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

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Now the brisk touch of tingling Aqua Velva. Dash it over the face. You'll like its fresh, bracing fragrance, its knack with the nicks you cannot see. Aqua Velva tones the skin . . . conserves the good-complexion moisture . . . keeps the face as fit all day as Williams lather leaves it.

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Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick, very cool, very new. Ask your dealer!

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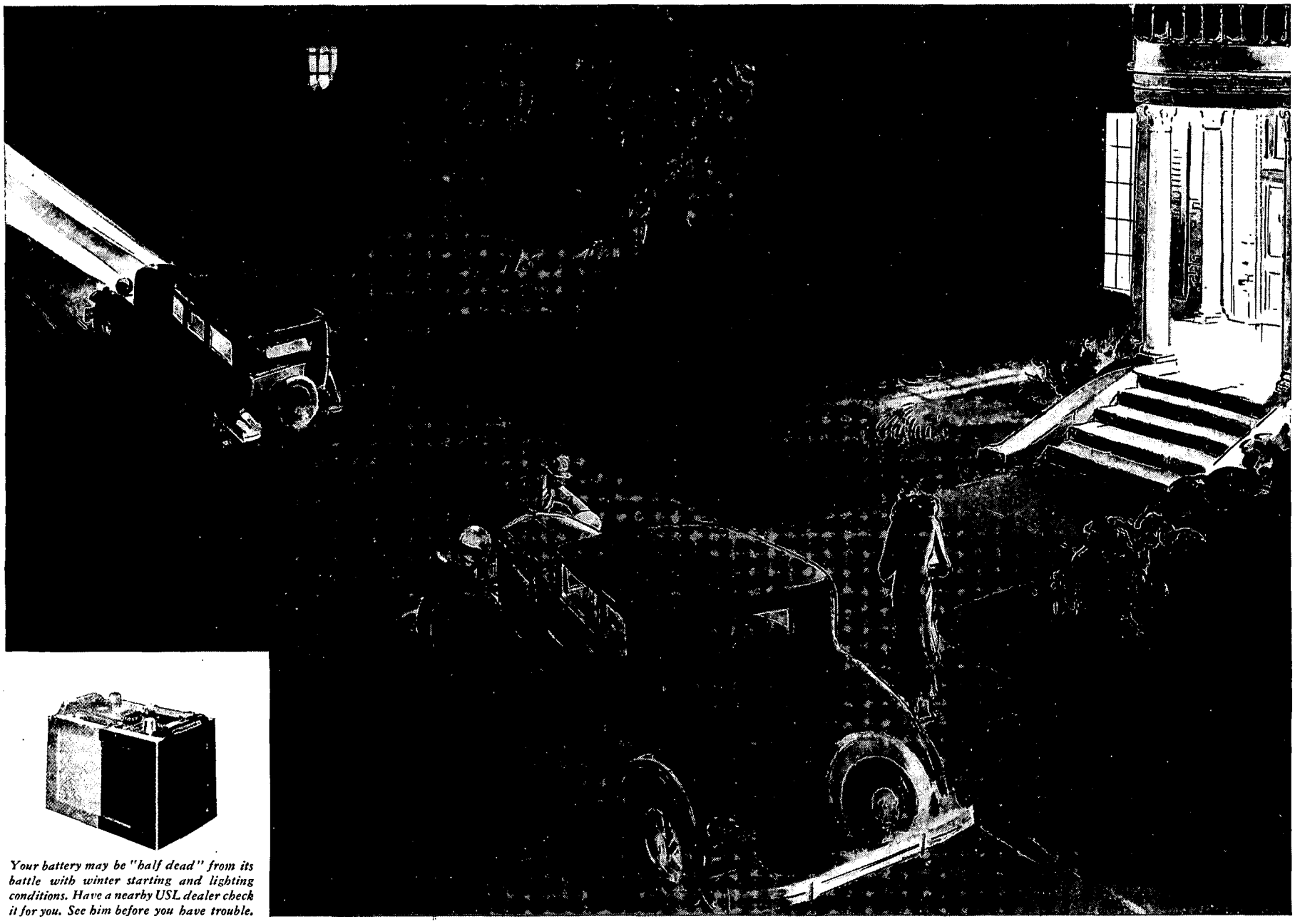

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A bad ending to a perfect evening

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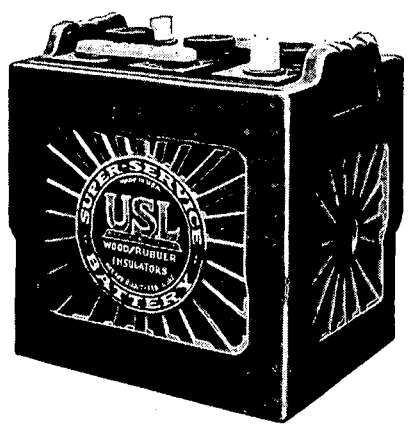

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

AT ANY given time the people of this country are in debt to money lenders to the tune of one billion dollars. That's a big business. And it's a business with inordinate profits—sometimes as great as 5,000 per cent. Sometimes they're even more. There was a railroad man in Chicago, for instance, who paid $1,080 on one loan of $30. Profits like that just don't occur in legitimate business. Deceit, frightfulness and the fear of ostracism are brought to bear by the loan shark to extract the last penny from his unhappy victim. And yet the need for small personal loans is ever present. Desperation continues to drive men into the jaws of the loan shark. But the business is now being cleaned up. If you want to know how much cleaning there is to be done, William G. Shepherd will tell you in "A Money Lender Confesses."

"I 'AVE not seen you chattin' with no prisoners, and any man of the troop that wants a thick ear 'as only to say as much to get one. But since we're torkin' of it, Master Shandy: Is it fair? Not that I'd go so far as to say it ain't, but *is* it? I am only arskin'."

That's trooper Alf of the Eleventh Hussars talking to his captain. He'd known Master Shandy since the captain was a boy and when Alf saw him on the point of committing treason he leapt to his rescue "With the Best Intentions." Laurie York Erskine tells you what came of it.

—

WHEN Frank Buck, the vigorous author of "Bring 'Em Back Alive," first took up with Toto, the honey bear, Mr. Buck pictured himself as a benefactor. But in the end Toto more than repaid him. In fact, Mr. Buck feels himself permanently in Toto's debt. He tells you about it in "A Bear in Time."

—

"WE BETTER get this straight now," said Corporal Tarleton. "While you've got that uniform on you're a cop. The other eight hours you sleep. Get me?"

"No," said Scott in brief defiance.

Trooper Scott's trouble was that he couldn't see any place for romance in a schedule like that. And what is life, even for a state trooper, without romance? Frederic F. Van de Water tells you how Scotty managed to include it in the line of duty. The story is called "Whose Shoes?"

—

PADDY COLLINS, the loquacious Irishman who assisted Peter Hames in rescuing the royalty of Monaco, returns, providentially enriched, to participate with Peter in a strange and romantic adventure at the Château d'Amaris. As might be expected, E. Phillips Oppenheim is back of it all.

—

DANA BURNET and Elaine Sterne Carrington contribute stories. Grantland Rice, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, Milton C. Work and Freling Foster once more reveal what the well-informed man (*and* woman) must know. Sax Rohmer and Alan LeMay bring you mystery and quick action in varied settings.

THIS WEEK

March 7, 1931

Cover—John Gannam

Page 7—Colonel Robert Isham Randolph
How to Wreck Capone's Gang: or What's in the Beer Business.

Page 10—Sax Rohmer
Yu'an Hee See Laughs, Part II: Laughs at what?

Page 12—Richard Edward Parry
First Spin: A short story of war-time training.

Page 13—Uncle Henry
Hope Fiends: Inveterate Democrats.

Page 14—Alan LeMay
Gunsight Trail, Part I: A new novel of Western romance.

Page 16—Victor LaRue Klee
Made in Old Kentucky: Baseball, with love in the bleachers.

Page 18—Harris Dickson
When the Women Came: Old New Orleans, the Port of Queer Cargoes.

Page 20—Rube Goldberg
The Inventions of Prof. Lucifer G. Butts, A. K.

Page 21—Grantland Rice
Out of Practice: And therefore not perfect.

Page 22—Elmer Davis
As Cheaply as One: A love story, of course.

Page 24—Arthur Somers Roche
A Lady of Resource: Conclusion.

Page 26—The Short Short Story
What Would You Have Done? By Octavus Roy Cohen.

Page 29—Helen Durham
Changing Chins: As you want them.

Page 44—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
Trial and Error: A Democratic textbook.

Page 52—Freling Foster
Keep Up with the World!

Page 59—Milton C. Work
How Would You Play It?

Page 62—Editorial

Any Week

MR. EDWARD W. BROWN of Mattapan, Massachusetts, liked Richard Connell's "The Polecat's Pal" so much that he took that copy of Collier's to his Sunday-school class and "had two of the boys take turns reading it." In his opinion the class "got more good and inspiration from it than they could from the story of Samson killing a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass."

But "A Joplin Barber" writes that Mr. Connell's comparison of his dog's social insufficiencies with those of "a meek barber from Joplin, Missouri, at a refined tea in the Back Bay of Boston" enraged him.

"In the first place," he says, "we ain't meek and in the second place we don't drink tea and in the third place we will be glad to shave Connell for nothing."

—

MR. ROBERT CRANE of Saratoga, Wyoming, is perplexed. We and others insist that the saloon must not be permitted to return. Mr. Crane wants to know what we mean by that when, as far as he is able to find, the saloon has never left us. He then grows a little wild and wants to bet us that he can buy a drink "over the bar in any town within 500 miles of where I sit." We will not gamble with Mr. Crane, particularly after reading his next sentence:

"On second thought," writes he, "you will have to buy the drinks."

—

WE PROCLAIM our fondness for the excellent Judge Gilbert L. Dupré of Opelousas, Louisiana. And he, we rejoice to publish, is our friend. He has just written us, agreeing with our opinion that it is not necessary for his friends to send us weekly eulogies of him. But we hasten to assure Judge Dupré that these regular encomiums did not annoy us. They were merely unnecessary.

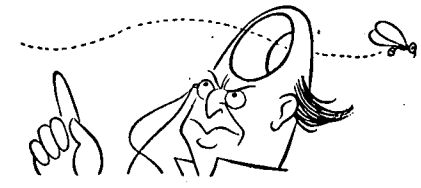
—

"THIS being the open season for United States Treasury raids," writes Miss K. Lennon from Reedsburg, Wisconsin, "I see no good reason why our representatives and senators in Washington, after counting up what is left, should not take it themselves."

Oh, so there is going to be something left, is there?

—

CAPTAIN THOMAS B. LAUB of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, tells us that he has read "entirely too many loose references to open minds in Washington." There are, he insists, too many open minds in our government. "And the great trouble," he concludes, "is that they are open at both ends."



AND finally, we are sternly rebuked by "Jack McAuliffe, the Unbeaten Champion," who writes from the S. S. President Wilson that we thought to "degrade John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, by calling him a top sergeant." As if we hadn't learned, long ago, that top sergeants are people one would do well to respect! Our nose is still sore from that lesson.

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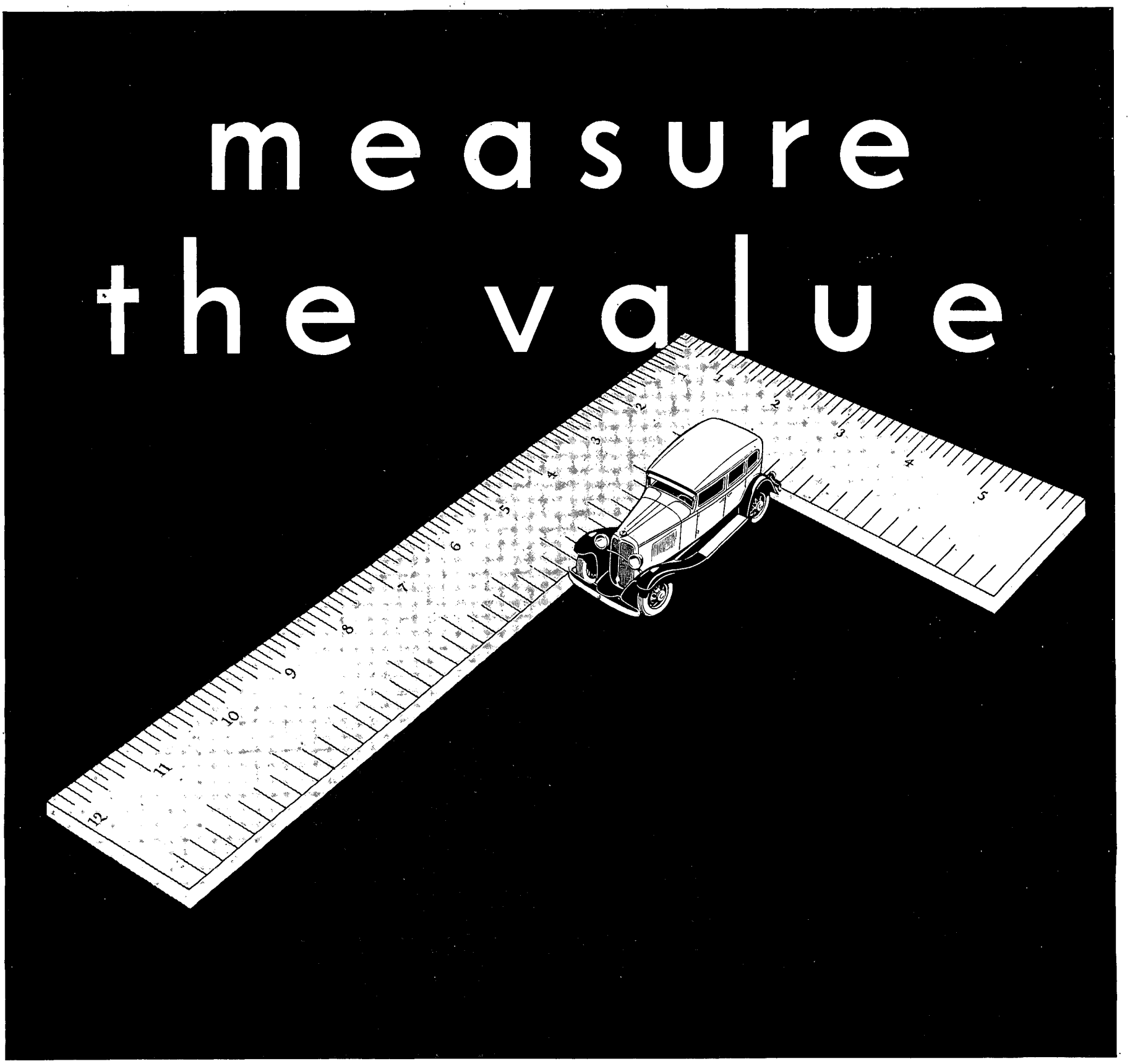

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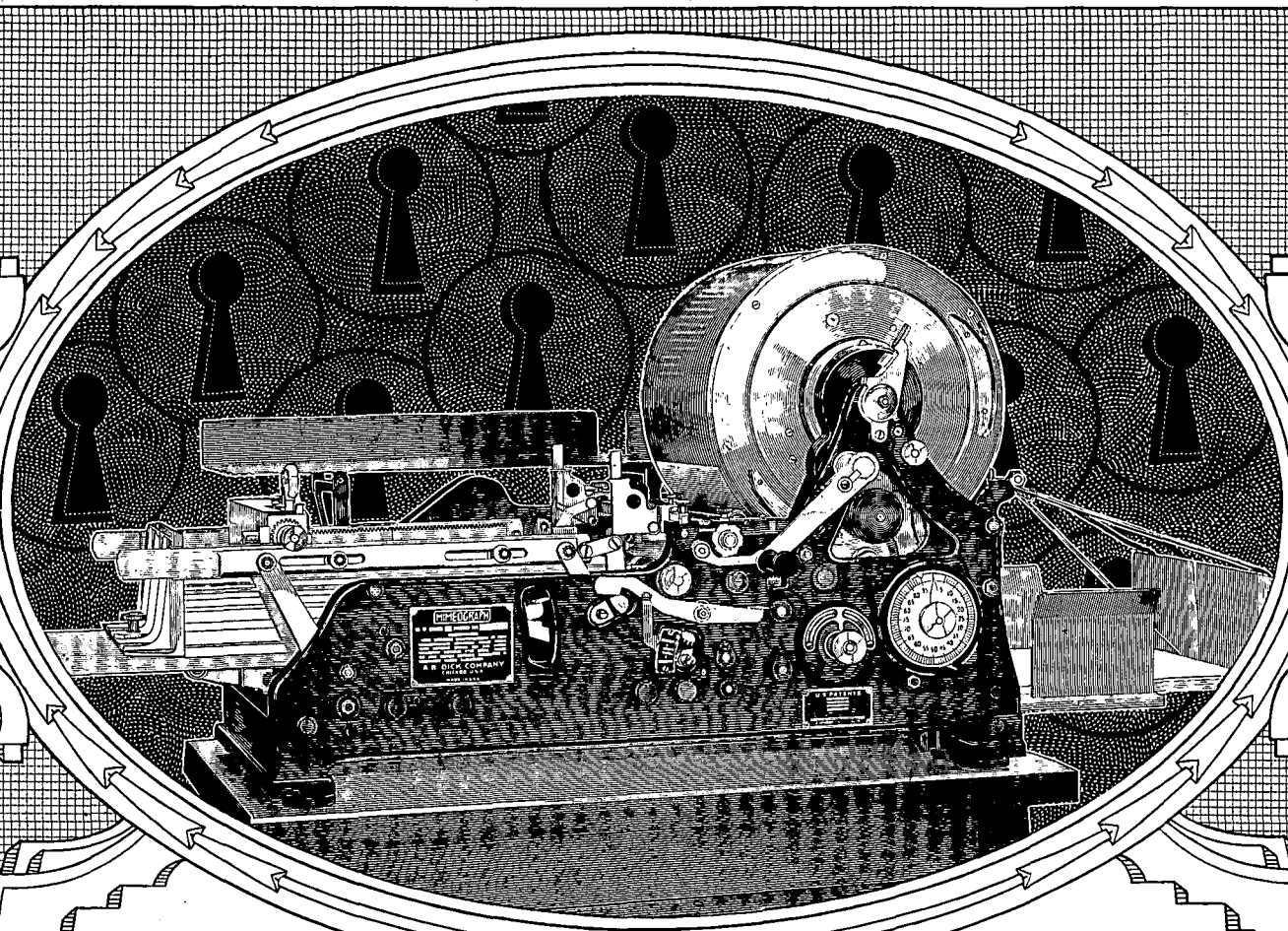

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How to Wreck Capone's Gang

By Colonel Robert Isham Randolph

Keystone View

"Scarface Al" Capone on his yacht at his Florida island, near Miami. Above is Col. Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce and a leading figure in that city's struggle with its gangsters

$2,000,000 a week for the protection of an illicit business in one American city! Al Capone's beer profits are so great that he can afford to set aside that sum for "expenses." What chance has our enforcement machinery to operate when it is clogged by so much money? The facts and figures in this article were gathered by investigators for "The Secret Six," a committee of Chicago business men, of which Colonel Randolph is the head. They are astounding. And remember as you read them that they apply to only one locality. Beer and corruption, blood twins of prohibition, have the whole country as their playground

THROUGH America is running a vast speculation as to what would happen if Congress and the President were to legalize a higher content of alcohol in beer. Daily I hear serious, sober men of affairs prophesying that the force of public opinion will, within a few years, compel the raising of this alcoholic limit from one half of one per cent to at least four per cent.

These same men a year ago would have dismissed such a thought with an airy wave of the hand, and would have snorted, "Change prohibition? It can't be done." Today thoughtful Americans are asking, "Should it be done?"

A new mood is on the country, one less partisan and biased. Both wets and drys are showing a greater disposition to examine prohibition calmly and to consider a possible change from the standpoint of practical results.

Across my desk come the opinions of an army of business men from Chicago and the Middle West and among them I notice that the drys are no longer calling every wet a sodden reprobate and that the modificationists have stopped accusing every dry of being a witch-burner and a fanatic. Sensible people have sickened of such violent propaganda, which, although it may flare up again, seems for the time being to have burned itself out.

I find that business men, irrespective of their original beliefs on the prohibition question, are settling to the conviction that the liquor traffic was outlawed at the demand of a clear majority of American voters and that Europeans are plainly ignorant of our history when they charge that we are a cowardly, servile race which has meekly allowed its liberties to be stolen by a willful minority. As a matter of fact prohibition was adopted largely in the name of liberty; it was to free the wives and children of drunkards from poverty and misery that the voters killed the saloon. The United States chose to try prohibition in the belief that it would give the average family more happiness and money. And as for being a cowardly and servile race—we had at least the courage to try an experiment so gigantic and profound that all Old World peoples regarded it as impossible. If these older nations now say, "Look at your cities groaning under the corruption that prohibition has brought! We told you so!" we can answer, "Well, we will make our own tests. Some of them have done pretty well. We've had the habit since 1776."

Nowadays I hear less of the old-time slogan of the wets, "Prohibition was put over on the nation while the boys were away at war." Most of us have seen the fallacy of that statement, for when Congress submitted the prohibition amendment to the states in December, 1917, there were already twenty-four states dry by the votes of their own citizens. And at the rate at which dry sentiment was traveling across the country there would be no more than a scant half-dozen states still wet today, even if the Eighteenth Amendment had never been considered.

It is obvious that the United States chose prohibition thinking and believing it to be a step toward the millennium, and every believer in popular government must rejoice that the majority had the right to put its faith to the test.

On the other hand, I hear fewer and fewer drys crying that it is immoral to consider changing the prohibition law. Sober common sense has recalled the fact that our theory of government is based on the right of voters to change laws, and that the United States came into being as a result of certain popular

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objections to English laws regarded as oppressive.

I find business men as a class ready to see the anti-liquor laws changed if popular government will be benefited by that change. If the modification of the definition of "intoxicating liquors" will help the morals and prosperity of the country, the American business men I know want it to come—the sooner the better.

Lawyers assure me that Congress has the right to determine what constitutes the "intoxicating liquors" that are outlawed under the Eighteenth Amendment. They say that the Supreme Court has upheld Congress in that right. If, then, Congress passes new legislation legalizing liquors containing four per cent alcohol or less, and the Supreme Court continues to hold that Congress in so doing is within its rights, what will result?

In the first place, it is unthinkable that the industry would not be under government supervision and control. Assuredly there would be restrictions preventing the renaissance of the old-time saloon. Probably there would be licensed stores at which the four per cent beer could be purchased.

What then becomes of the bootleg trade?

I have a very decided notion of what would happen to the bootleg gangs of Chicago. My idea is based on intimacy with business men, big and little, who have felt the oppression of these gangs in many ways. It is also based on the reports and surveys which a corps of trained secret investigators made to me almost daily for a year.

Crowds awaiting Capone's release from the Philadelphia penitentiary

The legalization of four per cent beer would wreck the criminal gangs whose murders, extortions and briberies have been so spectacular as to give Chicago its current reputation for lawlessness. Granting that this reputation is out of all proportion to the facts and that the city's crime rate is less than that of many other cities which point the finger of shame at Chicago, the power of the bootleg gangs is one that must be broken if Chicago is to start its second century with any assurance of continuing its material and spiritual progress.

The boy who made good—
a close-up of Al Capone

Beer, the Cornerstone

Hoodlum gangs today in Chicago have corrupted the law enforcement agencies to a degree that is tragic; they murder, rob and bribe with apparent immunity. Only the power of the Federal government to convict gang chieftains of evading income taxes seems to defy the immunity which their wealth gives.

And the cornerstone of their power is the sale of beer—not whisky. Break that cornerstone and their whole structure collapses! Not only will their organization fail to control any longer the sale of intoxicants, it will lose the grip it now has on gambling, racketeering, robbery and politics.

Consider the size of the business done by bootleg gangs in Chicago today. I cite estimates made this winter after a careful survey by investigators employed by the Chicago Association of Commerce Sub-Committee for the Prevention and Punishment of Crime—a committee which the newspapers have nicknamed "The Secret Six." The figures set down by our operatives are for Cook County, which is for all such purposes identical with Chicago, since, of the county's 3,900,000 inhabitants, more than 3,300,000 live in the city proper.

In Cook County there were found some 20,000 "beer joints," places that vary in size from large soft-drink parlors, saloons and night clubs to "beer flats," assignation houses, cafés and dark rooms in the rear of tobacco shops and poolrooms. In Chicago's downtown section alone—"the Loop"—we found 160 "spots," as our secret service men call them. Whisky and gin, with more fancy sidelines, may be included in the stock of such speakeasies but beer is the staple commodity. It sells at a more or less standard rate of one dollar a bottle or twenty-five cents a glass.

These 20,000 "spots" are served with beer by professional bootleggers, the bulk of whom belong to the organization headed by the notorious Al Capone. Such smaller beer-running gangs as flourish in smaller areas of the city pay Capone tribute for the privilege. Capone is the vice lord of Chicago, and without his beer trade to furnish him the sinews for his strength he would not be the menace to civilization that he is. All other illegal operations of his band are but outgrowths of the beer racket. The impudence with which he and his men—known as the "syndicate"—operate houses of prostitution, perpetrate payroll robberies and jewelry hold-ups, "muscle" their way into labor unions and merchants' associations, is due to the protection paid law-enforcement weaklings out of a treasury that beer profits have filled.

Consider Capone's profits in beer. He and his syndicate control the illicit business from manufacture to distribution. They own a string of breweries and control the output of many others, operating them periodically or constantly, depending upon how often the law enforcers are bribed. Since it is quite difficult to conceal a brewery of any size, I leave it to your imagination how the vats are kept bubbling. There is always enough beer to meet the demands of the speakeasies. Occasionally some spectacular murder or cry for reform will cause the breweries and the speakeasies to shut down. "The heat" is put on, as they call it, then pressure relaxes and the business is resumed.

Even the Cops Laugh

Exactly how many barrels of beer the syndicate sells in Chicago each week could only be told by Capone himself. Our investigators estimate that the 20,000 "spots", average five barrels per week, which means that the syndicate profits from the making and handling of 100,000 barrels of beer every seven days. In other words, Cook County's normal consumption of beer nowadays is some 25,000,000 pints a week. That comes to something over six pints per inhabitant.

Most of this is sold in bulk, hauled from brewery to speakeasy in barrels by the truckload. Much of it is bottled in the syndicate plants where it can be labeled "Canadian Ale" as easily as not. Usually the syndicate keeps up a pretense that the draft beer delivered in barrels is only near beer, but even the policemen on the beat laugh at that.

Our investigation shows that it costs Capone $1.80 to brew a barrel of beer and that other manufacturing charges, such as cooperage, bring the total to no more than $3. Now the standard normal price charged speakeasies for this same barrel is $55, leaving a gross profit of $52. The least of the expense of distribution is trucking. The highest item is protection. The armed guards who accompany the trucks and gunmen hoodlums who collect from the proprietors of the speakeasies can be had by Capone for $100 to $150 a week. Higher-salaried gangsters are needed to "fix" the police and still more intelligent operators are used to "see" the right politicians.

The closest estimate we can make of men on Capone's payroll is 2,000, counting the brewers, truckmen, armed guards, collectors, fixers, and custodians of brothels, gambling houses and handbooks which his syndicate directly owns. This does not count the vice population which pays him tribute nor the speakeasies which he encourages to run even in competition with his own. It is good business to allow independent beer saloons to open under the stipulation that they buy his beer only.

The gang wars that have given Chicago its tragic reputation have been fought over this prize of beer control. In the days before Capone became all-powerful in the bootlegging world there were several rival gangs, each centering in a general district and protecting their own market and territory with bands of armed mercenaries, gunmen who patrolled the boundaries. These swaggering assassins "hi-jacked" each other's trucks, stole beer, staged raids and reprisals, invaded the territory of

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their neighbors and threatened the lives of speakeasy proprietors who refused to buy their beer.

Frequently the gang leaders met in neutral locations—sometimes hotel rooms in the "Loop"—and made new treaties, forgiving the murder of friends and relatives and followers. But violence was in their blood and with the massacre of seven men in a garage on St. Valentine's Day, in 1929, the "Bugs" Moran gang, chief rival of Capone, faded from the scene. Since then other rivals have been eliminated by assassination or intimidation and Capone's syndicate now reigns supreme in the field.

Capone's business, as I have indicated, is an expensive one. How far his bribery extends into the police department is a matter for conjecture. Sergeants, lieutenants and captains on the force are naturally the men Capone must fix, and some of them have become suspiciously wealthy in recent years.

Wholesale Corruption

When a police captain can make $2,500 by merely shutting his eyes to the weekly delivery of truckloads of beer in an obscure alley, what do you think he will do? Some of them are honest enough to resist, but such a man is apt to find that Capone has merely gone over his head to the political boss of the ward and, by judicious payments, or promises of support on election day, has persuaded the politician to force the removal of the honest police official to some distant suburban station.

Capone can set aside $20 from the profits on each barrel of beer and use it as a slush fund. That figure is what our investigators believe he allows for protection. Profiting from the sale of 100,000 barrels of beer a week, he could thus have the staggering total of $2,000,000 to lavish on corruption each seven days. It can be seen how impossible it is for Chicago to maintain a police department that will be above temptation and how hopeless it is to expect politicians to divorce themselves from the gangs.

It is commonly said by close observers that more than half of Chicago's 6,000 police officers and men have taken bribes spasmodically or regularly from either Capone or his tributaries.

That Capone spends $2,000,000 every week on corrupting politicians and law enforcers is too much to believe, even with the situation as bad as it is. That is only the figure which we believe him ready to spend if he has to, and I have no doubt that in many weeks he has disbursed fully that much. The bigger his syndicate grows, the more hands must be filled. Today, it is said, he carries with him some thirty-five trusted gunmen for his personal protection and he maintains a standing army of some 200, a sort of Prætorian Guard, close to the throne. These are his "enforcers" and they will not let him abandon the racket even if, full of wealth, he should want to do so. One very dependable source of information brings me word that Capone would indeed like to step out of the picture and be free from worry, but that he is afraid that some one of his gunmen will kill him for being thrown out of a soft job.

P. & A.

George "Bugs" Moran, leader of the gang wiped out in the St. Valentine's Day massacre

Capone is taken to court in Miami. He was arrested as "a public nuisance"

The payment of enormous slush funds by Capone buys immunity not only for his beer but for the side lines which gangsters develop in crime. It protects such of the whisky trade as the syndicate controls. This business Capone regards as almost trivial in comparison with beer.

Game Too Expensive

Time was when the gangs in Chicago battled for the control of the hard liquor market too. After prohibition, bourbon was at first smuggled from the Canadian distilleries to Chicago by truck, train and ship, there to be redistributed. To control this wholesale trade was worth any effort by the gangs and they murdered each other briskly until they discovered that the game was too expensive. The cost of keeping the road to Detroit open for liquor trucks became prohibitive. Too many petty officials and police along the route had to be bribed and too many rivals found it easy to hi-jack trucks on the country roads. The whisky trade fell to the smaller independent fry, with the syndicate maintaining a loose sovereignty.

More profitable for the syndicate was control over the alcohol "cookers" who distilled the contraband in cellar stills and sold it to Capone agents. The syndicate usually resold this alcohol at a handsome profit to small operators who use it in cutting standard brands of whisky and rebottling adulterations. Dangerous and rotten though this whisky has proved itself to be, the power of the gangs has kept the bottling workrooms from being disturbed and they continue counterfeiting not only the whisky but the bottles, government seals and wrappings of established brands.

For the reason that it is much harder to secrete a barrel of beer than a case of whisky, the sale of the former constitutes the greater menace to honest government today. The bribery of officials is for the purpose of protecting beer sales.

It may be argued that if four per cent beer should become legal, Capone will merely switch his activities from the illicit to the legitimate and continue to roll in wealth. He is known to own many breweries now. We have information that he is buying more in anticipation of a possible change in the law.

Granted—all of it! Under the new dispensation he will be a crippled gangster, just the same. In fact, he will be only a brewer, not a gangster. His gunman rule will be done. He might reap great profits from the legitimate market but his corruption fund, his Prætorian Guard, his vast gang of bribers, panderers and assassins would disappear from around him. His job would be to keep them from killing him, for he would have no more use for their company.

He would be in competition with other brewers over the country—even with foreign concerns. If he could rival the famous old established breweries which functioned efficiently in other days, it would be surprising. Granting that he could produce beer that would outsell theirs, he would be forced to practice fair competition, for he would find new restrictions—the Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance—"conspiracy"—"restraint of trade"—what not.

If he tried to eliminate rivals as in the bootleg days—by murder and intimidation—he would run afoul of the distant, cold and hard-hearted Federal powers who are not so easily subsidized as local agents of the law. Under legitimate competition he could not charge for his product a price that would allow him to pile up his present slush fund for influencing Washington.

The retailers of four per cent beer—licensed proprietors of government stores, we will say—would have trouble in handling contraband whisky even if Capone would supply it along with the legitimate beer. Few of them would care to jeopardize their licenses by taking the risk. All that the government would need to do to curb that trade would be to revoke the license of the storekeeper who was caught. That would be a very different thing from being prosecuted under the current laws with so many legal barriers and subterfuges to protect a man accused of violating the prohibition act.

If four per cent beer became legal, there would still be a large bootleg sale of whisky, but never enough to give the gangs power of the kind they now possess. It is likely, too, that a large percentage of persons who now drink hard liquor in preference to beer because it is easier to transport in effective amounts would not bother to buy or carry whisky once they could purchase four per cent beer openly.

There would remain a certain proportion of citizens who could continue to pay good prices for cocktails and highballs. It would still appeal to many people as something of a lark to defy the law. But even if the whisky-drinkers remained at their present number, they would not constitute a market large enough to give bootleg gangs a basis for forming in their present scope.

For a time, after the coming of four per cent beer, the cities would have an inevitable increase in burglaries, holdups and house-breakings. The majority of gangsters, dismissed by the syndicate, would try to find easy money in independent crime. But with their immunity gone, and with none of the cunning organizational brains directing them, they would fail. The police, having no incentive to wink at their depredations as of old, would throw them into jail. Politicians, finding that the gangs could contribute to no more campaign funds, would "see" no more of those amiable judges behind locked doors and arrange for the dismissal of the accused.

A Public Duty

The yegg and safe-cracker can have no such organization as Capone's to defend him. There isn't enough money in that activity for a war chest, no money with which to keep expensive legal talent on a retainer fee, waiting with writs of habeas corpus and fixed jurors to set the prisoner free.

Some of the younger gangsters might even go back to honest toil, if four per cent beer came to America. Many of the beer-runners are adventurous boys who drive trucks as much for the thrill of the thing as for the high wages they receive. A certain proportion would take normal industrial jobs, their wild oats thoroughly sown.

More important in this connection is the stoppage that a four per cent beer law would put to the endless recruiting of new gangsters from the city streets. To an energetic youngster, born into a civilization that provides him with insufficient playgrounds, gangster life has a natural if disastrous lure. He cannot be relied upon to see through the pretense of Al Capone, master of brothels, posing as a hero. He may only feel the infantile thrill of carrying a gun—playing cowboy—and so blunder into a gang and take up its tragic career as his own. Such a boy meets the poor, weak-brained harlots who serve the gangs and who heap admiration upon youths who wear pistols. He learns to use drugs to bolster up his courage for assassination assignments and, as likely as not, winds up, face down, on some lonely suburban road, "taken for a ride."

The salvage of youth from gangdom would be, of itself, an important item in any great city's consideration of four per cent beer.

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

II

The Story Thus Far:

MYSTERY surrounds the sailing of the R. M. S. Wallaroo, bound for Australia, via Colombo. Detectives lurk in the background; and strange Orientals steal furtively through the blanketlike fog enveloping the vessel. . . . Matt Kearney has just bid good-by to his sister, Eileen (bound for Colombo), and placed her in the care of the ship's chief officer—Jack Rattray, an old friend—when he encounters Detective Inspector Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard. Quickly Haig reveals the situation: A consignment of opium had been put on board; it is now being removed—possibly to the establishment of one Jo Lung; it must be found at once.

Haig must go to Scotland Yard immediately. Will Kearney take his place? . . . Kearney, eager for adventure, will—and does. With Detective-Sergeant Norwich he goes to Jo Lung's headquarters, which amaze him. Jo Lung is, it appears, a "fence." The place is filled with treasures!

Among the jewels is a beautiful necklace. Kearney recognizes it at once. It had once belonged to his Aunt Hilda—had been in her possession when the yacht on which she was sailing, in the Persian Gulf, had gone down a year before. "Strange," he thinks, and makes his departure—not, however, until he has found a tiny green notebook, which he takes with him.

No sooner has he gone, with Norwich, than a large Oriental—a Chinaman who had been seen on the Wallaroo and who is, apparently, a man of tremendous importance—proceeds to berate his employees. "Those men were detectives!" he exclaims in a weird, piping voice—a most sinister voice. "My plans have been destroyed by fools!" . . . The door opens. For a moment there is a tense silence. Then in glides a figure—ghostlike, silent, mysterious: a woman.

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Yu'an came into the street. Beside him was a small figure muffled in a fur coat

FOR a few moments there was silence before the woman spoke. Her blue-black hair gleamed like a raven's wing. Her long dark eyes were ever so slightly oblique and she had a petulant red mouth, small and delicately chiseled features, and held her head disdainfully high. Her long, slender neck rose above the collar of the brown ermine coat; she would have reminded a critical observer of the once admired Rossetti type. Her complexion was peachlike but dark, and silk-clad ankles and tiny shoes peeping beneath the fringe of a black lace frock had a dainty and patrician elegance.

She was imperially petite, alluring yet menacing; one hand held her coat tightly about her. It was a long, slender, creamy hand. She was watching the man seated in the revolving chair.

The Greek and Jo Lung stepped aside deferentially, as:

"Yu'an," she said, and the voice of this cold woman had a deep, warm, caressing note. "Who were those men? I saw them from the stair."

"Shut the door," the Chinaman replied, watching her through half-closed eyes. "Did either of them see *you?*"

"No, I don't think so."

The woman stepped closer and the Greek closed the door.

"Do you—suspect them?"

"I thought it unwise they should be allowed to come tonight."

Polodos solicitously passed her the card which he held in his hand, and:

"This is the introduction they brought, my lady, and Mr. Bernardson had advised us that they were coming."

The woman took the card, glanced at it and tossed it onto a side table.

"They never should have been admitted," she said. "Are you ready to leave, Yu'an?"

"I have a telephone call to make to the Wallaroo," he replied. "There has been much bungling. I must speak to the doctor."

HE STOOPED, dipping his hand, a plump, waxen hand with tapering fingers, into an inside pocket of the heavy fur coat which lay at his feet. Suddenly he glanced up, the china white of his eyes glaring; and:

"I removed my coat as I entered the warehouse," he said, "and carried it here. I have dropped my notebook."

Something in those words broke through the high disdain of the woman watching him. Where the eyes of Yu'an had gleamed whitely, hers, in opening, grew black, as though the irises distended.

"Your notebook?"

Yu'an, clutching the arms of the chair, continued to watch her, his drooping lids slowly, slowly covering those ominous eyes. The others were watching her also.

"I said so. It contains . . . our death warrants!"

The woman clasped her slender throat—a curious gesture, and:

"Ah!" she cried—"I am blind! It must be! I saw one of those men pick up a small notebook! It was like yours—yes—it must have *been*

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By Sax Rohmer

yours! On the steps from the Silver *Room*. . . ."

Followed a moment of tense silence. All were watching the Greek; then:

"You saw this, Polodos?" Yu'an whispered in flutelike notes.

The Greek was very pale.

"I had stepped back. I remember turning up the light on the stair."

Yu'an, his eyes now apparently quite closed, turned in the woman's direction.

"Open the door, go down to those stairs, quickly, quickly, and tell me if you deceived yourself."

Some but not all of her disdain deserting her, the woman turned, opened the door and swept out of the office, as:

"Jo Lung," Yu'an continued. "Follow her. Your life and mine depend upon what I tell you. If those pigs have found and taken that notebook, our necks are hung upon a silken thread. There is fog—but they must be overtaken. That book must be back here, upon this table, within an hour."

Jo Lung moved silently towards the door.

"Two men," Yu'an added.

"Ali shall go—"

"And send for The Adder. . . ."

As Jo Lung disappeared, Yu'an turned his apparently closed eyes in the direction of Polodos. At mention of that name—"The Adder"—the Greek's face had grown clammy with perspiration. It trickled down from his hair into his thick eyebrows.

And Yu'an began to laugh.

He did not show his teeth in laughter. His red lips merely seemed to thicken as he laughed high, hideous squeals, like the amplified note of a bat. . . .

Kearney felt a tremendous sense of relief when he found himself out again in the narrow lane. Even the fog seemed friendly. Dimly to his ears came the sound of voices which seemed to proceed from the little courtyard they had left behind. Apparently Norwich did not notice these sounds.

IT WAS good to be free of that strange building, with its silence out of which the breathing of hidden watchers seemed to come; its ghastly emptiness, as of a place unoccupied, deserted, yet which he knew by virtue of some extra sense to be illusive. The Arab doorkeeper, the Greek—and that strange woman—had not been the only occupants of Jo Lung's emporium that night.

There were others—many others—watching, listening. He knew it—he had felt it all the time.

By virtue of some mutual understanding, Kearney and the Scotland Yard man paced along to the neighboring street in unbroken silence. But, the corner turned:

"Those opals!" Kearney began.

"I knew you had spotted something there!"

"I had. You've got your case clearly enough if they don't dispose of them before tomorrow. Those opals belonged to Lady Dakenham, who was lost at sea ten months ago! How in the name of all that's wonderful did Jo Lung get hold of them?"

"H'm!" said the Scotland Yard man, and his tone betokened disappointment. "There's no case in that, sir. I suppose they must have been washed ashore. Where did the accident happen?"

"In the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf."

Detective-Sergeant Norwich laughed.

"Outside our beat!" he said.

"Then you mean there's nothing you can act upon?"

"I'm afraid there isn't," Norwich confessed. "Those odd sapphires might have come from almost anywhere. They don't correspond to the list. Everything in the place is of number-one quality. But there was nothing that I definitely recognized. In fact, if you ask me, we were spotted!"

"Do you think so?"

"I'm positive!"

"Yes," Kearney murmured, "I'm afraid we have wasted our time. Somewhat annoying in view of the fact—unless we can get hold of a wandering taxi—that I have a long, foggy journey ahead."

Norwich laughed again. "Hard luck, sir," he said. "There's a cozy fire, an armchair and a pair of slippers waiting for me at Stockwell. Also a bottle of stout and a comfortable bed. But my orders are to report back to Leman Street."

"That being the case," said Kearney cheerfully, as they groped out onto Commercial Road East, "we part company. I shall head towards the station."

"Right you are, sir," said the detective. "I shall cut back along Cable Street. You'll be seeing the Inspector later, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm calling him as soon as I get back!"

"Righty-ho, sir. I'm reporting to him from the station. Good night!"

"Good night!"

Kearney peered through swirling mist along perhaps the unloveliest thoroughfare in all London. Not a figure moved as far as his sight could pierce the fog. He had done nothing to help Dawson Haig, but certainly he had secured some unique "copy." He glanced back. Norwich had disappeared.

He felt chilled, dispirited, but had pursued his way for ten or fifteen paces when suddenly he pulled up again. . . .

A sound had reached him—a short, muffled scream. Stock-still he stood, and listened.

Dim, distant noises reached him; the rumble of remote lorries; that muted booming which is the lifeblood of the port of London pumping through its many arteries; fog signals. He could detect no footstep—no other sound. Perhaps he had been mistaken; a cat might have been responsible for the outcry. In any event, uncertain from whence the sound had proceeded, he could do nothing. He pressed on.

He endeavored to combat the gloom of the night and memories of that uncanny warehouse by means of conjuring up visions of more pleasant things.

THIS self-hypnosis operated for a time, but cold facts presently insisted upon asserting themselves. It was close upon midnight, and he was walking along the deserted Commercial Road through a varying mist—a sort of aftermath of the fog. A belated lorry passed him and he found cheer in the fire which burned beneath its belly. There was a sort of companionship in the red glow, and he would have liked to hail the driver. Its clatter died away behind him. Clammy yellow vapor swallowed the light. He pulled up, always dreaming of that belated taxi, and since there was nothing visible ahead, looked back along his route.

(Continued on page 46)

For one instant a sort of supernatural dread held him spellbound. Then, sword in hand, he leaped

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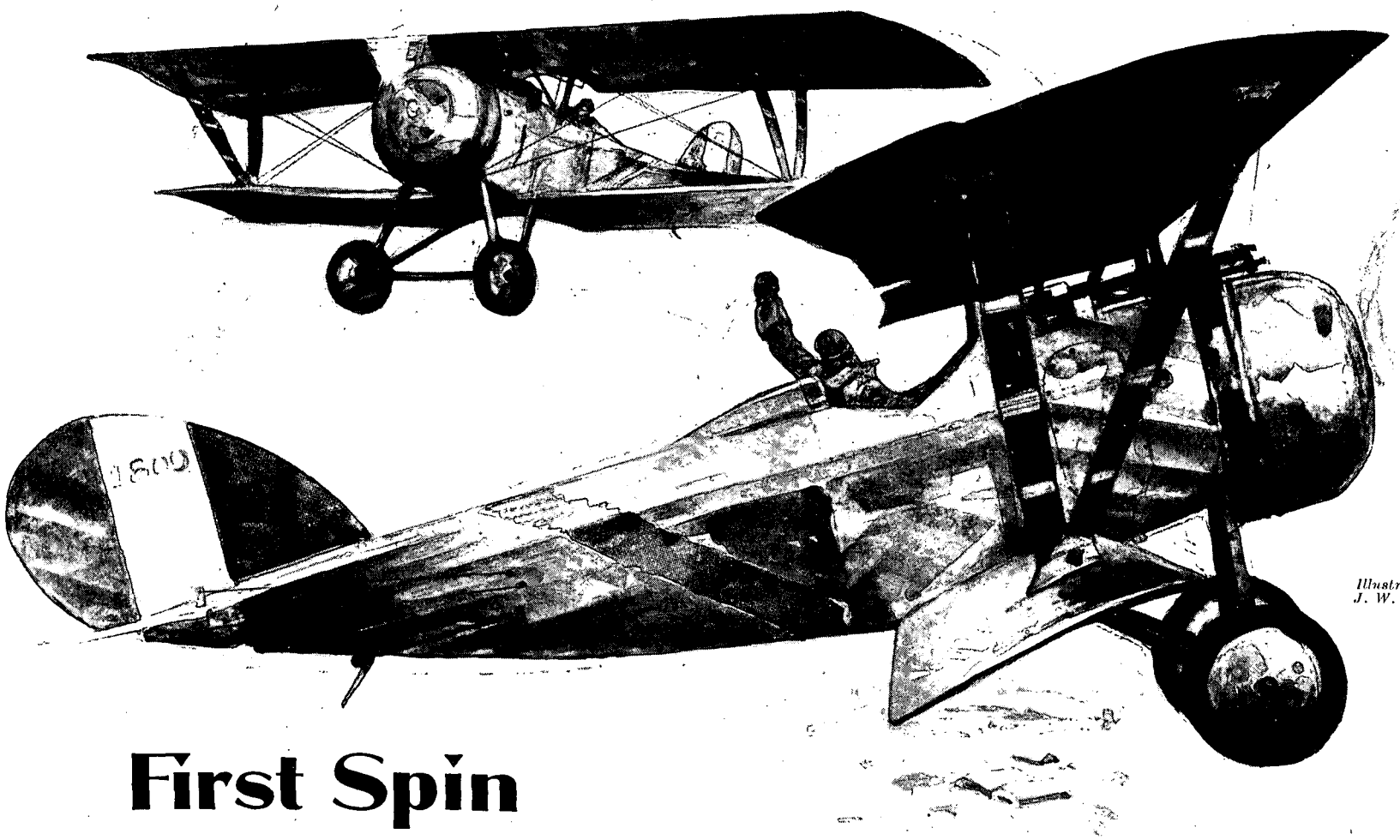


Illustrated by J. W. Schlaikjer

First Spin

A story of fear, heroism and devotion

By Richard Edward Parry

THE dozen of half-frozen flying cadets, huddling around the little fire in the snow, fell silent. Twelve hundred meters above, and a quarter of a mile to the westward, a comrade was about to begin his first spin.

Each watcher mentally reviewed the formula which the cynical French instructor had just expounded: "Put the controls in neutral. Push forward on the stick. . . . She should come out. Do not take your eyes from the altimeter or you will be very sick!"

"Big Bill" Morse could feel the pit of his stomach drop away as he stood there waiting for that cross-shaped blot in the gray sky to flutter into its first turn.

From the corner of his eye he shot a swift glance down the line of watching men. It seemed impossible that they were not all watching *him;* watching the color drain away from his cheeks and the pale greenish hue of terror come creeping in its place at the thought that *his* turn was coming toward him with the inevitability of doom.

But the others were all standing in frozen attitudes of attention, faces turned aloft, watching, waiting. All except "Useless" Fancher. Morse started as he caught the tow-headed little runt's worshiping gaze. The youngster grinned at him in a desperate, sickly way, and then tilted his head back with the rest and fixed his eyes on the drama above. Morse breathed again; the kid had not noticed.

With startling speed the plane fell through ten turns of the spin. A little apart from the watching cadets, the instructor counted the turns. "That's enough," he cried nervously; "that's enough!"

He glanced around helplessly; the plane continued to spin.

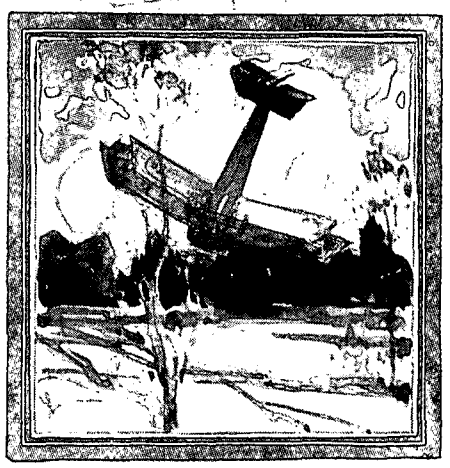
"GOD!" the man beside Morse stammered. "He oughta be comin' out of it, Bill. He oughta be comin' out by now!" His cry cracked hysterically.

"Shut up!" Morse snarled at him; and was surprised that his own throat could function. A contagion of panic swept the watchers. The falling plane had covered two thirds of the distance to the earth.

A terrible cry burst from the instructor. He flung his *képi* upon the ground, raised his arms above his head and began to scream out frantic directions at the top of his lungs. The cadets shouted with him; lifting impotent, imploring voices of vain counsel to the doomed soul whirling earthward through the bitter air.

Just before the woods on the far-off ridge reached up and took the plane, Morse turned away his head. His knees were wobbling under him; nausea clutched his heart.

He had a hazy vision of the instructor leaping into a side-car and jolting off across the frozen fields. The ear-splitting barks grew fainter; the one or two cadets who had tried to run beside the motorcycle gave up the race and came slowly back to the group around the fire. The pounding in Morse's temples grew less violent; slowly, he mastered himself, keeping his face turned away from his mates while he fought back his terror.



With startling speed the plane fell . . . continued to spin

SOMEONE was weeping . . . long quavering sobs of utter misery. Morse thrust his way toward the prone figure. It was Fancher.

"Steady, 'Useless,' old feller!" he said, dropping on his knee and lifting the boy's head into his lap. "Pull up, son. Get a hold on yourself. We couldn't see from here; he may have made it all right. What the hell! Nobody wants to live forever!" His own fright was momentarily forgotten at the feeling of the youngster's hands gripping hard on his. The sobbing checked; the others drew away while he rallied the weakling.

"Thanks, Bill," Fancher said in a shaking voice. "I'm all right now. I suppose the gang'll think I'm just a yellow dog. I . . . I just couldn't help it though!" His voice became strong and bitter. "Oh, my God! Why couldn't I have guts like you?"

Morse left him with a pat on the shoulder and went over to the others. His habitual nonchalance was in his walk. To them, he was . . . had never ceased to be . . . "Big Bill."

"Don't be rough on the kid," he said. "He was sick last night. It might have happened to any of us."

"Yes, it might!" Spike Farley answered. "Run up a rope, Bill. He's been 'Useless' since the day he joined this man's army; and 'Useless' he'll always be! 'Mighta happened to any of us!' Can you picture it happening to you?"

They argued noisily, working off their overstrained nerves and blinding themselves to the awful moment when the instructor would return with news of . . . what? And while they argued about him little Fancher remained sitting in the snow with his head in his hands.

The harsh popping of the motorcycle sounded again. They fell silent as the side-car approached. The instructor slowly dismounted and came toward them. His feet dragged wearily. He raised his eyes to meet the unuttered prayer in theirs and shook his head.

"*Fini,*" he said. "*Il s'est tué.* His rubber boot was stuck, holding the

(*Continued on page 34*)

Morse throttled down and swung in alongside. The youngster's face was still very white; but the grin was firmer and the left hand was raised in salute

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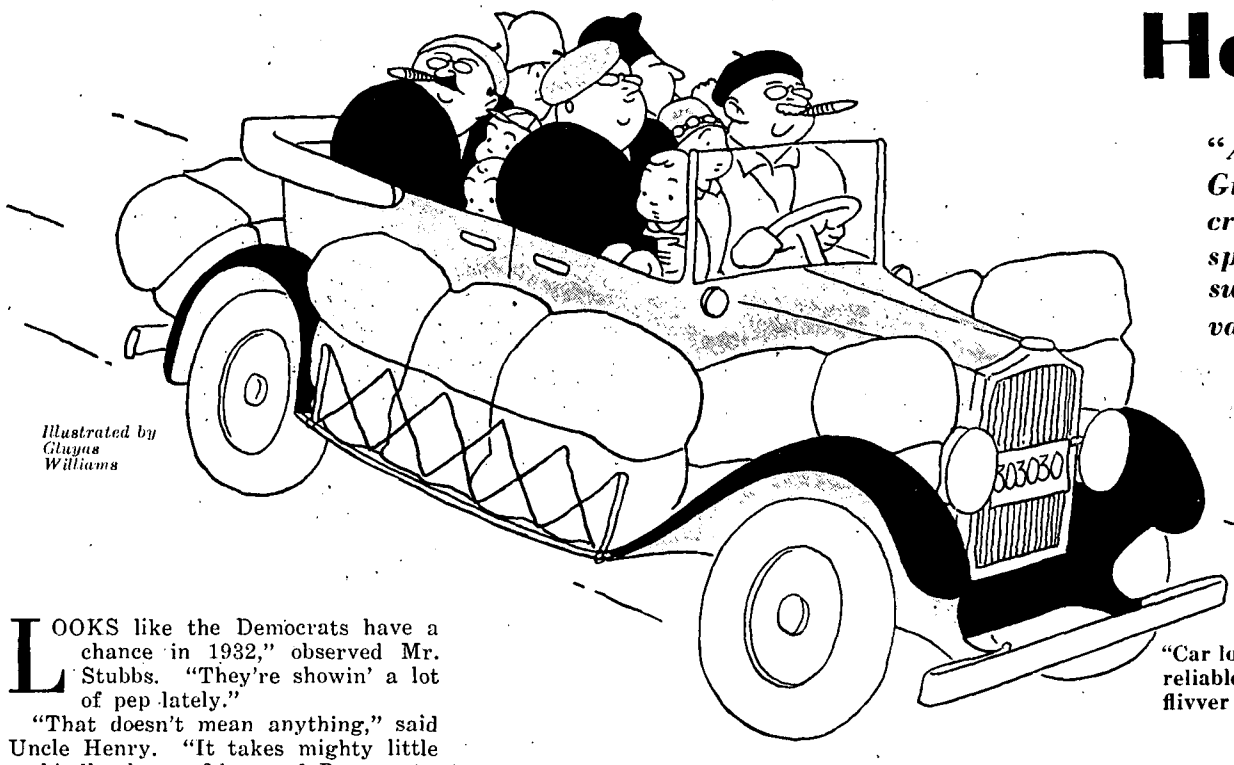
Hope Fiends



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"A couple of years ago, after the Great Deluge, it looked as if Democrats were about to become an extinct species. Now they're thick again, swarmin' all over the landscape in vast numbers, an' deafenin' the ear with their wild, peculiar cries"

Uncle Henry

"Car loadin's are one of our most reliable barometers, an' I saw a flivver with nine people in it"

LOOKS like the Democrats have a chance in 1932," observed Mr. Stubbs. "They're showin' a lot of pep lately."

"That doesn't mean anything," said Uncle Henry. "It takes mighty little to kindle the confidence of Democrats. Never in all this world was there such a lot of confirmed hope fiends. Why, every time a Republican dies in Maine, they think they've got a chance to carry the state. Honest, 'Lonzo, if the party of Jefferson could only run a candidate as fast as they run a temperature, you couldn't beat 'em.

"A truly remarkable aggregation! One might almost say incredible. After the punishment that Democrats have been called upon to endure at the hands of a brutal opposition, you'd think death would be given a hearty welcome. Instead of that, the will to live is so strong that they bite the veterinary when he comes to shoot 'em. The Swiss chard, popularly known as 'cut an' come again,' ought to be adopted as a party emblem.

"A couple of years ago, after the Great Deluge, it looked as if Democrats were about to become an extinct species. The Smithsonian Institution was actually preparin' an expedition to send to Arkansas in search of a perfect specimen to put in a group along with buffalo robes, sideburns, bootjacks, burnt wood, Prince Alberts, wild pigeons an' other things pertainin' to the pioneer life of the country.

"Now they're thick again, swarmin' all over the landscape in vast numbers, an' deafenin' the ear with their wild, peculiar cries. Only recently I saw in the papers that Senator Tydings has actually formed a fishin' an' huntin' club in Maryland for Democrats only, an' that already there's a waitin' list of many thousands. Waitin', of course, until they can borrow the initiation fee.

It Won't Stay Dead

"I don't blame our Republican friends for bein' peevish. Every so often, with clocklike regularity, they kill off the Democratic party thoroughly an' pleasurably, an' pile rocks on the coffin. An' then, jes' when they've got out the blackjacks an' the jimmies an' are preparin' to add a few chapters to their long an' distinguished criminal record, up bobs the corpse, yellin', 'Fire! Murder! Police!'

"Ah, well, it would be a much sadder world if we didn't have Democrats with us, for Republicans are a dull, dreary lot. All that an inmate of the G. O. P. ever asks is the name of his candidate, an' after memorizin' it carefully he puts on his cap, takes up his dinner pail an' goes off to vote with about as much *verve* an' *élan* as a Slovak miner droppin' down a mine shaft.

"It's the Bourbons that give color an' excitement to campaigns. Nobody ever knows what they're goin' to do, themselves least of all. Every sign points to 1932 bein' one of our merriest, maddest elections, for already Democratic candidates are out in the open. That's the one privilege a man gets out of bein' a Democrat. He can run for President every four years if he doesn't mind the congestion an' knows enough to obey traffic rules.

"Al Smith will offer himself again, as a matter of course. Once a man has been bitten by the Presidential bug, 'Lonzo, he *stays* bit. He may think he's over it, an' go about receivin' the congratulations of his friends, but every time there's a business depression, a Wall Street crash or a drought, the old wound begins to throb an' before his family can call the doctor he's at work on his speech of acceptance.

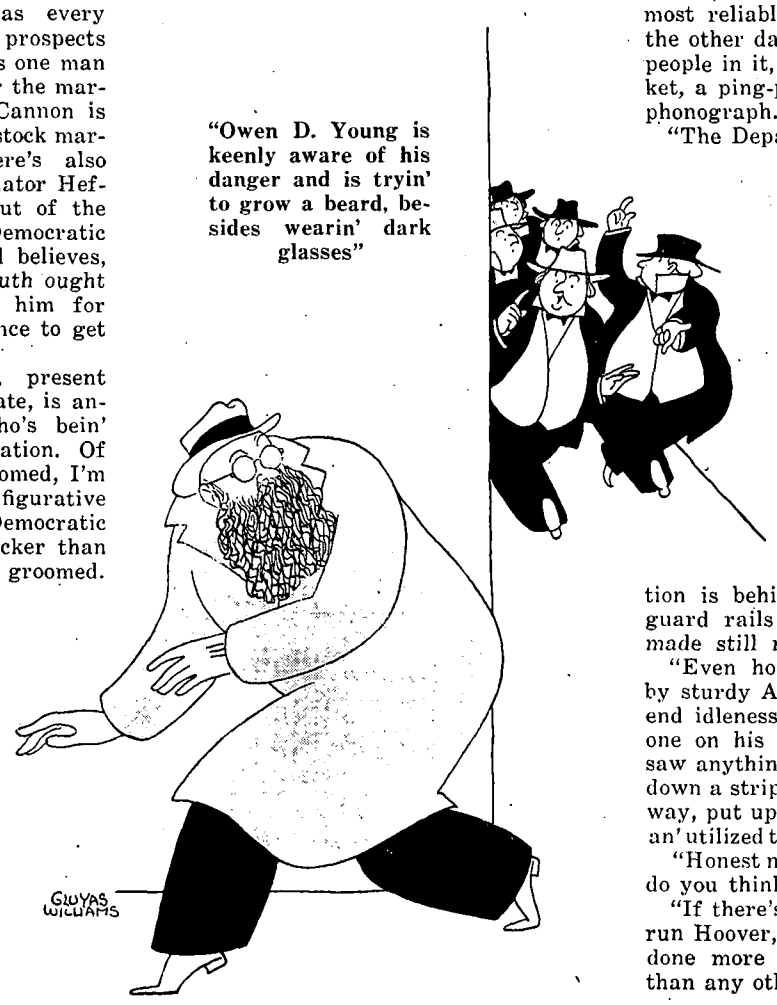
"The ex-governor has every right to think that his prospects are more than fair. He's one man that can't be blamed for the market crash, an' Bishop Cannon is still busy explainin' his stock market transactions. There's also the added fact that Senator Heflin has been thrown out of the party for boltin' the Democratic ticket last election. Al believes, an' rightly, that the South ought to feel kindly toward him for havin' given it the chance to get rid of Tom.

"Franklin Roosevelt, present ruler of the Empire State, is another New Yorker who's bein' groomed for the nomination. Of course, when I say groomed, I'm usin' the word in its figurative sense. Nothin' kills a Democratic candidate's chances quicker than to have it said he's well groomed. Despite Smith's candidacy, I have it on good authority that Tammany is behind Roosevelt. The question naturally arises, are they far enough behind?

"Possibly by way of providin' a larger amount of comic relief, Jim Reed is warmin' up to make the race. A few more unsuccessful starts, an' he'll be the Hiram Johnson of the Democratic party. Jim opened his campaign in Europe, an' reports that his speeches went great in Lithuania, Bulgaria an' the hill country of Dalmatia. I don't doubt it. Jim always goes great where they can't understand what he's sayin'.

"William Gibbs McAdoo, I'm sorry to say, will not be among those to face the barrier in 1932. He might have had a chance, but he damned himself by the statement that he's quit politics in order to earn a livin' for his family. You can't expect Democrats to forgive a shameful confession like that. It comes close to bein' downright apostasy. As a matter of fact, I'm surprised that Mac hasn't been read out of the party.

"The man I hear most talk of, however, is Owen D. Young. They tell me he's keenly aware of his danger, an' is tryin' to grow a beard, besides wearin' dark glasses. But Owen will find that even the most perfect disguise is of no use. The Royal Mounted has nothin' on the Democratic party when it comes to gettin' their man. John W. Davis hid out for weeks before the 1924 convention, but they nailed him jes' the same.



"Owen D. Young is keenly aware of his danger and is tryin' to grow a beard, besides wearin' dark glasses"

Mr. Hoover Helps Out

"However, all this Democratic optimism may prove a trifle premature, for already there are signs that show an improvement in conditions. The United States Chamber of Commerce, in a secret communication jes' received, reports that President Hoover has pledged his word of honor not to issue any more statements about basic industries bein' sound, an' how business is back to normal.

"Not only has this fear been lifted, but encouragin' reports are gettin' to be more an' more numerous. For instance, take car loadin's, one of our most reliable trade barometers. Only the other day I saw a flivver with nine people in it, not countin' the lunch basket, a ping-pong table an' the portable phonograph.

"The Department of Agriculture has hog cholera under control at last an' this should work an immediate improvement in pig-iron consumption. Most significant of all, I note that Chicago reports a seventy-five per cent increase in unfilled steal orders.

"The shadow of unemployment no longer rests heavy on the land, for practically everybody is at work. The Tom Thumb golf courses of the South are operatin' at full capacity, runnin' both day an' night shifts, an' the Administration is behind a move to cushion the guard rails so that watchin' may be made still more attractive.

"Even home courses are bein' built by sturdy Americans who want to help end idleness. A neighbor of mine has one on his back porch, an' you never saw anything more ingenious! He laid down a strip of green baize for the fairway, put up a hair brush for the rough an' utilized the cat's box for a sand trap."

"Honest now," urged Mr. Stubbs, "who do you think the Democrats will run?"

"If there's any decency in 'em, they'll run Hoover," said Uncle Henry. "He's done more for the Democratic party than any other one man."

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Gunsight Trail

Beginning a story of mystery.

CLAY HUGHES, cow hand, awoke with the full knowledge that something was wrong. A glance at the slow wheel of the stars—very near and bright, there in the high Sweetwaters—told him that morning was only a couple of hours away, but the stars and the hour he noted unconsciously, without attention, for all his faculties were concentrated upon the faint whisper of sound which had awakened him.

Something was moving slowly through the thick underbrush which overgrew the up-canyon trail. It was an old trail and disused, so that the unseen advance was made audible at every step by the scrape of twigs. And he knew at once that the approaching thing was neither horse nor cow, nor any other creature having any right there.

He listened to the slow approach with an impersonal curiosity modified by the high-keying which victimizes a man who is awakened by the unexplainable, the unknown. Nothing whatsoever had ever moved along a brushy trail by night in just the way this thing was moving toward him now.

He thought, "It sure sounds like a steer with web feet."

As he searched his mind for some commonplace explanation, the movements came so close that he thought he could distinguish beneath them the sound of short and curiously heavy breathing. At this he leisurely chucked his blankets aside, tossed fresh tinder upon the coals of his fire, and stirred up a lazy new flame of light.

He remembered now something that he had heard earlier in the night. He had off-saddled an hour before the quick dusk of the Sweetwaters and thrown down his bed-roll in the mouth of this timbered gash. It was called Crazy Mule Canyon, though of course, being a stranger in the Sweetwaters, he did not know the name of the place at the time. When he had chucked his worn soft-leather chaps into his spread-out bed-roll, out of the way of porcupines, he had made himself comfortable with bacon, bread and coffee, all cooked in the same frying pan, one after the other; and after that he had sat for a long time smoking brown-paper cigarettes, waiting for sleep.

Presently, far up the canyon, a mule had brayed with the preposterous distance-defying voice common to mules; and though the echoes were deceptive he had estimated that his neighbor was perhaps four miles away.

It was a long time later, as he was just dropping off to sleep, when the report of a gun—that queer, flat flutter of sound that is made by a gun fired within canyon walls—had sounded abruptly far above and Clay Hughes had raised himself upon one elbow, listening.

A gunshot in the mountains is nothing to arouse comment by day, but at night it is a different thing, uncommon enough to make him wonder what had happened and what the explanation might be. A vague uneasiness made him reach for his rifle, with some notion of inspecting its action, but he had grinned at himself sardonically and drawn back his hand. In the end he had smoked another cigarette and presently went to sleep.

Now, remembering that up-canyon shot, it was in his mind that his visitor might be some prowling bear that had been wounded at the camp of his unknown neighbor. A wounded bear can make trouble. Hughes pumped a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and, cross-legged on his blankets, waited with sleepy interest.

Then at last, out of the shadows beyond the reach of his firelight, a dim, tall form moved; and Hughes saw that his unaccountable visitor was a man.

"Howdy," said Hughes.

THE man from up-canyon did not answer, but continued to advance, his step slow and uncertain. The fire was between Hughes and his visitor, partly dazzling Hughes' eyes; but behind the slender, fire-tinted thread of smoke he could see the man's face clearly. It was expressionless, but strangely drawn. The upward-striking light of the fire made the shadows upon the face unnatural and gave the eyes a look of hard glaze. He came so close to the fire that Hughes thought he was going to walk directly over it; and the cowboy saw that the man's hands were locked upon his breast in a curious position as if he carried something there.

"What do you say?" Hughes spoke again.

The stranger's lips moved grotesquely as he made an effort to speak, but no sound came other than the rasp of his choking breath.

And now Hughes saw that the man's shirt was so wet with a dark stain that it clung to his lower ribs and the lean muscles of his stomach, showing them in glinting relief. Hughes sprang up. "What's the matter, pardner?"

As Hughes stepped toward him the man swayed, then suddenly crumpled forward, his body crushing out the blaze.

The sudden quenching of the light was followed by a moment of what seemed utter blackness, before the starlight came creeping back, faint and blue in contrast to the orange light of the vanished flame. Hughes dragged the fallen man clear of the fire; then fumbled in his pocket for a match.

The stranger stirred and spoke audibly for the first time.

"Who is it?"—a choking whisper.

"Easy," said Hughes. "You'll be all right in a minute."

He struck a match on his overalls and crouched above the other.

"Listen," said the stranger's husky whisper. "Listen." By the flickering light of the match Clay Hughes saw a twisting contortion cross the features of the stranger, as if the face were a mask distorted by wires jerked from within. The man's eyes were starting from his head with his terrible effort to speak. Once more the colorless lips formed words and though no sound came Hughes, watching the stranger's lips, thought he made out the beginning of a sentence.

"Get—that damn—"

HE ALMOST heard the ghostly murmur of words unspoken, so plainly did he see the syllables form upon the stranger's silent lips. Then abruptly the tiny flame of the match went out.

Hughes lighted another match. This time the flame showed him a face from which all expression had gone. The man was dead.

Hughes stood up, a sudden weariness upon him; and with that weariness was fused a strange, bottomless sense of loneliness, an unaccustomed sense of hopeless desolation. It was the first time in his life that a man had died in his very hands.

He covered the body of the stranger with one of his own blankets, leaving him in the spot where he had died; then with practiced hands assembled his meager cook outfit and his bed-roll. For a few moments he considered the advisability of catching up his horse at once; but the long-legged blue roan

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love and war - out West

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark

"Mr. Major," said Macumber in a thick voice, "there's a man been killed." Hughes saw that the girl did not appear to have moved

which he rode could hide like a deer, and to try to catch the horse in the dark was hopeless. He rolled a cigarette and waited patiently for the near dawn.

Clay Hughes had been working stock since his first memory; he supposed he would be running cattle—though he hoped it would be his own cattle—when he died. At twenty-five he owned the horse and saddle he rode and the clothes he stood in, and little more. But the long horse-and-rope labors of mountain and plain had given him other things less easily detached.

THE quick strength of his hands and his easy endurance in the saddle were perhaps the least of his heritages from the trails. More important, perhaps, was a certain essential attitude toward himself and the trails he rode; it had carved a deep, curving grin line in one cheek, though not the other, and had put into his blue eyes a humor that was at once mild and keen. He was tall and long-legged, and though sufficiently slender he lacked that notable gauntness common to most in a country where men grow as lean as the living rock; his physical ability was principally visible in a certain easy, poised balance of movement, not only in the saddle but on the ground as well. No one ever saw Clay Hughes look sprawling or unready; he was like some well-turned animal, too close-knit ever to take a wholly ungraceful position.

And he was a rolling stone. Young as he might be called, he had worked stock all the way from the Panhandle to Powder River, and westward through the Beaverhead country to the Divide and beyond. He had never been able to take root. Sooner or later, wherever he might be, the old nagging question always returned to him: "Is this all there is?" And when that happened, all too frequently for his own good, nothing seemed possible to him but to move on.

He might be sleeping upon a far, lonely prairie when the trail itch would come and wake him up, and he would sit up in his soogans staring at the stars, aware that this range could hold him no more. Or he might be foreman at a branding corral or busting broncs at ten dollars a head or running a pack train; anywhere or any time that irrational impatience might come upon him, and set him once more upon the weary, welcome trail to nowhere. Those long trails had made him at home everywhere, comfortable in any place and in almost any situation.

HIS circumstance now, however, was an unfamiliar one, and he was at first uncertain what he had better do. Something was warning him that there were entanglements ahead; that he had better go over the hill now, leaving alone a situation in which he had no logical part. That sense of the impending, perhaps, took its source from a dimly incoherent note of warning apparent in the unschooled phrases of a letter now in his saddlebag.

The presence of Clay Hughes in Crazy Mule Canyon was attributable to more than chance, if less than fortune. The letter was from Bob Macumber, foreman of the Lazy M, now but a few hours' ride beyond. Those two, Hughes and Macumber, had crossed trails more than once and though their meetings and partings were as casual as those of range horses a strong, tacit bond of friendship existed between them, made up of the exact understanding which each had of the other's ability.

Lately, word having reached Hughes that Bob Macumber had become foreman of the Lazy M, the big outfit at the head of Buckhorn Valley, Hughes had written to ask if Macumber had a job for him there. The reply, the first

(Continued on page 36)

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Made in Old Kentucky

When a ball player bites a plug of tobacco, that's not news. But when a plug of tobacco was bitten by Clemington John Van Antwerp, it was sensational stuff

WHEN you been in baseball close to thirty years as player and coach they's plenty of things you just as leave forget. Like the time Matty fanned me four times in one game at the Polo Grounds when we're battling the Giants for the rag in 1907. I don't care if I never think of that again. Another time over in Pittsburgh I lose a seventeen-inning game for old "Three Finger" by kicking a soft chance and leaving Fred Clarke score from second with the winning run. I guess anyone but me remembers that boot and I'd sure like to forget it.

It's like that if you take baseball serious and that's the way I been taking it ever since I broke in with Altoona in the old Tri-State back in '03. It's the pleasant things you wish you could remember that slip your mind—and the funny ones.

Once in a while a thing comes back to you like a fast ball off of Babe Ruth's bat. You're setting there on the bench maybe watching batting practice and a lamb comes up to the plate you never seen before. They's something about the way he cuts at the ball makes you think of some old buddy you ain't seen in twenty years.

It's that way with this big goose of a crooked-arm just reported to us yesterday. I ain't even heard his name yet but the minute I seen him throw a ball I thought of old "Blue Mule" Van Antwerp and there's a guy I ain't seen since the series of 1917.

But they's quite a yarn connected with "Blue Mule," whose right name was Clemington—tie that—and a yarn that ain't ever been rightly told either. I recall the day he reported to our club like it was yesterday. It was one of them dog days they get too many of over in Cincy in July, when you can get a nice Turkish bath just standing still any old place in the shade and you wish they was a breeze and then a breeze springs up maybe and it's so hot you wish they wasn't any.

I was out of the lineup at the time with a bad knee where I run into a fence chasing a fly ball in St. Louis. I recollect I'd been hitting fungoes to the outfielders to keep in shape and my monkey-suit was soaked like I'd been in a cloudburst. I walked over to our bench, put down a couple of dipperfuls of water and set there chewing the fat with Del Howard. We're talking about dames and the good beer they got in the corner place across from the park and one thing or another like that and Del says, "Oh, yeah?" to something I just said and gets up from where he is setting to go over to the water bucket. He's still looking at me and listening sort of over his shoulder and all of a sudden he falls flat on his ear right in front of old "Husk," our skipper.

AS HE starts to get up, Husk reaches his foot out and kicks him playful on the place he sets down on and I look over to see what made him fall. Well, sir, I got a eyeful of feet like I never seen before or since and the funny part of it is when I run my eyes up to the face that goes with them I'm looking at a baby boy. Neither man or child, that animal was that owned them dogs Del had fell over.

Del got up and looked this lamb up and down while he was brushing himself off. "It sure must be tough to have dogs like them this kind of weather," he says to me, pointing to the kid's feet.

"Yeah, how's that?" I asked him.

"Well, they's so much more room for the heat to settle in," he says. "Must be hell on dumb animals, this heat."

This big kid don't say a word. His face is pale by nature, I guess, and he's got blue eyes and about four haircuts worth of hay hanging down over the back of his shirt. We sat there wisecracking at his expense and then all of a sudden Del gets a happy idea. He was always giving rookies a chew and getting them sick and Husk had threatened to fine him if he didn't lay off but it didn't do no good. Well, he sees Husk has gone out to first for fielding practice and he pulls his paper of chewing out of his pocket and holds it under this kid's nose.

"Would you care for a chew of 'Day's Work'?" he asks the stranger, very polite.

"Thanks, I got a chew," says the kid.

"Okay," says Del and then he sets there and watches the kid for about five minutes—just stares right at him like he can't see enough of him.

"SAY, kid," he says finally, "I ain't seen you spit. You sure it ain't gum you're chewing?"

"Naw, it ain't gum," says the kid in a sort of a tired voice. "I got the habit of not spitting working in the sash and blind factory. They was 'no spitting' signs up all over."

Del's eyebrows went up and he gives me the finger across his neck as much as to say, "He's lying."

"What do you do when your mouth gets full?" he asked the kid.

"My mouth don't get full. I swaller it fast as it comes," he says.

Del got kind of sore at that. "Say, listen, buddy, do we look like we was born yesterday?" he asked the lamb. "You ain't got a chew," he said and pointed his finger at the kid's mouth.

Well, the kid give him a sort of a lazy grin and stuck out his tongue. Sure enough, there it was—a big hunk of black plug. "See that?" he asked Del.

Del said he did. The kid pulled in his tongue, swallered and stuck it out again—empty. "It's gone," he says. "I got into the habit of swallering my chew when the foreman come around."

Del walked up to the kid and shook hands with him. "Kid, you got guts," he says. "Any guy who swallers his chew has got guts and I don't care if his dogs are bigger than this whole dugout."

"The boys in the factory took up a collection and sent me to Chicago to see Orkid," she says and blushes some more

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By Victor La Rue Klee

"Yessir," says the kid, real pleased.

"What's your name, son?" I asked him.

"Clemington J. Van Antwerp," he says.

"Well, that's too bad," says Del. "I mean—well, it's kind of a long name for a ball player. I suppose your nickname is Clem though," he says.

"Some calls me Clem but my gang all calls me Orkid," says the lamb.

"Did you say orchid?" Del asks him.

"Yessir," says Van Antwerp.

Dell turns to me. "Gosh!" he says, "ain't that the name of a flower?"

I told him I guessed so, either a flower or a woman.

"Well, I ain't neither one," says the kid quietly. "My old man used to watch us play ball noon times at the factory and he always spoke of me as 'our kid' so that's how I got my name, 'our kid' and Orkid," he declares.

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Del scratched his head. "Listen, buddy," he says, "I like you and I think you're all right. As a personal favor to me don't tell no one. No kid who swallers his chew on purpose should have a name like that. Tell the boys your name's Clem."

Van Antwerp said he would.

Well, sir, this kid with the big feet was a left-handed pitcher and he come from some little town down in Kentucky where one of our scouts picked him up. I disremember the name of the place. Once Husk asked him what the main industry was in his town.

"Well," he says, "I reckon corn whisky and the sash and blind factory. A lot works at both."

"Then it isn't a big town?" Husk asked him.

"Well, not as big as Chicago," he says, "but it's a watering place."

"You mean one of these swell spring resorts where the people with dough stop?" asks Husk.

"I ain't just sure about that," says the kid, "but the trains all stop there for water."

I'VE seen some green peas in my time but never one as green as Van Antwerp before or since. On his first road trip he had an upper of course, and after he climbed up he leaned out and yelled down to Johnny Evers, who was under him.

"Say, John, have you got one of these here swings in your coop?" he says.

"What do you mean, swings?" Johnny asked him.

"Well, look here—here's a swing running right along the side of my coop," says the kid.

"Oh, yes," says Johnny, "you mean that thing like a hammock. That's an arm rest for pitchers. You're supposed to sleep with your arm in that. Husk had that put in there special for you."

"The one I throw with?" asked Van Antwerp.

"Why, sure," says Johnny.

"Well, I always sleep on my right side but I reckon I'll have to change tonight," says the kid, "because I sure want to try this thing out."

He wasn't much to look at, that big kid, except his feet. But say, baby, he could pitch and no fooling. He'd put half a plug of that black tobacco in his mouth, the other half in his hip pocket and go out there and make a club like the Braves with a lot of left-handed hitters look like a sucker. His control wasn't nothing to brag about, of course, but he had a corking hook as sharp as a rat's tooth and a good fast one and plenty of—well, we called it guts in the old days. Now it's intestinal flu or some other crazy name.

We called him Clem for a while but Joe Tinker started calling him "Blue Mule" after the name of the chewing he used. Later that was cut down to "Mule" and the name "Mule" stuck to him till he quit the game. You've heard guys speak of chewing tobacco as eating tobacco. Well, I always thought that was stretching things a lot until I seen Van Antwerp perform. Then I knew the guy who said "eating tobacco" first must have got a load of this kid somewheres.

This "Blue Mule" was a kind of chewing you couldn't buy in the cigar stores but that didn't worry the kid. He had brought two old satchels with him that Stonewall Jackson probably carried the stones in—they was old enough anyhow—and one of them was full of "Blue Mule."

It looked like this big kid is just what the doctor ordered for our ball club. Jack Pfeister is our only experienced left-hander and he ain't a robust fellow, so Husk wants to save him for the Giants. You know Jack was called "Jack the Giant Killer" and he always made a specialty of beating them babies. Well, by working this kid Van Antwerp against the Braves on trips where we hit Boston first or saving him for the Braves on trips where we hit New York first we always had Jack fresh for the Polo Grounds. Them two clubs was the only ones with many left-handed hitters and of course we ain't worried about the ones loaded with right-handed sluggers because we got old "Three Finger," Big Ed, Ovie and Lundy for them.

Well, we're breezing along pretty in second place with the Giants a couple of games out in front and the Pirates about the same behind us. The kid is doing his stuff and even went a few innings against the Giants as a relief pitcher and looked great. Well, we got back to Chi and took on the Western clubs for a spell and by the time the middle of August rolls around we're out in front of the pack and going strong. Husk has the boys on their toes, everybody is talking and thinking world's series gravy and we're ready and anxious to fight our weight in wildcats if any can be found who is willing to take a chance with us.

Well, sir, nobody knew there was anything wrong with Blue Mule until the day the Braves opened a four-game series with us in Chi. We ain't got the Giants to worry about until after the Dodgers and Phils have been to town so Husk figures he'll shoot Mule against the Braves the first game, Jack the second and then maybe Mule again the fourth. They both figure to get over and that'll give our right-handers a chance to rest up and they sure needed it. Mule gets the first shot and what does he do but go out there and clog up them bases by walking three men in the first. Kling is catching and Husk comes in from first to talk to him and then yanks the kid. I figger he was just a little wilder than usual and Husk probably figgered the same. He sends Jack in and Jack gets the side out with only one run and we come along to win the game.

THE next day Husk sends the kid right back again and this time it's worse. His control ain't so bad but there ain't anything on the ball. So help me, everything he throwed was a cripple. The Braves are very glad to see him again and they prove it by pounding out half a dozen hits and scoring three runs before Husk gets him out of there. I could see he was puzzled about the kid and so was the rest of us. There wasn't anything so surprising about his poor control in the first game. Any young left-hander is liable to have a wild streak when he can't get the ball in there but it's different when a young pitcher loses his stuff. That's a sure sign something is wrong enough to worry about.

Well, Frank Schulte and I are living at the same hotel with the kid in Chi and that night Frank and I are setting there in his room talking things over when the kid comes in all dolled up like a million dollars with a new light suit on with peg-top pants, and a pair of yellow shoes you could hear and see way down to the Dearborn Street station and a bow tie that covered up his Adam's apple like a blanket—one of them big flappy kind like artists and actors used to wear.

Frank is a pretty smart egg. He has a hunch he knows what's wrong with the kid but he didn't know for sure and he wouldn't say nothing till he found out.

(*Continued on page 57*)

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When the Women Came

—to New Orleans, the

LOUISIANA is so throbbingly alive with vivid women, so rich beyond a tropical lover's avarice, that we who now use our masculine eyes upon the streets of New Orleans can scarcely imagine the time when even a questing Frenchman could not discover there the curve of a dainty ankle or one bewitching mademoiselle to supply the thrill that his loneliness demanded. Not the flutter of a skirt in all of Louisiana. Along those vast and vacant stretches of river no red lips smiled; no pretty heel had ever marked the sands of its bay-indented coasts. Men brooded in their solitude; officers went half mad, and male fought with male because there were no women.

Two centuries ago, some time during the empty years of 1727–28, Lieutenant le Comte Paul Hector Placide de Vitry planted both elbows on his table at the barracks and bowed a dejected head so low that profuse black curls hid his face. "No women!" he exclaimed. "No women whatever in this accursed colony."

Hector was only eighteen, yet a philanderer of varied and versatile experience. Already his beauty, the dash and verve of certain affairs in France, had rendered him obnoxious to powerful roués who possessed much influence with the Regent, so that the too-gallant youngster's commission at New Orleans was in fact a *lettre de cachet*. Marooned, as he found himself, amongst the swamps of Louisiana, quartered in a log barracks and commanding a battalion of vagabonds, the exile had plenty of time to mope around with brother officers, to drink, to gamble, to stare at one another until Hector hated the high-bridged aristocracy of Cantarelle's nose and detested the foppish fashion of de Rigaud. Men, men, men. He was surrounded, submerged, smothered in men, and loathed them all.

No women. The lieutenant had grown morbid and sat scowling into a blurry mirror. The sight of his own face exasperated him; he was wasting here a pair of languishing eyes that were two deep pools of darkness and heavy ringlets clustering around his head. Angrily he rose to glower upon that forlorn little settlement which Bienville had planted in a quagmire beside the Mississippi River.

"The *city* of New Orleans," Hector scoffed. "They call it a *city*, forsooth. A streak of mud is christened Rue Condé! Bah! Rue Bourbon! Bah!

"Damnation!" He continued to glower, not upon Parisian boulevards where temptatious midinettes went tripping about their errands, but upon a melancholy marsh that was crisscrossed by ditches, ditches, ditches. Ditches, ditches, ditches. Hector felt that he'd go mad through staring at these ditches which divided the hamlet into a watery gridiron of sixty-six blocks. Sixty-six, and each more dismal than its neighbor.

At the corners of these checkerboard squares stood a few flimsy shacks, built of split cypress boards and roofed with cypress bark. Here and there, even uglier than the huts, some habitant had erected what he was pleased to consider a "brick residence"—framed with upright studdings of wood, the spaces between being filled with brick. But *le bon Dieu* kindly hid most of these monstrosities by a jungle growth of reeds which provided an asylum for reptiles as well as for malefactors and deserters.

New Orleans, the Capital—Bah!

The ditches lay gorged with stagnant water, a green, slimy ooze, from which uprose the deep croak of a myriad of frogs and clouds of buzzing mosquitoes. Ditches, ditches, ditches; weeds, weeds, weeds, and shacks, shanties, cabins. That was New Orleans, the capital of Louisiana! Bah!

Far off to the right de Vitry's deadly boredom observed a gang of Guinea Negroes floundering knee-deep in a slough that their overseer was trying to drain; brutish creatures brought hither by the shipload from Santo Domingo, half naked and chattering the jargon of apes. Suddenly all these barbarians began to yell and scream, then came splashing out from the swamp, a panic-stricken mêlée of black legs and jabbering pagans. Perhaps they had blundered upon an alligator.

"*Mille Diables*," Hector shrugged his shoulders, "what a hole of hell!"

At some trifling distance he watched two abject soldiers go stumbling towards the Royal Hospital, a pair of sallow-faced outcasts, racked and shaking with the ague. De Vitry saw them stagger in. Soon they must come out again, feet foremost, and be carried across Rue Royale to a most convenient cemetery.

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

The fluttering Bathilde held tight to the nun and

A lank, lean-visaged Jesuit went stalking past, an ascetic priest, whose black gown rustled amongst the dead brown weeds. Below De Vitry's window a mottled moccasin crawled out from a ditch to lie half torpid on a sunny spot.

Viewing the actualities that lay before him, Hector's tiny mustache curled with ire at the lies that John Law had spread abroad. To organize his "Mississippi Bubble" and promote the sale of stock that master gambler had convinced France that Louisiana Indians would barter lumps of purest gold for a few glass beads; that by filtering the Mississippi's yellow waters a sediment of gold was gained.

In the Land of Disappointment

Silver was so common, he reported, as to have no value, except perhaps to pave their public roads; that dewdrops in the chalice of a common flower were transformed into diamonds overnight; that the salubrity of Louisiana climate would preserve a man in virile youthfulness beyond the age of six hundred years. Amazing! From the Regent down to hard-headed peasants France had swallowed the gambler's bait and wrecked the kingdom by a frenzy of speculation in John Law's stocks.

"Lies, lies, lies," de Vitry muttered. "And no women here. But the girls *must* come. Possibly today. I shall dress myself." Every day for months, the younger officers had donned their bravest finery, and each night became more sulky when the expected vessel did not arrive.

"Perhaps they come today. Perhaps."

So Hector made his toilette with tingling fingers and fastidious care, first pulling on a pair of dull blue *chausses* whose wide red stripes ran lengthwise down his legs and marked their shapely grace. A shirt of fine linen. Wristlets and neckerchief of delicate lace. The doublet which he took down from a peg was of deep blue, slashed with crimson and buff; his hat a soft gray felt, adorned by plumes that mingled with the curls about his shoulders. "The effect is very good," he approved, then belted on a rapier, without which no gentleman ever stirred abroad.

Modishly arrayed, young Hector strolled out of his barracks, where an empty river mocked him. No ship, no sail, nothing except an open stumpy space in the wilderness to mark the work of Bienville's axes. Around the edges of this tiny clearing the boy saw himself walled in by funereal cypress

"Take this, monsieur. I give you all my wealth"

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Port of Queer Cargoes. The first article of a series

By Harris Dickson

dropped her virgin lids before the gaze of men

trees, whose limbs were draped with Spanish moss, gray and drooping like the beards of hoary patriarchs. But de Vitry wasn't aching for the companionship of venerable patriarchs. He craved the joy of youth and life.

Instead of hurrying towards a womanless river, the young officer turned and followed another path through weeds that stood higher than his head, but which finally brought him out at an open corner where that industrious citizen, Pierre Dinard, had raised a *banquette.* "Banquette," or "little bank," is the Creole term for sidewalk. So Pierre's ridge formed a sidewalk which kept fairly dry, running between his whitewashed fence and the ditch. Over the top of sharp white palings the officer could see his stalwart Breton friend, wearing a blouse and clumsy shoes, as he worked amongst his vegetables.

"Good Pierre," Hector rested both elbows upon the fence and called, "have you seen aught of the ship that brings our ladies?"

"Ah, no." A patient and disappointed Pierre came to the fence for their daily gossip. He too had leaned upon the fence and sighed. "All day long, monsieur, for weary months, I watch that river, ever since our King did promise to send us wives."

"Ah, you rascal," the youngster bantered. "You also plan to choose a girl this time?"

"Of a surety. I have resolved upon it."

"But of those who came on the first ship you took none."

"Not I," the peasant shook his stubborn head. "When they dumped that first shipload of hussies upon Orleans, Sister Gertrude urged me, 'Pierre, you must now pick out one wife.' But I do not so. I resist also the arguments of Father Bernard: 'Pierre, you have built a nice home. You own three slaves and will soon open a plantation. It is God's time to select one good woman for your wife.' 'Father,' say I, 'when the King sends *good* women, then I shall take my wife.' "

Shiploads of Sinners

By these few words an honest man made clear the matter that, in deploring an absence of women, Hector meant that none of his own kind had yet come to Louisiana.

The business of providing females for this colony had started years ago when celibate appeals went clamoring to the throne. "Send us wives, Oh, King. Send us wives." But respectable women were unwilling to emigrate, so the Regent must send whatever came handy. His police dragnet snatched up wantons from the streets, painted strollers and screaming pickpockets, who were tumbled ruthlessly on board the ships. The provost of Paris cleared his jails of the most troublesome female convicts, and houses of correction contributed their sordid quota. From the prison hospital of La Salpêtrière, eighty *filles de joie* were hustled off willy-nilly to be married in Louisiana, where amongst a hodgepodge of galley slaves and redemptioners it was supposed that every Jill would find her Jack. Most of them did, and the marriages turned out quite happily; many a wild man of the woods was tamed by tactful Parisiennes, and became the best of house-broke husbands.

"Listen, monsieur." The Breton leaned nearer over his whitewashed palings and whispered, "I could have no truck with such. But my friend B'tiste, he fine man. Voyageur from Quebec. B'tiste marry one correction girl."

"Yes, I know," Hector nodded. He had frequently observed the well-kept cabin of B'tiste Toirac; sometimes he stopped there in his lonely rambles to chat with the motherly Madame Toirac and admire her thriving fowl yard.

"Monsieur," Pierre dropped his voice still lower, "no Christian should dig up what is buried, and I only mean to show a miracle of God. Does monsieur guess the name of her whom B'tiste marry—she was La Coque Soleil."

"What? La Coque Soleil? Queen of thieves and cutthroats?"

"The identical same, m'sieur, and in New Orleans God's grace gives her change of heart. She milk his cow, and keep his cabin and bear B'tiste two beautiful children. No woman could be more gentle and charitable to the poor. Madame is very content, at peace."

"But think, Pierre, think what a terrible wrench it meant for those poor women to be torn away from Paris. And tattlers whispered that our good Regent's orders were abused. It was told that a jealous woman might slip to the police some few pieces of gold, and behold, her rival vanished."

"Aye. Some were brought here stark mad for lovers they had lost."

"And, Pierre, I was trying to imagine what might happen if some enemy should denounce Griselda of Tours. Suppose La Charmante Diane were deported here, to a hovel in the forest, where she must cook for some hairy woodsman? Or Manon! Ah, the lovely Manon Lescaut, fairest of the fair! I blow a kiss to you, Manon, a kiss across the sea. Oh, the fortunes that men squandered on that girl, the duels that were fought, the blood, the scandals."

Women like these, of the oldest profession known to mankind, were known as "correction girls" and made up the first unwilling shipments to New Orleans. But substantial citizens such as Pierre Dinard refused them, so the Regent had promised a brimming cargo, chosen for their virtues and not their vices. Each would arrive with her dowry in a small chest—"*les filles de la casette*" or "casket girls." And to this day Creole families are proud to trace their descent from a "casket girl."

"Friend Pierre," Hector queried with twinkling eyes, "when the ship arrives, what sort of a girl will you pick?"

"But I Take What I Get"

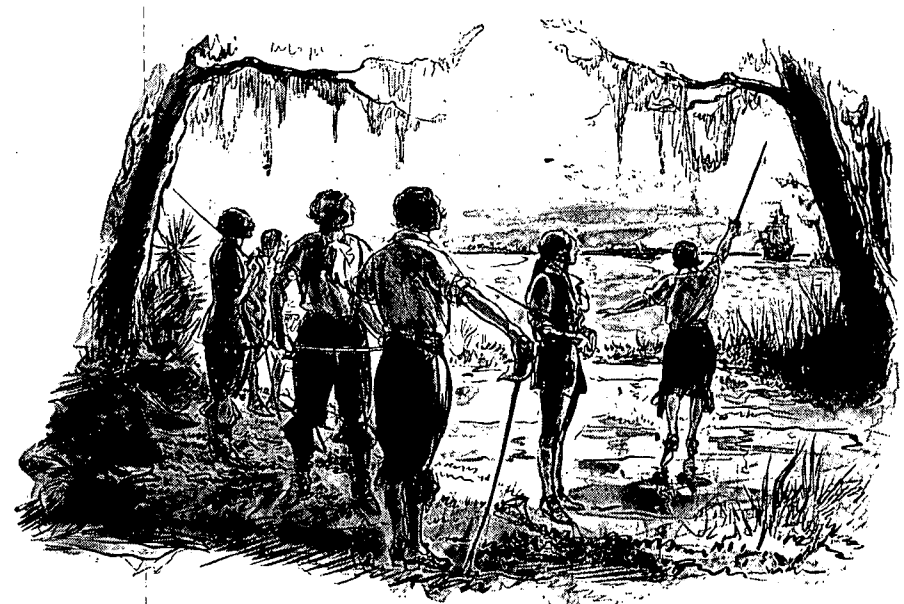
At this question Pierre's rugged face turned thoughtful. "Monsieur, it is expedient for a wife to be virtuous, if possible, and *les filles de la casette* come to us well certified in that respect. She must also be healthy so as to bear strong children, to cook and spin and sew, tend my fowls and milk my cows. Soon I open one plantation and possess many cows. She must hoe the garden, and do the washing, and—"

"Stop, Pierre, stop. Your catalog is overlong. Suppose no such prodigy can be discovered aboard this ship."

"Then, monsieur, I have resolved if she is good or bad, industrious or lazy, I take what I get, and thank *le bon Dieu.*"

"Right! My suffering brother," young Hector laughed, and went picking his way along the weed-grown muddy Rue Ste. Anne, then crossed the Place des Armes to the river.

No man in any mood may gaze upon the somber magnificence of the Mississippi without a reverential awe. Spring-time floods had subsided and the waters were fallen, leaving a strip of sandbar between the higher banks and the channel. From his somewhat elevated position, Hector observed five gaudy uniforms that splashed the muddy flats



"Look! Look! The ship!" The duels ceased suddenly

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with color. Two officers, de Rigaud and Chaudron, were talking together, dully, without enthusiasm. At a trifling distance from them two lieutenants of fusiliers stood staring at an empty river. None of these four attracted Hector's attention, for the fifth man was his pet abomination, de Cantarelle, who sat on a log, apart from the others, digging a boot heel savagely into the sand.

"He's in a villainous temper," Hector smiled, and laid a hand upon his hip; then with braggadocio air went swaggering down the river bank, straight to confront de Cantarelle.

"Monsieur," the lieutenant spoke derisively, "the vessel does *not* arrive."

"I can see that for myself," de Cantarelle made snarling answer.

"Yet if I mistake not," Hector persisted, "you asserted that the ladies would assuredly be here this afternoon. Monsieur, you were wrong."

"Wrong!" de Cantarelle's eyes flamed as he sprang up. "You wish to provoke a quarrel."

"Why not? A man must either fight or love."

"Very good, we fight."

A Wild Welcome

They laid their coats upon the log, rolling up sleeves of fine linen and baring their muscular sword arms. Each saluted the other: *"Gardez-vous, monsieur."*

Foot to foot, eye to eye and point to point, the comrades stood opposed; then, maddened by their solitude, six blades instead of two flashed upon that sandbar. Without a word de Rigaud matched himself against Chaudron. The two lieutenants fought, blade rang on blade, and wary fencers circled around, their feet heavy in the sand.

From the first onset, events went badly with de Cantarelle as a raging adversary pressed him backward, ever backward. No matter how desperately he defended himself, that rapier's glittering point was ever at his throat, his breast, his eyes. His feet slipped in the loose sand; for an infinitesimal space his guard wavered—and then, to de Cantarelle's amazement, Hector whirled away from him and ran like a demented creature. The boy sped to the water's edge, shouting:

"Look! Look! The ship!"

Three duels ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and all six men stood watching.

Far down the river white sails appeared from behind a wooded promontory as the noble ship swung around toward them. Her cannon boomed and roused the town.

In the King's smithies blacksmiths dropped their hammers. From the Government House clerks and notaries darted out; the Intendant came running; even Governor Bienville himself forgot to maintain the dignity of an even pace. Delirious soldiers stumbled through hospital doors and tottered to the water's edge, waving their emaciated hands.

"You are here to welcome the ladies, madame," said Hector, as he doffed his hat with respect to Madame Toirac, whose history Pierre Dinard had told him. The once notorious criminal was now a wholesome housewife and proud of the baby that she carried.

"Of a surety, monsieur," the hearty woman smiled. "Those poor things suffer at their first sight of this place. Yet they should be happier than we, for they are good girls."

Their vessel, which was called The Blessed Name, dropped anchor and lowered her yawls, which were held steady by the crew while other sailors assisted women to descend. The first to climb down a ladder was that austere Gray Sister Gertrude, and many pains were taken to make her comfortable at the prow of the yawl. After Sister Gertrude was safely seated her charges, one by one, followed and took their places. Yet, at a hundred paces distant, and before Hector could determine whether their features were beautiful or plain, he already felt sure that these were not the expected "casket girls." A reminiscent something in their tricks of gait and gesture also convinced Madame Toirac, who drew a sharp breath and muttered, "God pity them."

"More trulls," Pierre Dinard growled at Hector's side. "More trollops."

"Hush!" Hector silenced the disgusted Breton. "Don't make them feel any more degraded."

Tragedy Steps Ashore

As the first boatload approached the sandbar Hector observed a very young girl, scarcely more than a child, that Sister Gertrude seemed to keep under special discipline, an incorrigible to whom the patient nun was forced to speak quite sharply: "Sit still. Be quiet, Leda, or you may drown us all."

"Wish I could drown everybody," the vixen snapped, and showed her teeth.

It was such an exhibition of helplessness that, when a sailor had brought the struggling girl ashore, Madame Toirac went to her and put a motherly arm around the rebellious one. "My child," she said gently, "it is best—"

"Let go!" Leda screamed, and gave Madame Toirac a shove. "I want no sniveling over me. Get away."

It sickened Hector to watch the haggard faces of these women who debarked from the first four boats and were huddled together by Gray Sisters on the sands. Some looked hopelessly beaten, draggled in the mire, and dropped their eyes with a remnant of the shame that belongs to womanhood. Others, brazenly defiant, returned the leers of men who flocked around.

All of them seemed drawn from the same low-class canaille, until the fifth yawl came, and Hector gasped at sight of a very different girl. With the composure of a princess on her way to the guillotine Manon Lescaut sat on a middle seat, while a gaunt youth with glaring eyes crouched close beside her, like a tiger ready to spring.

"See, Cantarelle," Hector nudged his companion and whispered, "am I deceived? No! Impossible! Unbelievable! That cannot be Manon?"

"Manon Lescaut? *Sang Dieu!* Yes, yes, it *is* she. It is."

Every other girl had been lifted from the yawl like a bag of merchandise in the grasp of the callous sailors, but when Manon rose her fierce young guardian leaped into the water with a gesture that forbade any profane hand to touch her, and himself waded ashore with Manon in his arms.

"Des Grieux!" de Cantarelle exclaimed, "the Chevalier des Grieux!" horrified at the desperate countenance of this youth who once had been the toast of Paris. Shoulder to shoulder he stood with Manon at the river's edge, challenging a brutal world to do them further harm. . . .

Manon, the beautiful Manon, was dead, and the Chevalier des Grieux had buried her in a shallow grave of sand that was scratched up by his own frenzied fingers.

Iconoclasts find a malicious joy in telling us that Cinderella wore no slipper of glass and George Washington owned no hatchet. These destroyers of childhood faith also insist that Manon never lived. But the saints be praised for Peter Pan, who still believes in fairies and will show to any doubter the burial place of Manon's lover.

Manon was dead. New Orleans lived and grew. A year, perhaps two years, passed.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," Pierre the Breton boasted to de Vitry, giving him his new title, "our city now has nine hundred people. A hundred and fifty slaves. Ten horses, monsieur, ten. Bulls, cows and fowls. How fast the animals do multiply in this fecund climate. We *must* have wives, monsieur, so that Frenchmen may also multiply."

The marshy hamlet took on city airs as planters cleared the forest that surrounded it, and trade sprang up. Far-sighted visionaries began to see more than a promise of empire in the Mississippi Valley and a wonder city at the river's mouth—a modern metropolis, the second seaport in the United States that must testify for all time to the courage and persistence of men who dared to build it there.

New Orleans grew. So did Hector de Vitry grow and develop. Constant campaigns against the Indians made him older and soberer. After spilling much blood in her defense he began to love this colony and thought of taking up a land concession to live here as a planter. The lure of Paris became dimmer and hazier, then faded like a forgotten dream on that morning when a cry rang joyously through the town, "The casket girls! The casket girls are coming!"

Sixty Girls—Sixty Dowries

"At last," a certain Monsieur de Chassin congratulated himself, after his toilsome journey from the plantation and weary days of waiting to carry home a wife. He wore his jauntiest costume and impatiently paced the levee, a huge embankment that the late Governor Perier had built.

"At last," said the bachelor habitant as he hurried from his cabin at the lonely forest's edge.

"At last." The voyageur dipped his paddle deep and went skimming to New Orleans.

"They come! They come!" Correction girls who had arrived two years ago and were now settled down as mothers caught up their infants and went rushing to the levee. A chattering population gathered on the river bank to welcome sixty girls who came with dowries.

Like a graceful swan the good ship floated near, nearer, until eager eyes along the sandbar could see that her decks were thronged with demurely clad young women, whom Sister Hortense superintended during their decorous debarkation.

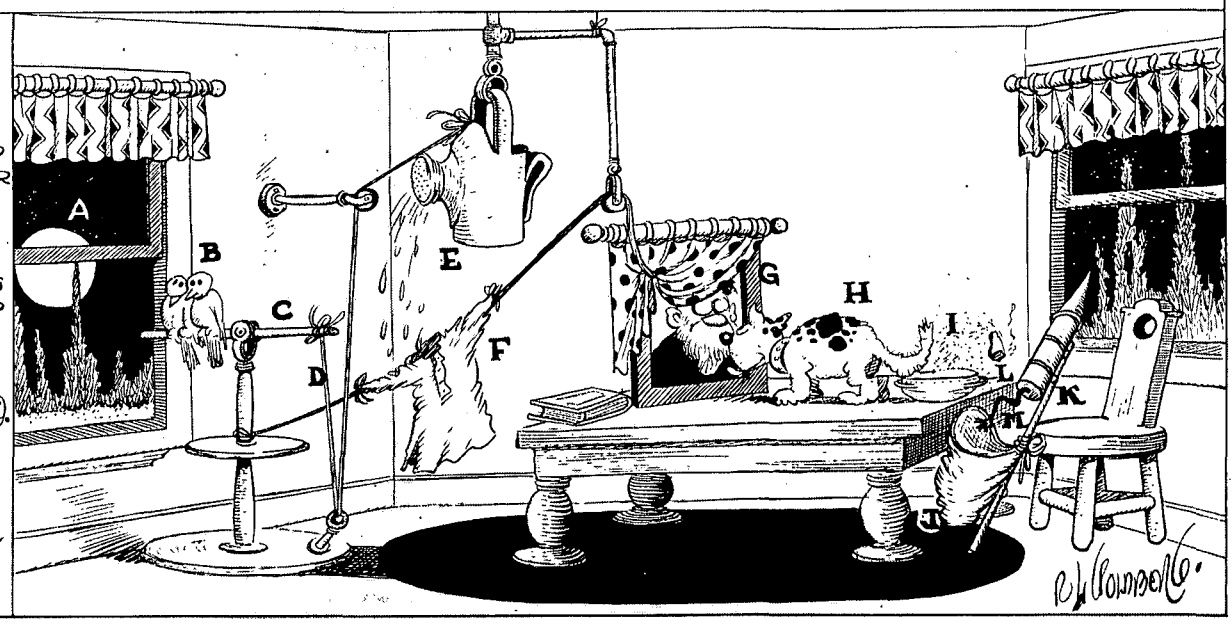
A sympathetic feeling, sweet and kindly, ran through that motley crowd, for people realized that the tragedy of the correction girls was changed to wistful pathos when these other and innocent young women first set foot upon

(Continued on page 60)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS TRIPS OVER A HAZARD ON A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE AND LANDS ON AN IDEA FOR AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE FOR EMPTYING ASH TRAYS.
BRIGHT FULL MOON (A) CAUSES LOVE BIRDS (B) TO BECOME ROMANTIC AND AS THEY GET TOGETHER THEIR WEIGHT CAUSES PERCH (C) TO TIP AND PULL STRING (D) WHICH UPSETS CAN (E) AND SPRINKLES WOOLEN SHIRT (F) CAUSING IT TO SHRINK AND DRAW ASIDE CURTAIN EXPOSING PORTRAIT OF WIGWAG PUP'S MASTER (G). AS PUP (H) SEES MASTER'S PICTURE HE WIGWAGS TAIL FOR JOY AND UPSETS ASH TRAY (I), SPILLING ASHES AND SMOULDERING BUTTS INTO ASBESTOS BAG (J) ATTACHED TO SKY ROCKET (K). BUTT (L), PASSING FUSE (M), IGNITES IT AND CAUSES ROCKET TO SHOOT OUT OF WINDOW DISPOSING OF ASHES.
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HAVE TWENTY OR THIRTY HIGH-POWERED AEROPLANES READY TO GO OUT AND SEARCH FOR THE ASBESTOS BAG.



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After fifty years Paderewski's powerful hands still have their strength, elasticity and flawless touch

To the expert in any profession life is just one dress rehearsal after another. And this is largely responsible for his being expert, since consistent practice makes perfect golfers, pianists, football players or magicians

Out of Practice

By Grantland Rice

A VISITOR who spent part of a day around the headquarters of that musical genius, Ignace Paderewski, came away with a startled expression and a somewhat troubled mind.

He had known in advance that Paderewski has been one of the greatest piano maestros in the world for more than fifty years. The visitor had always believed, however, that Paderewski had been born with the unlimited genius that needs little work and that at the age of twenty-five he had perfected his technique and was thereafter content to let nature take its unaided course.

But on this particular day the visitor discovered that at the age of seventy-one the same Paderewski had been practicing for four hours with a vim and a violence he could not have surpassed in his youth. The visitor also learned that after more than fifty years of service those finely molded, powerful hands had all the strength and elasticity and flawless touch of other years when a man is supposed to be in his prime. And one of the main reasons was this eternal practice, hour after hour, year after year, through more than half a century.

If Paderewski had overlooked this practice there is no questioning the fact that his hands would have lost much of their power, his fingers would have stiffened and lost much of their touch and the flow of rhythm from brain to finger tips would have been checked, if not destroyed.

So many in sport are bewildered and disheartened because they make such little headway when their practice is only a brief side line, a matter of an hour or so a day. Most of these players refuse to recognize the fact that not even genius can make its way up without the hardest sort of work.

Day After Day

A short while ago I ran into Nate Leipsig, one of the master magicians of the world, a marvel in the rapid and dexterous use of the hands and fingers in manipulating anything from cards to suit cases. Nate explained that the basis of his art was speed and misdirection of attention.

"You must meet the other master who works along the same line," I said to Leipsig. "His name is Knute Rockne." We called on the other wizard, a man who can put a football in three places at the same time.

The meeting was a great success. Leipsig did his incredible stuff with a deck of cards and his inimitable hand and finger movements.

Rockne then explained that up to a certain point this was the basis of his attack. He took up the incident of O'Connor's eighty-yard run against Southern California. Three backs were in place. Brill took the pass, faked to both his backfield mates, and apparently any one of the three might have had the ball.

What happened? Misdirected attention threw Southern California's defense into a panic. They had to guess that someone had the ball, and this time they picked the wrong man. Before anyone knew what happened Brill was stopped cold but O'Connor was out in the open running eighty yards to a touchdown. But the Westerners were not alone in being baffled. The same thing happened to almost every team Notre Dame played.

"How long did it take you to get this touch?" Rockne asked Leipsig.

"All the time I could give through most of my life," Leipsig answered. "From the start it seemed to me that I practiced all day long and through part of the night. Hours and hours every day."

"When were you able to quit practicing?" Rockne asked.

Leipsig grinned. "The day I quit practicing," he said, "will be the day I quit trying to be an expert."

"I get your point perfectly," Rockne said. "To a much smaller degree the same thing applies to us at Notre Dame. We have football practice at Notre Dame because five hundred young fellows want it. If they didn't want it, the practice would be no good. But we work also along the lines of speed and misdirection and this has an element that holds their interest. It is something beyond the crash of brute force. It is a matter of blending skill and speed with mental keenness, and this means work, work and more work."

Back in 1922 Gene Sarazen, then around twenty years old, was playing in the U. S. Open Golf Championship at Skokie, Chicago. Sarazen had arrived some days ahead and had practiced and worked without limit. The day of the championship arrived. Sarazen was out ahead of time, swinging a club and hitting his shots. He played his first eighteen holes, came in for lunch, and then bounded out again for another session of practice. That day's play meant thirty-six holes of championship competition and about two hours of practice on the side.

A Winning Way

He kept up this practice even after winning the title by beating Bobby Jones and John Black by a stroke, finishing with a dazzling 68. And that summer he beat Walter Hagen in a 72-hole challenge match. After that he decided—well, not quite so much practice. Why should a champion have to work so hard? Hasn't he earned a rest? Sarazen has played a lot of great golf since then, but the Open has missed his reach. He has never quite had the concentrated steadiness he knew at Skokie.

Some two years ago Horton Smith startled the golfing domain with a winning march that extended from the great country of the Northwest on through Florida. He won tournament after tournament. But the remarkable feature of this long campaign was the amazing amount of practice that Missouri's roving son put in. Hour after hour—day after day. Even on days when there were thirty-six holes of competitive golf, Horton Smith hammered away for an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon. He has never practiced as much since. And he has not had as much success.

"That's all right," says the average citizen, "but is it worth it?" That all depends on how good you want to be. Those satisfied to get their pleasure from mediocrity are certainly entitled to do so. It all goes back to first principles, to the advice a lanky West Virginia mountaineer caddie handed out to a certain lady playing golf. She had an approach putt of twenty feet. She hit the ball too softly and it stopped seven feet short.

Her tall, gaunt caddie proved to be a philosopher. All he said was:

"You only git what you give it, lady."

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As Cheaply as One

When there's very little money, but a world of true love, why not marry? "Well, why not?" said the couple in this story. Ah, youth!

By Elmer Davis

THEY used to say they had got married to pay their debts; at least Marge Crowhurst said so (she still called herself Miss Crowhurst after she married Brad Finch). Her friends and Brad's were bright and modern young people just getting their start in New York, and Marge didn't want them to think she'd gone Victorian. Most of her friends were married too, but they made all sorts of excuses for this concession to the conventions. So Marge made her excuse, which was more or less true.

She had met Brad at a party on Morningside; he took her home, and was annoyed to find that she lived just around the corner. He lived near by too, in a Columbia dormitory, and ought to have been glad he wouldn't have far to walk; but he had counted on taking her home in a taxi. Not that he could afford taxis; he was only a part-time instructor at the City College, who spent the rest of his time working in the Columbia laboratories for his Ph. D. Tuition fees ate up all his surplus.

As for Marge, she had a furnished room on Morningside because it was halfway between Riverdale, where she worked, and Times Square, where she went to the theater when she had the price, or went dancing with a crowd on evenings when she wasn't worn out from humoring Mrs. Trafford. She told Brad about Mrs. Trafford after they had come to the door of her apartment house, and found another couple parked in the shadows of the vestibule, and decided to stroll around the block once more.

"She calls me her secretary," Marge explained as they sauntered along, his hand clasping hers in the crook of his arm, "but I'm really half nurse and half companion. She's had a nervous breakdown, but she won't have a real nurse. There isn't enough secretarial work to keep me in practice; but I have to read to her, and push her around in a wheel chair— Still, it's a soft job; I work from nine to five and get sixty a week—less than she'd have to pay a real nurse, but big money for my first secretarial job. She's fussy, but I think I'm in luck."

"You certainly are." Sixty a week was more than three thousand a year; he made two thousand. . . . They came back to the vestibule and found it deserted; in the shadows they clung together, kissing madly.

"Marge! I love you!"

"YOU needn't say that, just because something's hit us both—" He shut off her protest.

"But I hate sentimentality," she said presently. "Besides, I—I haven't time to fall in love till I've paid my debts—"

He released her as a middle-aged couple came up the steps, passed through the vestibule.

"Debts?" he said. "What have you got debts about?"

"Mother put me through school—she was a widow with a job; but then she died and I had to borrow from my aunt for my secretarial course. I'm paying her back, but I still owe her six hundred dollars."

"I owe a thousand. Father's life insurance put me through college, but I had to borrow to begin my graduate work. Can't pay much off now, but I hope to get my Ph. D. in June. Then I can get a better job—"

The middle-aged couple got into the elevator; Brad and Marge came back to each other's arms—and leaped apart again as two women passed them, casting back censorious glances as they went on down the hall.

"This is dreadful!" said Marge shakily. "And it's too late to ask you up to my room— When am I going to see you again?"

"Dinner tomorrow? I can slip away from the laboratory for an hour."

"All right—but I pay my own check." The censorious women were out of sight at last. "Don't argue about it!" she laughed. "Kiss me!"

THEY had known each other almost a week before he began to talk seriously about getting married.

"What's the use?" said Marge, staring into the haze of cigarette smoke that filled the tea-room. (They had dined here together every night since they met.) "You've still got to get your degree," she reminded him. "And we've both got our debts."

"I'll get the degree in June; after that I can get three thousand a year at Columbia—or more at some small college."

"Out in the sticks? We both came from small towns and I don't want to go back to one. Anyway," said Marge, "I don't want to get married."

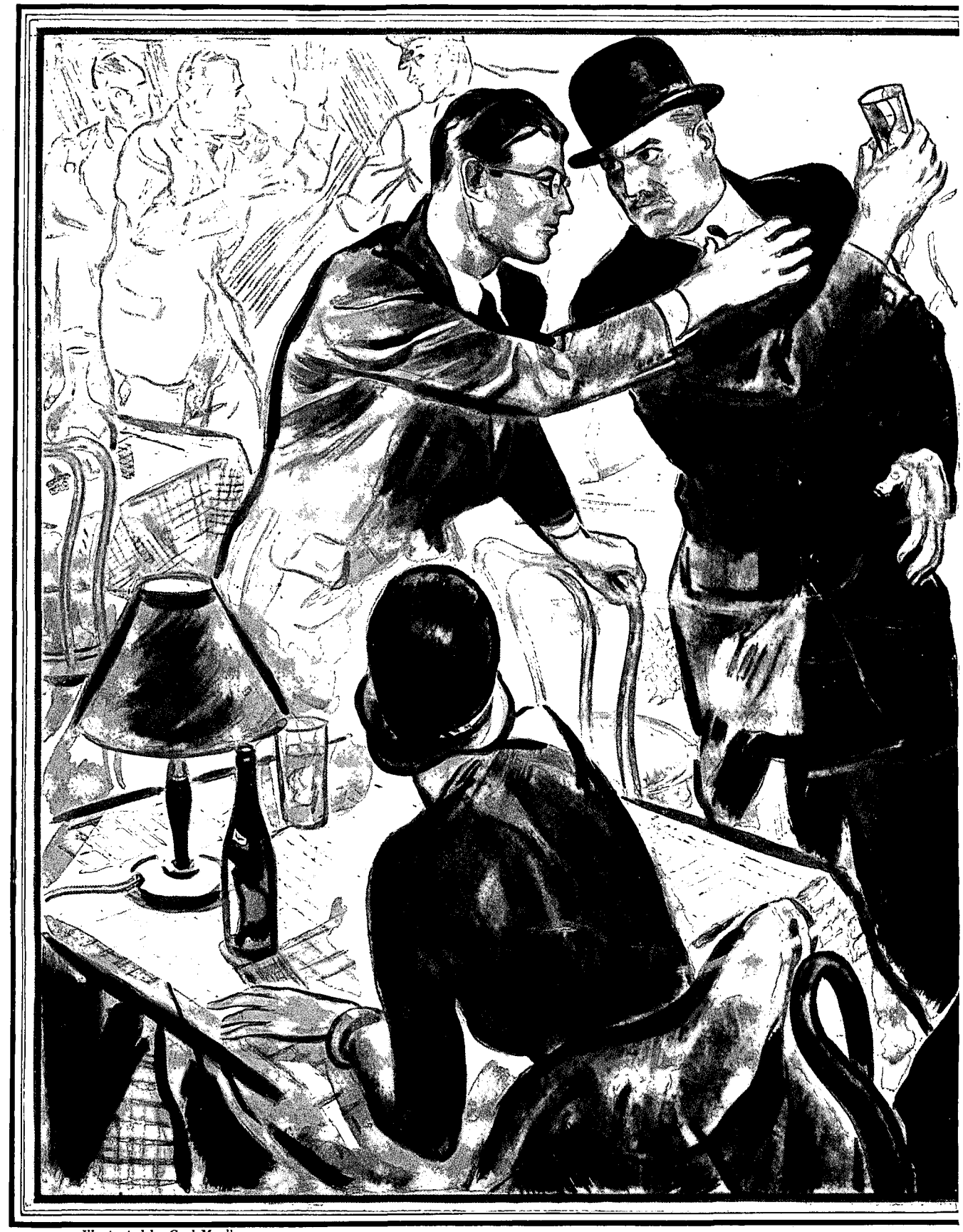
"You mean not now—or not ever?"

"Oh, well—some day I'd like to have children, of course."

"Whenever you find a man you could stand having around?"

"That's not fair, Brad. You know how I feel about you."

She'd never told him; she hated sentimentality. But he knew.



Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"Undesirable characters?" Brad rose, with alco-

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"What can we do, then?" he demanded. "We can't stand this."

They certainly couldn't; their evenings together were a tantalizing torment. New York is an inhospitable town to lovers—poor lovers who live in furnished rooms, shy lovers who dislike the publicity of bus top and park bench. They can hold hands in darkened movie houses, snatch moments in shadowed vestibules where people come and go—but Brad and Marge had been doing that for a week, and it was driving them wild.

Of course there was her room, where the custom of the city permitted her to receive a man up to a reasonable hour. But several other girls roomed in the same apartment; they were always dropping in to borrow something, or the landlady was tapping at the door to ask if Miss Crowhurst and her friend wouldn't like to hear this or that on the living-room radio. . . .

And Brad lived in a university dormitory. . . . And neither of them had any money to spare, till they had paid their debts . . .

"Let's get out of here," said Marge abruptly. "I want to walk."

THEY stood in line at the cashier's desk, with their separate checks (she always took the dollar dinner, with steak; he took the sixty-cent dinner, with omelet). As they waited, she found herself absently regarding the cards tacked on the desk, advertising the wares of the neighborhood—furnished rooms, French tuition, second-hand furniture for sale, more furnished rooms. . . . She gasped, and started, and almost walked past the cashier without paying.

"Brad!" she said. "Look at this! Do you suppose we could—"

His eyes followed hers to the card at the top of the collection.

Furnished apt. to sublet. Tenants going abroad, must sacrifice. 2 rms. kitchenette, bath—$80 a month.

"That's a good house," she said. "Eighty must be just what they pay unfurnished. Brad, we could both save money if we took that."

"Two can live as cheaply as one?" he asked as they went out. But he was trembling at the mere suggestion of taking an apartment with her.

"Two together can live more cheaply than two apart—and better, too. We each pay forty-five a month for a room now; there's five we could each save toward paying our debts. Breakfast in would cost us next to nothing. I get lunch at Mrs. Trafford's but I always spend a dollar for dinner, and you ought to. I'll bet you lived on crackers and milk before you met me. You'd be a lot healthier if I got dinner for you at home—and we'd both save money!" He laughed queerly.

"I'd rather you'd marry me to save money," he said, "than not marry me at all. . . . Or did you mean to get married? We could take an apartment together anyway, and pretend we were; but I—I wouldn't like that so much, Marge. And if you don't want to get married yet—"

"I wouldn't mind going through a ceremony. Only we'd have to understand that it's only provisional. I mean, we'd both be perfectly free to go out with other people, if we wanted to. And I'd still be 'Miss Crowhurst' to the world. And if either of us ever gets tired we must say so, and quit."

"Fair enough," he assented. All their friends had married with that understanding, and none of them had quit yet. But he couldn't help adding dryly, "Anything to save money."

"Oh, darling!" she said. "I wouldn't marry anybody else to save a million dollars a year. . . . Now let's go look at that apartment."

THEY had been married nearly two years. Marge was darning her husband's socks. Brad had taken a sandwich and gone off to spend the day in the laboratory; he spent every Sunday there, still hoping that if he worked hard he might get his Ph. D. next June.

Ordinarily any person sound in wind and limb can get a Ph. D. by working three years and producing some original contribution to human knowledge; but Brad was a chemist and his professors demanded that his experiments should produce positive results. He had got results, but they were negative; he had proved that if you did as his professors had suggested the consequences would be something utterly unforeseen. That was an original, and a useful, contribution to human knowledge; but it was negative and the rules of his department required something positive.

So Brad had started all over again, meanwhile keeping his part-time job at two thousand a year. It wasn't his fault; everybody knew that. But whosesoever fault it was, the fact remained; the consequences remained, for Brad and the woman who lived and worried with him.

They still lived in the same apartment but they had bought the furniture, or rather Marge had bought it. She'd have let Brad pay his share if he'd had the money, but he'd just paid his tuition then. He offered to pay her back in driblets but she told him he'd better pay off his debts first. So now, whenever his cigarette burned a hole in a rug, she could feel him feeling that he had damaged her property.

But things like that couldn't be helped when she made so much more money. She bought the gin for the household, and had hard work getting him to drink any when he hadn't paid for it. Sometimes she went to the theater—alone; he couldn't afford it and wouldn't let her take him. She was free to go with other men, of course; but at first she hadn't wanted to. By the time she was willing to, other men had stopped asking her; the tradition was fixed that Marge was crazy about her husband.

She finished the socks, lit a cigarette. . . . It was hard to reconstruct in memory the tantalizing torment of the days when they had to hold hands in darkened movie houses and snatch moments in shadowed vestibules; they had got married and come down to earth. But Marge supposed everybody did that. Brad was her best friend—and in one respect their marriage had been

(*Continued on page 53*)

holic gravity. "Look here, do you know who I am?"

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A Lady of Resource

The Story Thus Far:

HIS fortune gone, his life in danger, his engagement to the girl he loves broken, Morgan Collette goes to Palm Beach, hoping to find peace. . . . Anne Draycon, his former fiancée, arrives. She still loves him; and presently Collette finds himself with her at a brilliant party on the Bonita, a yacht.

At the party Collette is apprehensive. A bootlegger—N. Grannis, a remarkable girl who, having fallen in love with him, has informed him that she wants to become a pirate—is in Florida. The Bonita may possibly be in danger. . . . But nothing untoward occurs, until—

Shots ring out. Hard-faced men climb over the sides. A machine gun opens up—and guests begin to fall. The attack Collette has half expected has materialized!

A pirate insults Anne. And Collette sees, to his horror, that the ruffian is "Sailor" Kelley, a gunman who has sworn to kill him! He attacks Sailor, wrestles with him. A bomb explosion terminates the struggle; and Collette, with Anne in his arms, leaps into the water. Both are picked up by the pirates, who take them to "Pirates' Island."

N. Grannis arrives by airplane. She, it appears, is not responsible for the tragedy—had, indeed, called the attack off. It is no time, however, to berate the murderers, who, drunk and rebellious, may kill Collette at any moment. She must act. She does.

With Jenkel (a pirate who is loyal to her), Collette and Anne, she flees to a strong stone hut, where plans are made for a desperate defense. No attack comes, however; whereupon the four defenders try to capture the ruffians' boat by surprise—but are themselves taken prisoner.

An airplane approaches. "It's Paddy!" N. Grannis exclaims. Then, as the airplane comes to rest on the water near by: "Paddy!" she shrieks. "Start your motor. Get away—quick!" Instantly, the pirates—led by Sailor and one Slim Donlin—leap upon the four captives. Collette fights madly, but is knocked unconscious. When he comes to, he hears an amazing story: Jenkel has been killed—but not until he has succeeded in wiping out the entire pirate band with a machine gun! . . .

Safely back in Palm Beach, Collette receives another surprise: Cliff Conrey, a dear old friend who had been killed on the Bonita, has left him his entire fortune—ten million dollars!

Conclusion

AND Collette, covering his eyes with his hands to shut out the memory of old Cliff Conrey's gallant death, knew that he could never touch a penny of the fortune Cliff had left him. For had he denounced N. Grannis' plan at the outset, with severity, with rage, with threat of exposure, old Cliff might be alive now. He felt as guilty as though he had himself slain the kindly old man.

They faced each other, Collette white and determined, Anne wet-eyed and tremulous.

"But you don't seem to understand, Morgan," said the girl. "Mother—well, she hasn't been quite honest about finances. I mean—we have rather more than she'd led me to expect. She—it's not nice to talk about my mother, but—she wanted—a good marriage for me. That's what she'd call it, Morgan. She meant money. But now that—that she realizes I won't marry anyone but you—she wants to give me now a part of what I'd have anyway, some day. Morgan, why should you hesitate—"

"To live on your money? Haven't we been through all that before, my dear?" he asked.

"It's conceit, that's what it is," she blazed. "You're afraid of what people may think."

"And say," he supplemented. "And what, some day, even you might think."

"And say? You don't mean that, Morgan, do you?"

He squirmed uneasily.

"No, Anne. But—it's what I might think of myself, Anne, don't you understand? If a man does something which his conscience won't approve, he makes excuses to himself. He *must*, or hate himself too bitterly. If I married you, unable to support you, I'd keep telling myself that ours was an exceptional case, that I loved you when I had money, and therefore wasn't marrying you for money. And then I'd be reminded that it was *your* money which paid my bills—"

"I'd not remind you," she cried. "I'd give you every penny—"

"OH, I know that, my dear," he groaned. "Only—I'd keep telling myself that I wasn't—well, a kept man—and pretty soon I'd wonder why I had to give myself so much assurance, and—Anne, it can't be done."

"There was Cliff's money," she said tentatively.

His lips compressed.

"I'd have felt almost as badly about myself if I'd accepted that," he said. "Anne, I feel that—well, if I'd not been weak—Mrs. Grannis would never have gone far enough along with her scheme to let her followers pick it up when she dropped it."

"That seems pretty far-fetched to me," said Anne, reproachfully. "Anyway, Cliff was an old man—he'd have died pretty soon—you'd have inherited his money in the natural course of events."

"But I didn't—not in the natural course of things," he objected. "I—Anne, there's something else. I don't know that I can make it clear to you. I'm not certain that I make it clear to myself. But—so far in life everything that I've had has been given to me. I know," he anticipated her protest, "we've been over this before, many times. But since I returned from Palm Beach it's been more than ever on my mind. Without money I'm nothing. That's been proved to me. I'm just an extra man, invited around because I wear trousers that are properly pressed. That's all. I'm living on the fact that, having once had money, I'm still on invitation lists."

"That was so last fall," she said. "I don't want to be mean, Morgan, but—what have you done to—well, to change matters?"

"Exactly," he said. "You can't help but feel that way, can you, Anne?"

"You force me into words like those," she said.

"I know I do. But if there wasn't the latent thought, the words could not find utterance, could they, Anne?"

"I can't argue with you, Morgan," she said unhappily.

"Because the position isn't debatable, Anne," he told her. "No matter what the excuse, Anne, no matter what the argument, the fact remains that a man who lives on his wife's money is not admirable. Mind, if we were married already—if we had been married before the market crashed—and I had lost my money—I'd not be too proud to accept yours then."

"I don't see the difference," she argued.

"Yes, you do," he said. "It's intention that makes an act what it is, Anne. If you and I had been married, I could have let you help me, because—well, because that's part of marriage: to help each other. But it's not part of—before marriage."

"BUT—what are you going to do, Morgan?" she asked.

There were no golden glints in her eyes this afternoon; they were dull from too much weeping; even her lissom figure seemed to sag, to have lost

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Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"But what are you going to do, Morgan?" she asked. There were no golden glints in her eyes this afternoon; they were dull from too much weeping

By Arthur Somers Roche

its lovely contours, so directly can emotion affect the body.

"I don't know," he answered. "Only this: I'm not going to beg jobs from my friends. There's been enough of that—I'd had enough before I went south. And I'm not going to keep up pretense any more. I'm going to resign from my clubs. I'm going to get out of the city."

"Where?" she asked.

"I don't know yet—but somewhere. I mean, I'm not going to slink along New York sidewalks, avoiding recognition from old friends, when I've done nothing more wrong than lose my money. If there could be anything more wrong than that," he ended bitterly.

"Don't be silly," she chided.

"It isn't silly," he said. "Losing money is as grave a fault as one can commit, I think. At least, in the world we live in, Anne."

"Then it's not a very nice world, Morgan," she commented.

"Perhaps not. But it's the only world we know, Anne, and it's probably no worse than the hundred other worlds we don't know. It's all relative, I suppose. The clerk who loses his job loses caste in his circle, too, I imagine."

"But if you think money is all that matters—why not accept what Cliff Conrey left?"

"Because I've found out what I am, Anne, and I don't like what I found. If money is what makes a man—in these days—or any other, I'm afraid—then I want that money to be made by me. I don't want to feel that Morgan Collette exists—for what he is accepted by the world—only by grace of someone's kindness. I want to—well, I don't want to be melodramatic, Anne—but I want to stand on my own feet, in shoes that I bought myself, with money that was not given to me."

"AND you think that somewhere else than in New York you can make that money?"

He wondered if her tone were derisive, and decided that it was merely unhappy.

"I don't think anything," he replied. "I only know that outside of New York I'll feel that whatever place I occupy will be one that I've made myself, not one that I inherited and that I hold onto merely by grace of the forbearance of my friends. I want, Anne, when I pass anyone, to have him say that there goes Morgan Collette, and not add that I'm the fellow who lost everything in the market crash."

"And you don't think much about what they'll say about me, do you?" she asked. "I'm the girl—oh, it will be said often, Morgan—who was in love with Morgan Collette, who floated all night with him in the Gulf Stream and was picked up by a plane, and that everyone thought he'd marry, but who was jilted by him."

"That is extraordinarily unfair to us both, and no one will ever say it," he told her.

"Maybe not," she wearily agreed. "It doesn't matter. I—I'll be so miserable that—I won't care what anyone says or thinks. So—this is good-by, then, Morgan?"

"I'm afraid so, dear," he said.

And there it was, less dramatic than the parting of months ago, which he had thought was final, and seemingly more inevitable because of the absence of emotionalism. He found himself outside her house, walking vaguely toward his own apartment, exactly as he had found himself doing months ago.

With this difference: Some months ago he had thought his parting with Anne to be permanent. Now he *knew* that it was. Now he had learned that life, for the untrained, is a grind that cannot be comprehended without actual experience. Now he *knew* that he could never, by his own efforts, support Anne as she had been supported, could never manage to keep up his end in the circle in which they must, if they married, inevitably live.

Before the affray with Sailor Kelley in the apartment of N. Grannis, he had tried, in every way he could think of, to get work. He had failed. Then, because his health required it, he had gone to Palm Beach, exactly as he had gone in previous years when his fortune had been intact.

SINCE his return, some weeks ago, he had taken up the matter of a job again. He had not applied to old friends, dreading the excuses that he would meet. But he had gone into shops, factories. . . . Times were hard; employers were discharging experienced men, and were not in the mood to engage untried applicants.

His name had got him a hearing. Prospective employers who knew nothing of Collette's standing in the smart world remembered the name of the man who, with a girl, had been knocked off the deck of the Bonita, who had been surprisingly rescued by a crippled plane, and had let him into their offices merely to gratify their curiosity as to what he looked like. Then, of course, they had reasoned that a man who was a guest on a yacht like the Bonita ought to have plenty of friends. Why didn't he get work from one of them? And so he had failed.

There had been, of course, the inevitable newspaper syndicate that wanted a signed article from him; there had been the temerarious press agent who had suggested a week in vaudeville. There had been the cigarette company that wanted to know what tobacco—if any—had solaced him as he drifted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream.

But decent work, honest work, that offered opportunity for advancement—this he had not found. Nor did he really want to find it in New York. Failure is a relative thing, but everyone who knew him would consider that a poorly paid job in New York was tantamount to failure, whereas in a strange community where he wasn't known . . . anyway, he'd try somewhere else.

He let himself into his apartment, closed the door and looked around him. Tomorrow morning he'd telephone a few dealers whom he knew, and see what he could get for his pictures. Not much in these hard times, but something, he hoped. He slumped into a chair. He had been hopelessly slumped like this before, he realized, but this was the final time. Tomorrow he'd sell everything—at least place his things with dealers—give up his apartment, and buy a ticket for—oh, well, one place was as good as another. He'd decide when he reached the railroad station.

A knock sounded on his door. Faintly surprised, he rose, crossed the room, and opened the door. There, smiling uncertainly, stood N. Grannis.

"WELL," she said, "this is like old times, Collette. Are you going to ask me in? Or am I just too wicked to cross your threshold?"

He colored.

"Come in," he invited.

She walked gracefully to a chair.

(Continued on page 30)

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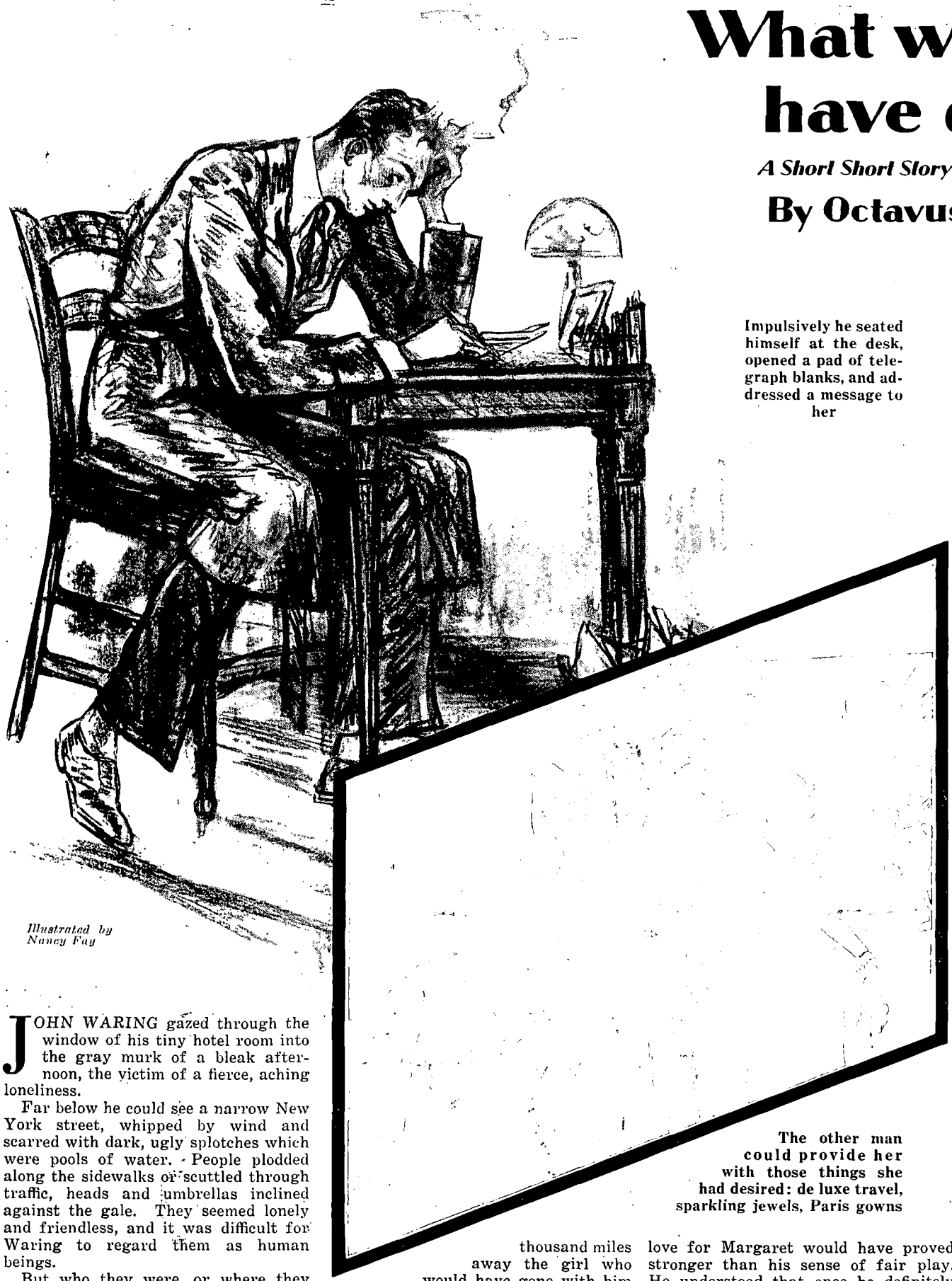
What would you have done?

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen



Impulsively he seated himself at the desk, opened a pad of telegraph blanks, and addressed a message to her

Illustrated by Nancy Fay

JOHN WARING gazed through the window of his tiny hotel room into the gray murk of a bleak afternoon, the victim of a fierce, aching loneliness.

Far below he could see a narrow New York street, whipped by wind and scarred with dark, ugly splotches which were pools of water. People plodded along the sidewalks or scuttled through traffic, heads and umbrellas inclined against the gale. They seemed lonely and friendless, and it was difficult for Waring to regard them as human beings.

But who they were, or where they were going, was no concern of his. The very sight of them intensified the poignancy of his loneliness. He reflected that where he was going there would be thousands of other human ants to be viewed from hotel windows, each going his own way . . . and that his loneliness would be multiplied a thousandfold by the very fact that he would be in a foreign land.

Buenos Aires! How romantic the name had sounded years before. Warm sunshine and soft breezes dwelt there at this very moment when New York was shivering under a biting, wintry chill. But now he was fleeing southward—not in quest of romance—but to escape from it.

He reflected unhappily that sacrifice is bitter. No audience to sympathize and applaud: just the four bare walls of an impersonal hotel room, and a thousand miles away the girl who would have gone with him had he asked her—the girl whose happiness he was assuring by this sacrifice.

He knew that Margaret loved him. He knew—oh! how miserably—that he loved her. But he also knew that she could be happy with the other man . . . not alone because he was a fine, clean, decent chap, but also because David could provide her with those things she had always desired—and deserved: a luxurious home, big cars, de luxe travel, sparkling jewelry, Paris gowns.

The other man could provide her with those things she had desired: de luxe travel, sparkling jewels, Paris gowns

THIS was in stark contrast to what he, John Waring, had to offer: a meager salary, slim prospect for the future and genteel poverty minus the finer material things of life. He had battled valiantly with the problem and sought this job in Buenos Aires because he knew that had he remained in Columbus his love for Margaret would have proved stronger than his sense of fair play. He understood that once he definitely had removed himself from her life, she would begin to appreciate what David offered.

Margaret had never known luxury. As David's wife she would know the glitter of steamship and hotel suites. The gowns and jewels of the Rue de la Paix would be hers for the wishing. John was leaving her for her own sake—the marriage proposal, for which she had all but asked, unuttered.

But now, five days before sailing time, when all New York was gray and drab and unhappy, the sacrifice he had elected to make seemed unreasonably hard. He told himself that he was justified in snatching from life the greatest gift which it had to offer, and so, impulsively he seated himself at the desk, found a pad of telegraph blanks, and addressed a message to her.

"I cannot go without you," he wrote. "Knowing how little I have to offer, are you willing to accompany me? The ship sails from Hoboken at ten o'clock next Thursday morning. If you care enough to make this sacrifice will you have your passport visaed and go with me? I thought I was strong but this is stronger than I am. All my love—"

He dared not send that telegram without further thought. He determined to wait until the morrow: to see whether another gray dawn would bring him sufficient strength to carry on with his sacrifice. Leaving his message inside, he closed the desk and went out.

He walked miles that night—and thought many things. He returned to the hotel at three o'clock, mentally and physically exhausted. He waked at nine, drank two cups of strong coffee and stepped into a cold shower. And then, as a ray of sunshine smiled shyly through the window, he knew that he would be strong—for her sake.

HE PACKED his bag and checked out of the hotel. He took the train for Boston, where he had friends who would—by their hospitality—make him forget the pain.

On Thursday morning he returned to New York and ferried to Hoboken. From the deck of the ferry he could see the gleaming superstructure of the ship which was to bear him into eternal loneliness. The sight brought a queer contraction to his throat. But he was glad; glad for Margaret's sake.

The formalities on the pier were brief. He stepped heavily onto the gangplank, scarcely seeing the smiling, uniformed officer who nodded pleasant greeting. He dully followed the steward aboard, and so did not see Margaret until she stepped in front of him, her arms outstretched, her face radiant.

As his arms closed about her and his lips—careless of who might see—found hers, he knew that he was forever grateful for this miracle. He held her very tight against him to still her sobs . . . the sobs which were born of happiness. His heart overflowed with thanksgiving that this was his wedding day.

IN THE lounge of an athletic club in Atlanta, three men were sitting. One of them, a tall, gaunt, personable gentleman perhaps forty years of age, hitched his chair confidentially close.

"I've got a queer story to tell you fellows," he said. "I'd like to get your opinions."

He drew a long breath: "Five or six days ago I reached New York about nine-thirty in the morning. The room they gave me at the hotel wasn't quite ready . . . the man who had occupied it the previous night had checked out and nobody knew where he had gone.

"I sat down to send a telegram to my wife and on the very top of the pad of telegraph blanks was a wire written by someone named John to a girl in Columbus, Ohio. I was in a quandary. It was none of my business, but the wording of the telegram showed that it was of vital importance. I took it downstairs to the telegraph office and sent it. And I've been worried ever since as to whether I did the right thing."

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You can't help recognizing the unusual value of Milky Way, as you bite through that flavory center, that layer of creamy caramel, that milk chocolate coating. You know without being told that "only quality can taste like that." Just imagine how good one would taste ***right now!***

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Changing Chins

Double, double chins and trouble—we all think so, and yet our chins go on doubling and tripling. Even the slim are not immune. Tilting your chin skyward when you look in the mirror may give your vanity a pat, but is no knockout blow for that lurking second chin. But cheer up—here is the remedy, and it's really very simple

By Helen Durham

CHINS, like fortunes and figures, change. Your chin at middle life bears only a slight resemblance to the one with which you were born. You may be born with no chin at all and at forty-five have too many. Few chins adhere to the single standard. They tend to lead a double life.

The color of your eyes, the tilt of your nose, the size of your mouth are God-given, constant and invariable through life. You make the best of them and complement the ensemble by the right necktie or a smart hat. But with your chin it's different. Chins change as we grow older. Whether for better or worse depends on your neck and the way you hold your head.

The chin is a telltale feature—a dead give-away of age. A woman is as old as her chin line. With a man the sensitive point is not so much the date of his birth as his state of physical fitness. To get the real low-down on him you need not look to his waistline—just glance above his necktie. The chin is the family skeleton that will not stay locked in the cupboard. Wherever you go it's the first thing you stick inside the door.

Most of us deceive ourselves about our chins—and the plural is used advisedly. Singular use of the noun is rarely correct when applied to one individual. This is the very thing we refuse to admit. We admit the graying hairs and the deepening lines, and find distinction in them, but where is the free, untrammeled soul who finds distinction in a double chin?

Therefore we play the ostrich. The woman looks into her mirror, thrusts her neck forward like a crane and with a long-drawn sigh of relief says to her reflected image: "Not a trace of a double chin."

The man shaving before the bathroom mirror stretches his neck on high as though searching the ceiling for stars and says, "Still O. K. around the gills." But when he sees Jones at the club he thinks—and not without self-satisfaction—"That old boy is getting thick through the jowls." If he only knew it, Jones is thinking the same of him. Nobody sees his own jowls—a willful inhibition.

This posture merely hides—
—and here's the result!
—and back, left to right,
—then across, right to left,
—but try this exercise, down,
—these neck-marring wrinkles;

Photographs by George P. Higgins

But why not be honest with yourself? Don't pose or edit your chin line. Be brave and steal a march on it. Slumped down at a restaurant table, glance in the opposite mirror. Or, curled up on the sofa with a book, peek at your chin off guard. 'Fess up—how many do you see?

If you wait until they ripple and triple before taking yourself in hand, you are faced with a stiff proposition. It's easier to cure two chins than three.

The chin line, like the waistline, can be kept under control, and by methods simpler and less drastic. They don't involve starvation, nor steam baths nor reducing appliances. We may state

(*Continued on page 56*)

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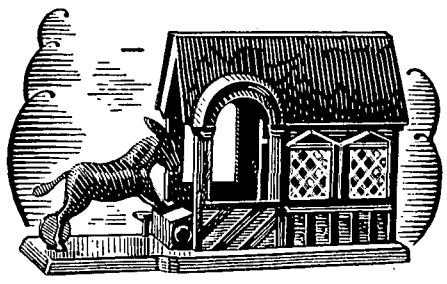

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50¢ quality LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM now 25¢

MAYBE your beard isn't tough enough, or your skin tender enough, to *need* a cream as fine as this.

But every pocketbook will appreciate the new reduced price of Listerine Shaving Cream. It was a *good* value at its former price of 50¢. Now, at 25¢, it is an *amazing* value.

The big tube brings you 90 sweeter, swifter shaves. The cream is a luxury blend that stays moist even on driest skins. The lather is quick, creamy, and *glycerined* to give you extra shaving comfort.

Don't let habit, or a partly filled old tube, keep you from trying this marvelous new shaving cream. Ask for it the next time you are buying a bottle of Listerine or a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

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A Lady of Resource

Continued from page 25

Unwillingly he took in the details of her. Perhaps she was a shade too mature, but it was a lovely maturity, withal. She tore a close-fitting dark hat from her ripply black hair and surveyed him with hazel eyes that held a hint of humor. One leg curled beneath her, she threw herself back with an abandon that became her voluptuous type.

"Well, Collette, how's tricks?" she asked. "I haven't seen you since the day we landed in Palm Beach."

"You ran away," he said. "I thought you'd stay at the Burmans' with Miss Draycon—"

"YEAH, she tried to make me. But what was the use? I borrowed some clothes from her and beat it back to Miami. We'd agreed on our story—we didn't need to see each other to plant any details, and—well, I was a red-handed murderess and—"

"I never said that," he protested.

"No, you didn't. Neither did that swell little girl Anne Draycon. But I knew what you must feel. Holy cats, I'd planned to rob Gallery's yacht, and the fact that I changed my mind didn't make the Sailor or Slim change theirs. If I'd never had the idea, they'd never have had it, either. So—well, I guessed it was as well we passed out of each other's lives."

But her presence here contradicted that statement. His eyes said as much, though his lips were politely silent.

"Wondering why I'm here, eh?" she asked.

"Happy that you're here," he corrected her.

She shook her head wonderingly.

"I wish I had that knack, Collette. I mean—being polite when you don't feel polite. Well, I asked you how were tricks, and I'm asking you again."

"Got another scheme for me?" He could not keep irony from his voice.

She blushed slightly.

"Well, why not? I mean, suppose I had?"

"Well, I thought you'd—well, retire," he suggested.

"And why? Collette, you got to be hard to do what I did before I ever thought of piracy. Of course, I admit that I weakened on it at the last minute, that I got soft-hearted. That was my mistake. If I'd run the thing myself there'd been no murder. Looking back on it, Collette, I'm more sorry that I didn't go through with it than that I planned it. Does your conscience reproach you because you did a little lying? Do you feel badly because you never told about my island, about the battle there?"

"There was nothing to be gained by telling," he said.

"Oh, yes, there was. I'd have been jailed, maybe. A wicked woman would have been justly punished."

"What good would that do?" he asked.

"It would have kept me from further crimes," she laughed. "Wasn't it your duty to do that?"

"Are you complaining because Anne and I kept you out of it?" he asked.

"No, but I'm wondering where this sense of duty of yours begins and where it leaves off," she replied. "Here's a young girl out of her mind for you—and you're nuts for her—and you got a conscience or something—"

"What do you know about her—and me?" he asked hoarsely.

"Well, the papers told about Cliff Conrey leaving you plenty of dough. Yet there's been no announcement of your engagement. And I—well, I phoned her a little while ago. Oh, I know, a dame like me shouldn't annoy a girl like her, but—well, she kind of liked me, I thought, and I like her and so—well, she told me about you and her saying good-by this afternoon."

"*She* told *you?*" he gasped.

"Sure she did," replied N. Grannis calmly. "Why not? Sort of surprised that a girl like her would reveal her heart's secrets to a girl like me, eh? Think she ought to turn away from me in horror, eh? Collette, you don't know a damn' thing about women, do you?"

"Now, what do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean," she replied, "that because a woman's soft-looking and sweet and affectionate and lovable doesn't mean that she's a mutt. I'm soft-looking, and sweet, and if you'd ever given me a chance I'd have shown you that I can be affectionate and lovable, too. But I'm not a mutt, Collette. I'm hard—harder than any man, Collette."

"I'll take your word for it," he smiled.

"But you wouldn't take my word for it about that little girl of yours, would you?"

He stiffened.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean that you're pretty contemptuous of me. Oh, you're polite and all that. But down in your heart I'm a bad egg. Well, maybe I am. But your pretty Anne Draycon isn't as sure of it as you are. What I mean is this: the fact that I've gone into the racket just as though I were a man doesn't disqualify me completely with her. She understands that people can break a few laws and still be kinda decent, after all. You can't."

"Oh, yes, I can, Mrs. Grannis—"

"Nan," she said.

"Nan," he corrected himself. "Of course I can."

"But you were shocked because Miss Draycon confided in me. Don't you see, Collette? She knows I love you. We love the same man. Now, that's no bond of friendship between women, but it's liable to be a bond of understanding. Anne knows you love her. So she doesn't have to be jealous of me. She can be sorry for me. She wants you. Collette, you're not a dumb-bell. All you need is some dough to get started on. How about taking it from me?"

"You're a great person, Nan," said Collette. "But will you please not ask that again?"

"Out," she responded. "Well, then, what's the big idea about refusing Cliff Conrey's jack?"

"If you must have it," he said, "because I think that, if I'd threatened you, you'd have dropped the whole idea of piracy, and Cliff would be alive now."

"That's straining the conscience a whole lot, isn't it?" she asked.

"AND there's something else, Nan," he blurted out. "I—I feel—damnation, am I a man, or am I not? And a man can make his own career, doesn't have to have it made for him—"

"Just a cheap, sneaking pride, eh? Well, I thought it was that," said N. Grannis. "Here's the swellest girl in the world breaking her heart for you—say, what sort of a person do you think I am, anyway? Here I come to you asking you to swallow your pride—conceit, that's what it is—and marry another girl, and all the time I'm crazy for you myself."

"I suppose I should marry Anne because you think I ought to, eh?" said Collette.

"That's a cheap sneer," she said. "You ought to marry her because you love her and because she loves you. But what's the use? If a man's pig-headed, he's pig-headed. And, Collette, I know I'm butting in and all that. I won't any more. I just came around—I've quit the racket, Collette. I guess I'm not as hard as I make out to be. What do you suppose I'm going to do, Collette?"

"I haven't an idea," he replied.

"Sailing for Paris tomorrow. Going to get a job in one of the big dress-making places—buy my way in, if I have to. Going to stick around until I know more about fashions than any Frenchman in France. I'll stay with it if it takes five years. Then I'm coming back and open the swellest shop in New York. I've got plenty capital and there's no hurry. What do you think of it?"

"I think it's great, Nan," he said.

"You do, eh? Well, I'm glad of that. And say, Collette, I'm no early Christian martyr. I mean to say, I'm not the kind to stand outside a deserted foodshop and starve myself to death. I like Miss Draycon. She's swell. But—if you and she—well, if you're not going to hitch up—Collette, I wouldn't ask for love. I'd just ask for you."

"Nan, you don't mean it," he said. "If you do mean it now, you wouldn't mean it later on. You're a great person, Nan, and—"

"Well, you can't hang a girl for trying, can you?" she laughed. "I guess I'm a racketeer to the finish. Well, if you'd fallen for it I'd have hated you—like you suggest. Collette, so long, old kid."

"Good-by, Nan," he said.

SHE left him without another word, and he knew that he would never encounter her again, save accidentally. Her going left a vacancy. Oh, he didn't love her, couldn't love her. But there were capabilities in that strange woman that no other woman he had ever known had had. Capabilities for good as great as for evil. He shrugged slightly. He tried to dismiss her from his mind as he turned to appraisal of the furnishings of his apartment.

He was busy packing a trunk when someone knocked peremptorily on the front door. The visitor also rang the bell. Collette opened the door. Curtin, bronzed from the sun of Palm Beach, confronted him.

"Well, I'm glad to catch you," cried Curtin. "You won't be sane in telegrams or letters or over the phone—Morgan, you can't pass up Cliff's bequest."

"We've gone all over that, Tom," said Collette wearily. "What's the use of going into it again?"

"What do you mean 'gone over it'?" cried Curtin. "We discussed it briefly at Palm Beach. You've written a lot of crazy letters, all about standing on your own feet and a lot of rot like that. Nobody stands on his own feet, Morgan. He sits on Luck's lap, or he is booted by Misfortune's toe, and that's all there is to it. Men may brag they're self-made, but they lie. A dozen people have helped them, a dozen lucky breaks have meant the difference between success and failure."

"You've written all that to me, Tom," said Collette wearily.

"But there's more I haven't told you," said Curtin. "Morgan, you know that if you don't take Cliff's money it goes to the state, don't you? He provided that in the event of your dying before he did, his money would go to the establishment of parks."

(Continued on page 32)

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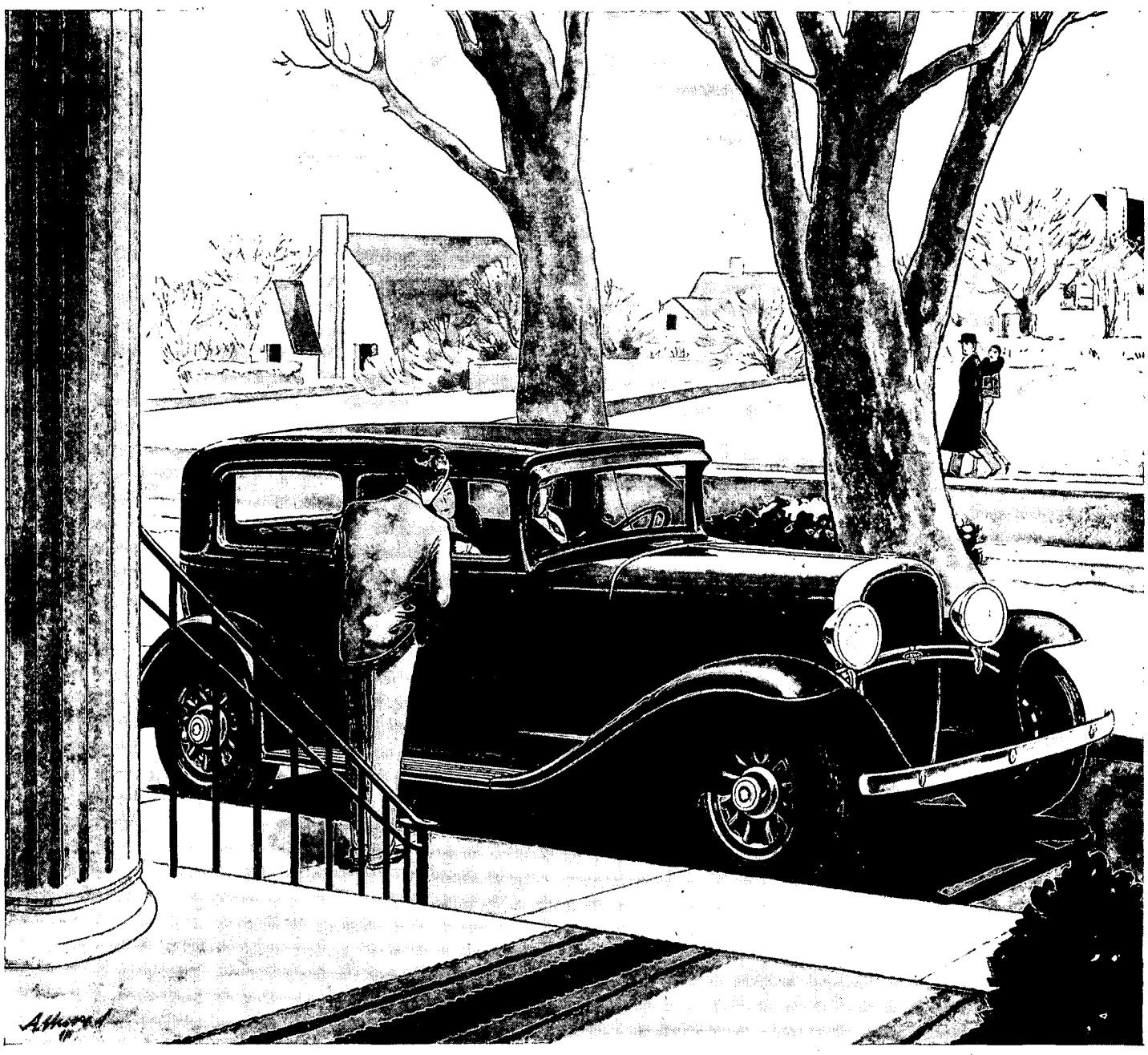

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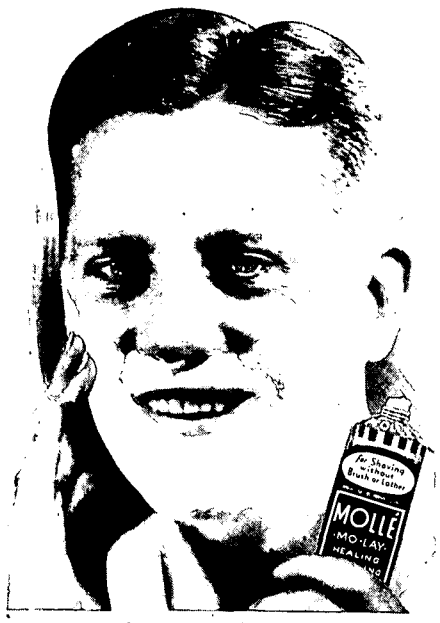

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The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a comfort shave —a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before. Here's our guarantee:

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush —simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

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Throw Away Your Brush

MOLLÉ

For Quick Easy Shaving

A Lady of Resource

Continued from page 30

"The public needs parks," said Collette, smiling.

"The public is a generality. But the people working in Cliff's factories are no generality," exclaimed Curtin. "Morgan, your father helped Cliff years ago. Cliff never forgot it. He liked you. But that's beside the point. Of course he liked you or he'd not have left you his business. But he left you more than his business. He left you the responsibility for the lives and well-being of fifteen hundred people. Fifteen hundred people, that's the number of people that Conrey Carpet Mills employ. Multiply that number by four and you get nearly the whole population of Mowbrey, where his mills are. Now, the state can't run a business. The state, if it succeeds under Cliff's will, will have to sell the mills. God knows who'll buy them in under present business conditions. As executor I can run them a while longer, but sooner or later the business will have to be wound up. And six thousand people, workers and families, will have to hunt jobs. Whereas, if you take over the estate—"

"What do I know about carpets?" interrupted Morgan.

"You can learn, can't you? You can go to Mowbrey; you can work like hell, can't you? You can study every angle of the manufacture, of the sale, of carpets. You can—if you want—good old Cliff didn't care a damn about his workers—improve the conditions of several thousand people. Why, it's even money that the mills will fail, anyway. Business is awful, as you know. But if a man worked, he might pull them thfough, might be able to continue people who need work and deserve work in their jobs—Morgan, will you do it?"

This put a different light on things. To be needed—to have a duty to perform, an obligation to fulfill, a work to be accomplished. He looked at Curtin.

"Okay, Tom," he said slowly. "I'll take it on."

ANNE DRAYCON, her blue eyes heavy, came slowly across the sidewalk toward her waiting car. A taxicab whirled to the curb, and its door flew open. Collette leaped out.

The girl whitened at sight of him; then color sped back into her cheeks. For there was something about the alertness of Collette that differentiated him from the depressed man whom she had seen earlier in the day.

"Why, Morgan," she greeted him.

"Why, Anne," he mimicked her. "Listen, Anne, we love each other, don't we?"

She made an inarticulate sound.

"We do," he said decisively. "Anne, you've said that you'd share what I can offer. Anne, would you live with me in a small town? I can get a job in a factory. Anne, will you marry me and go with me? But, Anne, we can't touch a penny of yours."

"Morgan—you know I will," she breathed.

"It won't be New York," he said.

"I don't need New York," she assured him.

The golden glints were back in the blue eyes now. Collette felt ashamed at the gay deceit he was practicing upon her. But to *know* that a girl like Anne loved him so much that she would sacrifice all she had for his sake. . . .

"And you'll marry me, tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," she whispered.

"Let's go inside," he said.

"But I'm due at the Flightmans' for dinner in ten minutes," she protested.

"Damn the Flightmans. You can telephone that you're ill—anything—Anne, I want to kiss you. And I can't very well out here in the street."

"No, you can't," she said tremulously. "So, I suppose—William," she spoke to the chauffeur, "I won't need the car tonight."

The chauffeur touched his cap.

"Very well, Miss Draycon," he said. "Gosh," he whispered to himself, "I hope they'll take me when they get hitched. I'd rather work for her than the old lady."

He threw in the clutch and started away. Mamie, his wife, would want to know all about how young Collette dashed up and began talking honey-talk to Miss Anne, and how she got all hot and bothered and canceled the car for the evening. . . .

"WHERE'S your job? Where do we live, Morgan?" asked Anne, as they walked toward the door through which she had just come.

"Mowbrey," he answered.

"Mowbrey? But that's where Cliff Conrey—Morgan, you've been making fun of me, and—"

"I had to, dear," he said. "I mean—you were brave, but—I wanted to be sure that you meant it—I mean, I wouldn't take Cliff's money just to marry you, if you wouldn't marry me without it—"

"But you know that I would," she said reproachfully.

"Darling," he said. "I—just wanted to—surprise you — I — Anne, there's work for me to do. Tom Curtin just came to see me. He says the factory hands need me. I don't know a blooming thing about carpets, but if other men have learned about them, then I guess I can."

"Of course you can," she said.

He rang the bell. A servant opened the door and raised his eyes in surprise at Anne's quick return.

"Robert," said Anne, "will you please telephone the Flightmans that I cannot dine with them. Tell them that I will telephone later and explain."

"What will you say to them?" asked Morgan, as the servant disappeared.

She advanced into the drawing-room. She discarded her cloak with a graceful gesture. It fell unheeded to the floor as she looked at him.

"Why," she said, "I'll tell them that a man seized me, overpowered me—"

"Thanks," he said. "That tells me my first action. But after that, what?"

"Why, I don't know—yet," she said. "I suppose you'll formally propose, and I'll formally accept, and then—"

"Yes, then?" he demanded.

But he waited for no answer as he took her in his arms, unless the return of his kiss was the answer he expected.

Outside, the last snow of the winter began to trickle down.

"My gosh," said the taxi man, "you'd think it was Janooary instead of the first week in April. And I wonder how long that guy expects me to wait."

He rang the doorbell. The same servant who had admitted Anne and Morgan opened the door.

"Say, I had a fare, and he dashed in here wit' a dame," said the taxi man. "How long do you think he wants me to wait? Cripes, I got a wife and kids home, and supper on the table."

"How much is the fare?" asked the servant.

"Sixty-five cents," was the reply.

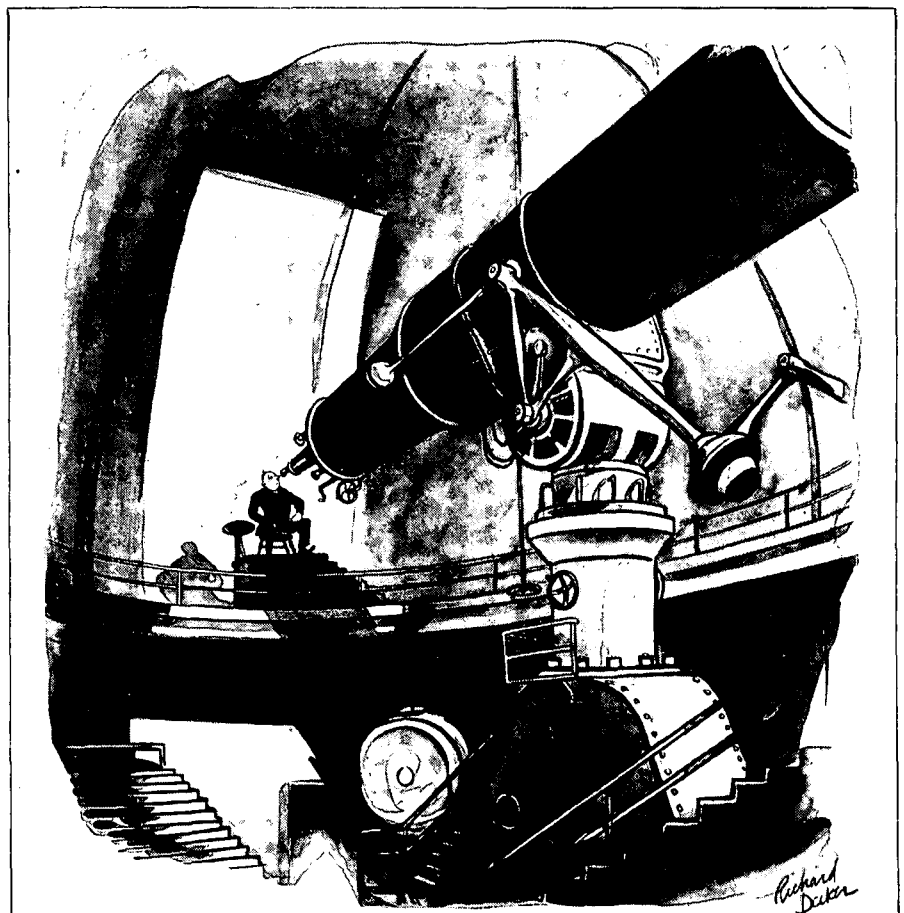
The servant handed him a dollar bill.

"He'd want you to keep the change," he remarked. "Because he won't be out for a long, long time."

IN HER apartment, so like Collette's, N. Grannis finished packing a trunk.

"Well," she said to herself, "she'll get him okay. Some people have all the luck. But I wonder, if I'd been born on the Avenue . . ."

The End



"Looks like rain . . ."

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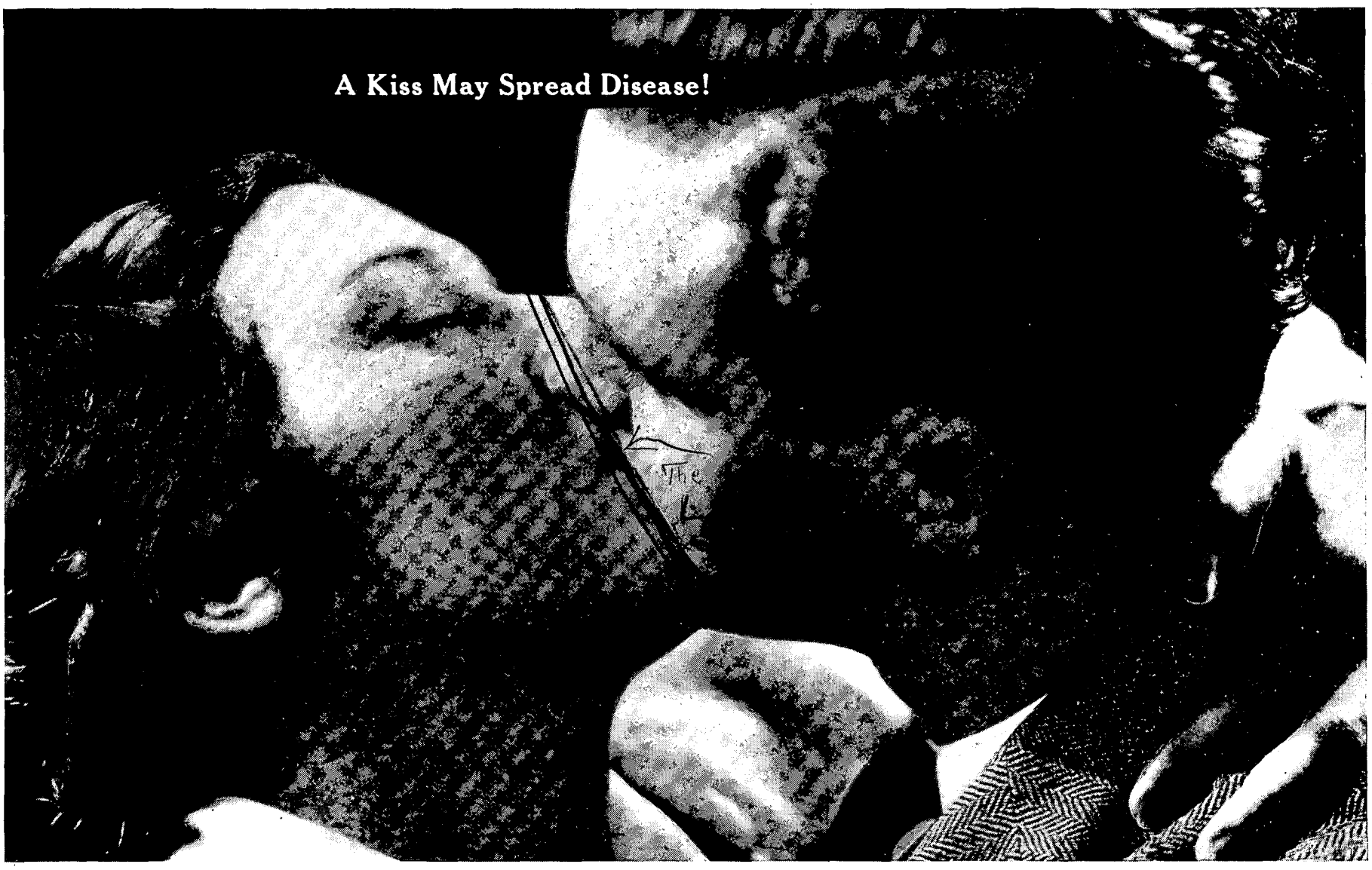

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"AGAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading antiseptics."

This is the unqualified and official opinion of two great bacteriological laboratories, and by individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

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The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes." Tests prove that it kills in the same time germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

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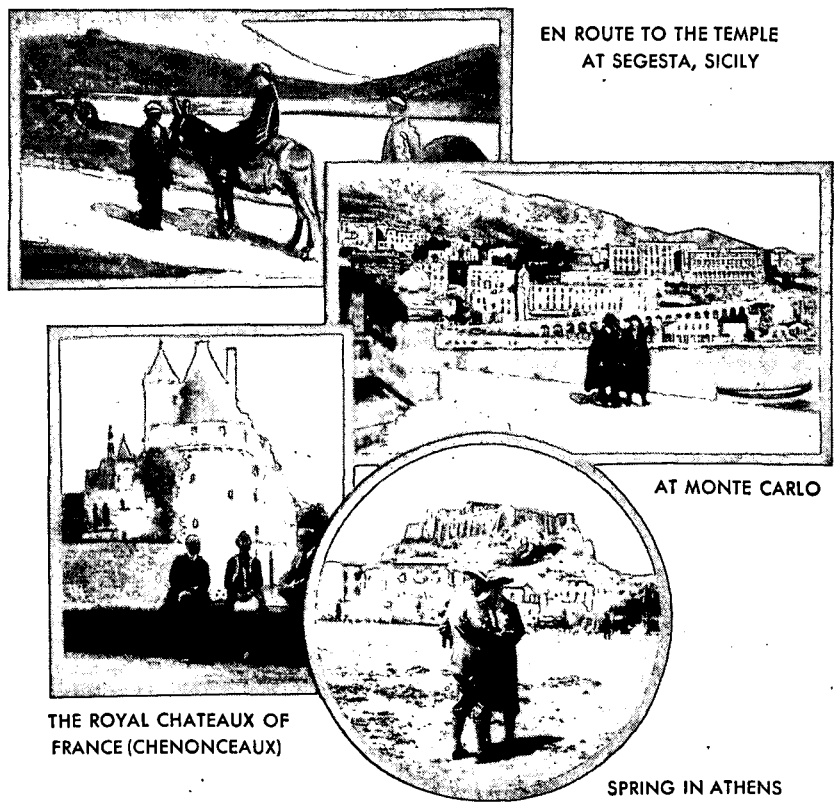

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"The completed plan has given to my wife and myself a Life Annuity for each of us. On this we have retired from the teaching profession to enjoy such years as remain to us in travel and leisure, grateful to the Equitable for offering such opportunities, and thankful to our guiding stars that we have had the sense to avail ourselves of them.

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Your plan for retirement annuity is of interest to me. I am.....years of age.

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First Spin

Continued from page 12

rudder-bar hard over. . . ." Fury suddenly suffused his face. "What sort of an army is this, I ask you, that cannot buy flying clothes for its men? Why must you fly in rubber boots and long overcoats? Bah!"

They looked at him dumbly, without answer to a question they had asked themselves many times. The instructor recovered himself.

"*Eh bien; c'est la guerre.*" His voice became brisk once more: "We have the one plane left; another will be sent over from the hangars at once. Morse, you will be the next. We shall review the method once more."

Morse's mouth went dry. He wet his lips with his tongue, trying to utter the words of protest that would not come. Without knowing how he got there, he found himself sitting on the box and clutching the broomstick in his clammy hands. Around him, silent, gathered his mates. Their scrutiny of him was the morbid attention that they might have given to a corpse.

YET despite the trembling in his knees and this inward torment he was conscious of himself going skillfully through the required motions; answering flippantly the questions put to him; contorting his stiff face into a grinning mask of bravado under the lash of this greater fear of showing that he was afraid.

His panicky glance showed him little Fancher standing there dumbly worshipful; and he forced his acting in desperation, numbing his nerves by the intensity with which he played out his habitual rôle.

The harsh buzzing of a motor broke through the chant of the instructor as Morse went through the rhythm for the last time. The litany of salvation ended. A plane winged in, just clear of the hedgerows.

"*Bon!*" the Frenchman exclaimed. "The new one. We shall have two then. I will send you, Morse, and . . . Fancher."

A murmur arose. Send Fancher? Had they not just witnessed his breakdown? All eyes swerved expectantly. Blended with their amazement at the fiat were indignation and pity. This was murder . . . nothing else. Much as they despised their youngest for his clumsy chicken-heartedness, no man wished to stand by and see him die.

One stepped forward in protest; but the little man slipped before him and sat down on the box. "Put her in neutral," he began in his thin voice. He went through the motions swiftly; but his eyes never left Morse's face.

"Big Bill" forced a grin. "That's the stuff, 'Useless,' old kid," he said. "We'll be putting on a circus act yet. Let's go!" And he found his legs carrying him across the snow to the waiting plane.

Aloft, the winter air was paralyzing. Morse's body and brain were numb. He flew in slow climbing spirals, watching the altimeter needle crawl implacably toward 1,200 meters, at which height he would do his spin. Behind him, he felt, rather than distinctly saw, Fancher's plane dogging his own.

As far as the eye could carry, the desolate, snowy fields stretched away in a cold white circle. To the northward huddled the buildings of the main camp, that sanctuary of misery and inefficient blundering. The cold spaces of the sky were lonely with an emptiness that pressed down upon his heart and brought a trickle of icy perspiration under his helmet rim. It seemed to him a horrible day to die.

The needle jerked at his attention. Twelve hundred meters. Below him was the circle of black dots around the fire, each with its tiny blob of white face lifted, watching him.

The other plane swam into his vision. Fancher's face took form. The kid was watching him and waiting. Morse cursed at him; cursed at this eternal leadership that seemed to be always accorded him. Why could he not bear only the weight of his own distress?

He closed his throttle. The roar beneath the aluminum cowling died to an idling murmur. He pulled the nose up until the ship lost all flying speed. Then with every ounce of will he possessed, he kicked his right foot forward and resolutely held the stick back. There was a sudden dropping away of all his viscera; and then wind screamed about his ears and he felt himself being flung round and round and round the edge of a gigantic whirlpool.

A wave of panic surged over him; he fought up through it, put his rudder in neutral and pushed his stick forward. The spinning ceased; he heard the wires scream as the ship dropped in a dive.

He eased the stick back; the ship arced into level flight.

A suffocating wave of relief and joy flooded his veins. He pulled open the gas; the motor caught with a snarl.

Mad excitement beat against his brain. He dragged the Nieuport up in a fast climb, every nerve on the jump. Above him the other plane was droning through a wide, flat arc as Fancher maneuvered into position. Morse ranged alongside and waved encouragingly. The frightened face in the other cockpit stared hopelessly.

Morse was conscious of a great pity. He waggled his wings and made derisive insulting gestures at his own ship with his thumb to his nose. Mastery was in his glance. The face in the other plane expanded into a sickly grin, and then flashed out of sight as the plane winged over and whirled down.

Morse waited tensely, circling widely. Eternity crawled by him. At last the spinning streak straightened out; dove; and came sweeping out in a sizzling arc. The watcher breathed again.

Fancher climbed slowly. Morse throttled down and swung in alongside. The youngster's face was still very white; but the grin was firmer and the left hand was raised in salute . . . thumb against the snub nose. The big man shouted when he saw it.

THEY made their second spin together and flashed down across the cold skies to the little field. Leaving their ships in the center, they slowly crossed to the glum and nervous group by the fire, swaggering just a trifle as they came arm in arm. Under the thin blankets in the freezing barracks Morse lay listening to the heavy breathing and wracking coughs that filled the darkness. A vast soberness filled him completely.

"I'm in for a tough time," he thought, "I'm as yellow as they make 'em . . . I know it now. But I'll beat the game. However scared I am, I'll be more scared not to go through with it. Pride will pull me through. 'Useless' did that for me today."

In the opposite bunk little Fancher was just dropping off to sleep. Drowsy thoughts still warmed him. "Useless." . . . He muttered the hated name; but a shadow of a smile twitched his lips. He didn't care; it sounded differently when they said it now.

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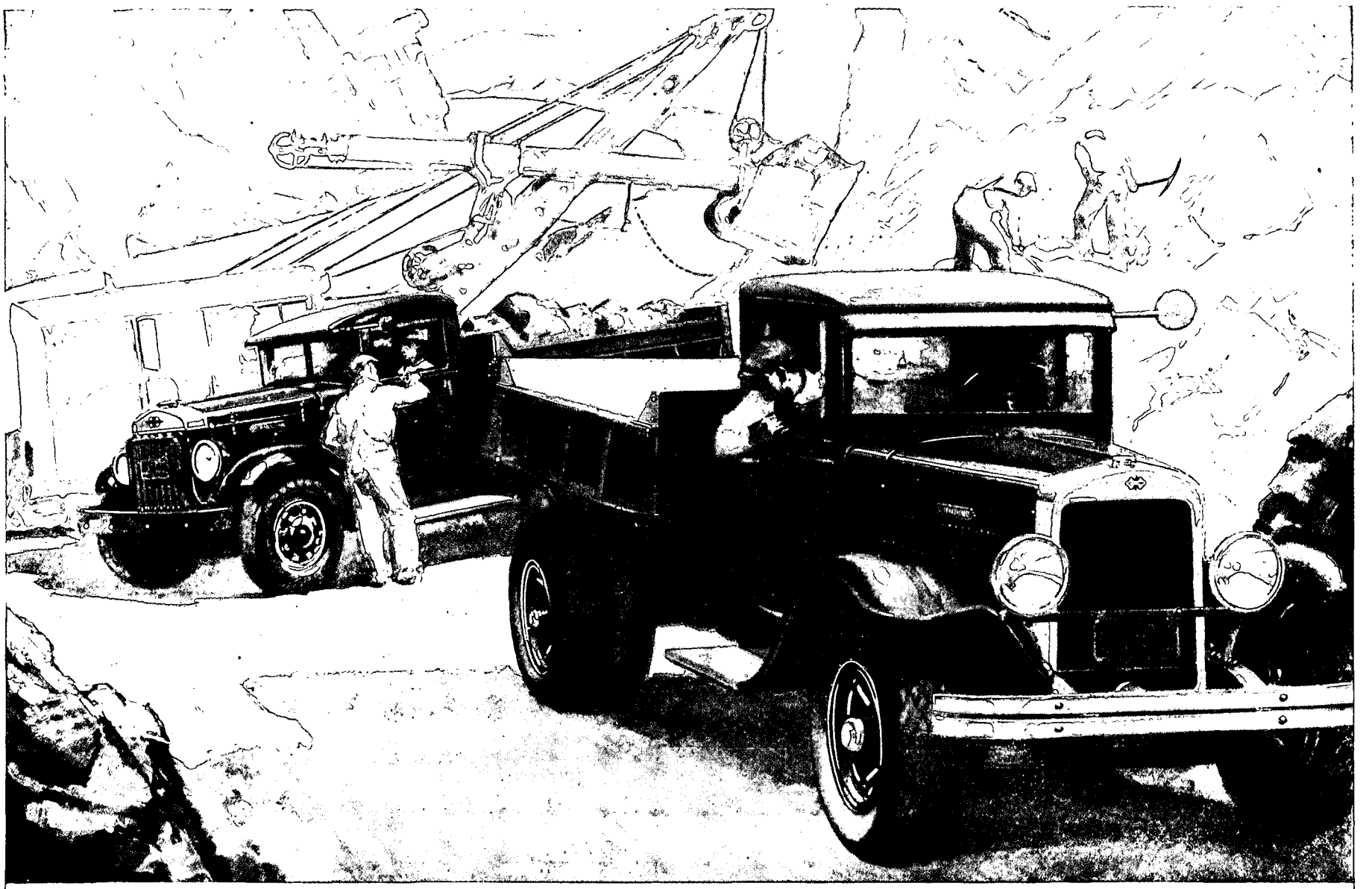

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MURIEL

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 15

written communication he had ever had from Bob Macumber, was as follows:

FRIEND CLAY:

I am glad to hear they haven't hung you yet.

Yes, you can have a job at the Lazy M if you want to come, but I will be honest with you: if I was you, you had better stay where you are.

Conditions is very funny here in the Buckhorn. I would not be surprised if something would bust wide open any time now, and anybody can have my job that wants it.

Take my advice and stay where you are at. Whatever become of them half-blood colts?

Yours truly,
ROBERT MACUMBER.

That peculiarly reticent letter had reached Clay Hughes during one of those periodic lapses of his when his bed-roll was as good as on his horse and his horse as good as on the move. With the long-dust mood upon him, he had taken Bob Macumber's unenthusiastic letter in the only way he could possibly take it, as an irresistible invitation, an invitation, he was wondering now, to what?

TONIGHT just before dusk, obedient to his instinct to take a look around before turning in, Hughes had climbed to a high point on the rocky rim which rose sheer above the Crazy Mule. A little way beyond, the Gunsight Pass Trail which he had followed plunged downward sharply into the valley of the Buckhorn itself. From his high lookout point he could see, not five miles from the foot of the trail, a broad patch of green. This, he knew, must be the Lazy M, the ranch that commanded all the northern reaches of the Buckhorn.

Gazing at that quiet, beautiful valley, he had found it hard to believe that some hidden struggle was rising to the surface there, that the Lazy M was waiting in the shadow of some impending disaster. . . .

With the first light, when he had caught up and saddled, he turned the roan's head onward and downward—toward the Lazy M. And as he rode he wondered what disaster could threaten anyone who held such a range.

Bob Macumber, Hughes was glad to find, was almost the first man in sight when Clay coon-trotted into the layout of the Lazy M an hour later. Macumber shook hands with a strong wrenching grip.

"Why, hello, Clay."

"Howdy, Bob."

They stepped back and regarded each other with mild satisfaction; Macumber might have been looking over a favorite cow pony, pleased that the animal seemed to have wintered fairly well.

"Got your letter all right," said Hughes.

Bob Macumber searched the ground for a straw, found one, and chewed it reflectively. An uneasy melancholy seemed to be upon the man, resting heavily upon his blocky shoulders. His short legs, bowed and powerful, seemed planted with an unusual solidity, giving him a look of baffled stubbornness.

"I don't suppose," Macumber grunted, "you sighted anybody, coming over the Gunsight." His face was expressionless, a rugged, irregular face such as a man might chop out of wood with a hatchet.

"Well, yes," said Hughes. "There's a dead man up there, Bob."

Macumber turned like a wheeling bear and took half a step toward a cow pony that stood saddled beside the nearest corral, but checked and turned back to Hughes.

"What did he look like?"

Hughes told him, reeling off details. "A kind of easy-going, cow-hand-looking feller, maybe four years older than me," he finished.

"How'd they get him?"

"One shot, drilled clear through, from behind and to the left. Got his left lung, I'd say. He checked in at about quarter after two this morning."

"Real close guessing."

"I was with him when he died, Bob."

Macumber's mild eyes jerked back to Hughes' face.

"He come stumbling into my camp," Hughes explained.

"Talk any?" asked Macumber.

"Few words, Bob."

"Come here," Macumber growled. He gave Clay's arm a quick haul, as if the cowboy had to be started by hand, and went striding ahead toward the largest adobe.

The ranch house of the Lazy M was built in the shape of a commodious square about an open patio. Its batten-shuttered windows were deeply recessed in walls the least of which was four feet thick, after the old Southwestern fashion. Long, gritty winds had sanded off the harsh corners, weathering the massive adobe until it seemed integral with the land.

The half-dozen outbuildings were of the same stuff, thick-walled and solid, with the heavy butt ends of timbers sticking out of the adobe at the line of their flat roofs. And all through the layout of the Lazy M stood tall cottonwoods, scattered in random clumps. They rattled dryly in the hot wind of the valley, and threw shifting mottles of shade upon the sunny walls of the adobes. Their height and vigor suggested plainly that their roots were finding plenty of water deep under the hot ground.

Following Macumber into the ranch house, Hughes found himself in a great, shadowy hallway. Beyond, the patio opened; in the contrasting smash of its sunlight Hughes saw with visual shock the bright green of clipped grass and the astounding scarlet mass of a bougainvillæa, which climbed the posts of an inner veranda beyond. Macumber, turning aside, knocked upon a heavy door and entered without awaiting the growl of acknowledgment from within.

AN OLD man, dressed like a common cow hand, sat at a safelike desk of old-fashioned design. The gaunt, big-boned frame of old man Major looked little at home in a swivel chair. His face was that of an old cow foreman, deeply furrowed, heavily weathered, but scrupulously shaved. Only his gray mustache, clipped short and straight at the line of the thin lips, suggested any compromise with modern ways.

But it was the presence of the other person in the room which appeared to dumfound Macumber, who started to speak, failed, and stood turning his big hat in his hands. A girl was sitting near the old man's desk, and Hughes grinned, remembering that Bob Macumber was always tongue-tied by girls. She wore belted overalls and flannel shirt such as riders wear; but her fine, faintly wavy hair, looking dust-colored in the shadowy light, altered the effect to something supremely feminine, supremely young—and Macumber was put out of working order.

"Mr. Major," Bob got out, "this here is a good rider, Clay Hughes."

The old man nodded, watching Macumber, as if he sensed—or expected—more here than the advent of a hand. The range foreman turned and made a curious, inarticulate gesture with his hat toward the girl; but no words came out of him.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" Major demanded testily.

"Mr. Major," said Macumber in a thick voice, "there's a man been killed."

Glancing at the girl, Hughes saw that she did not appear to have moved. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth, and she was watching her father with unreadable eyes. Suddenly Clay Hughes was struck by the fact that the faces of the men were rough and ugly, and that a cow camp, however elaborate, was made to seem crude and makeshift by the presence of this girl. Her casual stock-working clothes, of which only the boots were beautiful, could not conceal the slim, strong grace of her body any more than the deep golden tan of her skin could conceal that her face was delicately and beautifully made. It seemed strange to find her here in what without her would have been, after all, just another cattle range. But this room, this range could never be ordinary while she sat there among them—anomalously belted and spurred, but very much a girl.

AN ODD stillness seemed to come upon old man Major while, for a long moment, the cattleman and his foreman held each other's eyes. Then he spoke:

"You'd better chase along, Sally."

The girl looked astonished. Then, hesitating a moment, she left them silently. Hughes prevented his eyes from following her as she went out. Something more than a slim, belted figure seemed to have left the room. The space she left remained definitely vacant and the place lost its meaning.

The old man waited a long minute more before he turned to face them. "Who is it?"

"Hugo Donnan!"

Oliver Major smothered an oath. "Who knows about it besides you?"

"Clay Hughes, here, is the only one knows anything about it. He just swung down, and I hazed him right in."

"Let him tell it, then."

The eyes of old man Major bored into Clay as he repeated briefly what he had told Macumber of the death of the stranger. Major's questions were few, and had to do chiefly with the description of the wounded man.

"There's no doubt of it, Bob," he said at last.

"No, sir; that's Donnan all right."

Major swung upon Hughes. "Did Donnan say anything before he died?"

A hard, speculative quality came into Hughes' blue eyes, altering their mildness. He answered Major as he had answered Macumber: "Few words."

"And what were those words?"

Hughes hesitated a moment more. "Maybe," he said slowly, "you don't want to know what those words were."

The old man's voice rose to a harsh thunder: "You mean to stand there and hold out on me?"

"I haven't decided yet," Clay answered. "Set easy."

The surprise that swept the old man's face was followed immediately by the narrowing of a swift suspicion.

"So that's the tune, is it? Well, get this, young man: if I start to have what you know out of you, I'll have it out of you, all right! If you aim to come in here and—"

(*Continued on page 39*)

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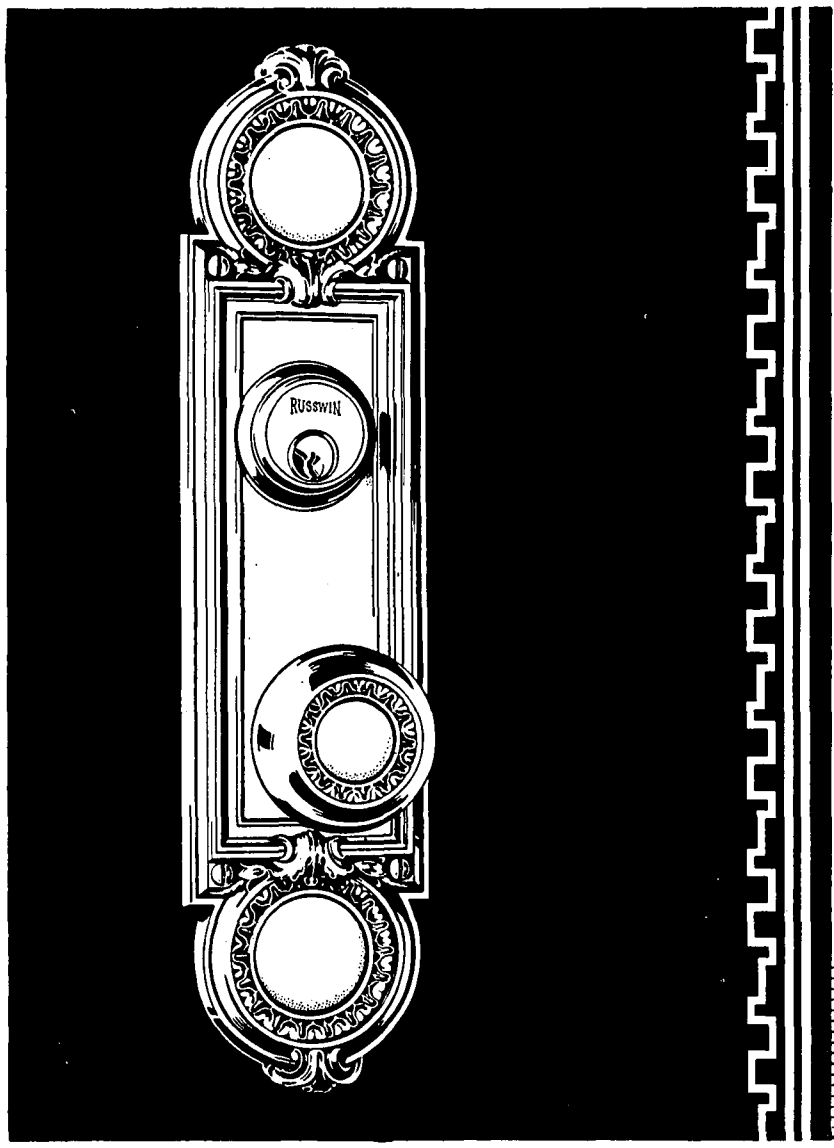

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Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 36

"You'll get no place that way," Macumber grunted at Major.

A silence came into the room, strained and electric, to last while a man might count fifty. "Who is this rider?" Major demanded.

"I've sided him through more round-ups than one," Macumber answered. "You can bank on him in every way. But if he sees reason to keep his mouth shut, *you'll* never get it open."

Major gazed out of the window. When he spoke again his voice was mild:

"Just what do you aim to do, Hughes?"

Hughes spoke slowly: "I can see where I'm getting picked up in a stampede that's no job of mine. Now suppose I tell you I've seen enough of this, and aim to go out and fork my horse, and ride on?"

"*I* guess not! For all we know—"

"And there you are! I didn't ask to sit in this game. But if I'm in it, I'll hold my own cards. I'd like to know what kind of angle the sheriff's going to take, for one thing."

MAJOR said, "Hell, don't you even know who Donnan was?"

"I guess he doesn't know anybody around here but me," said Macumber.

"Well," said Major, "after a fashion, and according to his damned poor lights, Donnan *was* the sheriff, himself. . . . Bob, you lather that buckskin and see how many of the boys you can get together in a half-hour! Especially, I want Bart Holt. Hump!"

When Macumber was gone Major stood for some moments against the wall, his thumbs hooked in his heavy belt, studying Hughes impersonally.

"Man," said Major at last, "are you right sure you want to hold out on me?"

"No," said Hughes.

"I'll tell you straight," said Major, "I got my work cut out for me from here out. It's liable to make a whole lot shorter haul for me if you come out with what Donnan himself had to say, when he cashed!"

"You sure you want to know?"

A dry, humorless smile crossed Major's face, and he shrugged. "I never turned my back on a fact yet," he said slowly. "I'm sorry I jumped down your throat like I done. You got no reason to side in with me."

"It isn't that," said Hughes.

Old Major waited.

"Let's suppose a couple of things for a minute," Hughes suggested. "Donnan only had time for just a word or two. Maybe, being a stranger, I don't understand what he meant. But when I do—how's the killer to know but what those few words mean the rope?"

The old man said, "You mean—"

"What if I keep my mouth shut? Does it look to you like somebody is going to begin to worry pretty soon? Sometimes a man gets to worrying and worrying, until after a while he overcrowds his hand."

Major looked at Hughes for a long time. As they stared at each other their eyes looked hard, and their faces expressionless; yet there was a feeling in the air that these two were very near an understanding.

"Just what are you after, Hughes?"

"I don't know much about this," Hughes said. "This looks like your fight, in some way."

"God knows it is," said Major.

"But I'm hooked into it; and now if I keep my mouth shut—"

"You might live a week," said Oliver Major slowly, watching him.

"Might live to force somebody's hand," Hughes amended.

"And for what?" said Major curiously.

"How should I know for what?" said Hughes. "Only—'Never throw away the key to a door—' "

" '—until you know what's on the other side,' " Major finished. "Lord, how many years it is since I've heard that! There may be some awful pressure on you, boy. You think you can stand pat against them all?"

"You saw me stand pat, just a minute ago."

"Yes," Major admitted, "you stood pat on Bob Macumber."

"Even Bob Macumber," Hughes agreed.

"And you know what this may bring down on you?"

"Does anyone know that?"

Major walked forward, his eyes looking deep into those of the cowboy, and slowly raised bony, gnarled hands to grip Hughes' shoulders. He opened his mouth as if he were going to speak, but shut it again, and stood looking at Hughes so long that Clay became confused. But at last Major only dropped his hands and turned away to the window again.

"I'm guessing," said Clay Hughes, "that you pretty well know who downed Donnan?"

"God knows I do," Major mumbled. "I guess I always knew—"

The cattleman's voice trailed off, and as he turned away from the window his face was gray. He began a cigarette, and Hughes saw that the tobacco chattered in its paper as the practiced old fingers tried to twirl it into a smoke. When, presently, Major looked up his eyes were dark and bleak; the eyes of a man who has stubbornly made up his mind in the face of an uncounted cost.

"There's just one chance in the world," he said; and beneath the bitterness of his voice Hughes thought he detected a deep, repressed uncertainty—"one chance that I might be wrong."

"And if you are?" said Hughes.

"God help us all."

AS HUGHES walked out into the sunlight he was asking himself why he had foolhardily let it be thought that he knew more than he would tell. A quixotic instinct had led him to deal himself a hand in a game he knew nothing about. At the moment the favorite words of his father, old Pony Hughes, known on a wide frontier when the frontier was young, had seemed sufficient justification: "Never throw away the key to a door until you know what's on the other side." This was plausible enough, but second thought was telling Clay that his play was all too likely to turn into a cross between a buzz saw and a boomerang.

No one appeared to be watching him. Even now he could probably mount his long-legged blue roan and cat-foot unnoticed out of the Lazy M, out of the Buckhorn, out of a situation which certainly promised no advantage to himself. If he was ever going to pull out this was the time. But though he knew he ought to be sorry that he had so definitely involved himself in a rising cloud of trouble, he found that he was not. For once in his life Clay Hughes had puzzled himself.

Then, out by a corral which stood hard against the Buckhorn water he again sighted Sally Major. The girl looked almost fragilely slender; yet in her quick, nervous stride there was the

(*Continued on page 40*)

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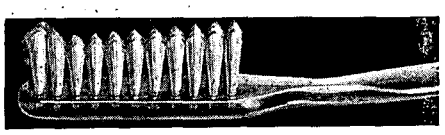

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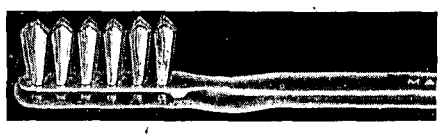

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(Continued from page 39)

suggestion of the pliant strength of riders, so that she seemed at once intensely feminine and as competent as a man. Now as he watched her walk out of shadow into sunlight and saw the brilliant Southwestern sun turn her fine dust-colored hair to a mist of gold he suddenly understood why he had chosen to draw cards when he might more safely have remained a passive figure, meaningless and disregarded. A faint smile deepened the grin line in his cheek as he told himself, "I'll—play—these."

After Hughes had breakfasted it seemed for a little while as if he was to be ignored. Old Major was interviewing one after another of the riders sent in by Bob Macumber. Seven or eight of these Lazy M hands came in during the first three hours, dusty, leather-faced men in worn range-riding clothes; they came in at a high lope, sweat lathering like shaving soap at the edges of their saddle blankets. Most of them promptly departed again, more hastily than they had come, on errands the nature of which Hughes could only guess. Evidently Oliver Major conceived certain immediate necessities to be implied by the death of Donnan. The stir which had come upon the Lazy M had all the look of a hurried gathering of the clans. Meantime Hughes, left to his own devices, strolled about the extensive layout, smoked, sat on the top rails of corrals.

Then presently an element was provided which told Hughes that he could no longer leave here if he chose. This was the continual dogging presence of a Mexican youth—slender, Indian-faced and inexpressive—named José, who accompanied him like his shadow wherever he walked. Plainly, this boy had been set to watch him. It was the first time in his life that he had been reduced to the surveillance of a lowly horse-wrangler. The time for voluntary removal of himself had passed. Hughes was a potential prisoner, unable to withdraw even if he so desired.

Bob Macumber did not return until eleven o'clock, and it was later still when he came out, saturnine and uneasy, to talk to Hughes.

"I thought you'd want to know the lay," Macumber started. He spat apologetically, and began the making of a cigarette. "The old man wants you to stay here while we go up to the Crazy Mule." He was not looking at Hughes; having let fall his surprise, he tried to hurry on: "Art French has come in from the Dog Creek sand hills; and he'll—"

"WHAT'S the idea of this?" Hughes wanted to know. "I supposed naturally he'd want me to go back up with you all."

"Aw, I don't know," Macumber mumbled. "That feller walking toward the far corral is Tom Ireland." He indicated a big, rawboned, bald-headed figure which was moving, hat still in hand, toward a saddle-hung fence. "The old man sent Tom with a car to Adobe Wells to bring back Jim Crawford. Jim was first deputy—he'll be acting sheriff now. Crawford wasn't there, but Tom left word, and Jim's expected to show before night. Jim Crawford's about the only good thing in this business. He's on our side."

"Our side of what?"

"That feller coming in now is Bart Holt," said Macumber, ignoring his question. "I'm right relieved. I signaled him in as best I could, but I didn't know if he'd seen. Bart Holt is the old school. He'd be foreman here, only he's got more sense. He'll do the tracking up Crazy Mule; he's about the best we've got, until we get hold of Grasshopper Tanner. The stoop-shouldered feller going out to speak to him is Art French. I bet—"

"You look here, Bob," said Hughes. Macumber tried to hurry on, but Hughes overrode him. "I've got roped into this, and I can't get out if I want to. And I want to know what the war is about. Major hasn't even sent a man up there to tally my story, or see what happened. But already he's rounding in every rider he's got; and some of the fellers has been cleaning their guns. I want to know where's the fight and I want to know now!"

"CLAY," said Macumber, after a long moment of baffled silence, "this is a bad thing." There was a cigarette glued to his lower lip, but he started the making of another; then saw his mistake and let the makings drift down-wind from indifferent fingers. "Earl Shaw, he'll be at the bottom of this, you can bet; and God knows what that means to us here. Earl Shaw, and Adobe Wells . . . It looks awful bad."

"And who is Earl Shaw?"

"Earl Shaw?" repeated Bob Macumber absently. "You never heard of Earl Shaw?" He seemed at a loss for an answer. Then another line of thought seemed to strike him and he turned to Clay Hughes with a sudden, confidential attitude: "The old man would give a thousand dollars to know where his boy is right now, I'll bet!"

"His boy?"

"Old man Major has one son, name of Dick Major. He's been out on long circle for three days. Some of the remarks Dick has bust out with about Hugo Donnan from time to time— Say, if Earl Shaw sets out to hang the killing on Dick Major, he can drum up a case against him that will look awful bad."

"You mean, this Earl Shaw will try to hang the shooting on Dick Major?"

"Well—we don't know Dick's alibi yet. . . . That girl talking to Sally Major over in the doorway is her sister. Her name is Mona."

The two didn't look very much alike, Hughes thought; though perhaps the white linen that Mona wore, in contrast to Sally's cow-pony clothes, exaggerated the difference. Mona was taller and darker than her sister; she walked with the leisurely grace of the Spanish, something very different from Sally's clean-limbed, impatient stride. It was Mona whom most of these lonely-lived, cattle-working men would go crazy over, Hughes guessed. Yet, to him, Sally in her dusty clothes was by far the more vivid figure.

"Sally give me a message for you," Macumber mumbled disconsolately. "It's a mistake; I wouldn't even pass it on, I suppose, if it was anybody else. But maybe I'd better tell you. She says she's real anxious to talk to you if there should come a good chance."

"Chance? I'll walk over and talk to her now."

"No, you won't, Clay. My advice is don't talk to her at all. You'll only get her in trouble with the old man."

"Looks like who she talks to is her business," said Hughes.

"Yeah, the old man has always handled his girls that way. But just lately, seems like a couple of things has happened to make him take a new twist. I never seen anybody change like the old man has changed, just the past week. He's sure gone tough and touchy and mean to cross in front of. I wouldn't monkey with him if I was you."

"To hell with him," said Hughes. "If Sally Major wants to talk to me she can."

"I wouldn't take that slant, Clay. I—"

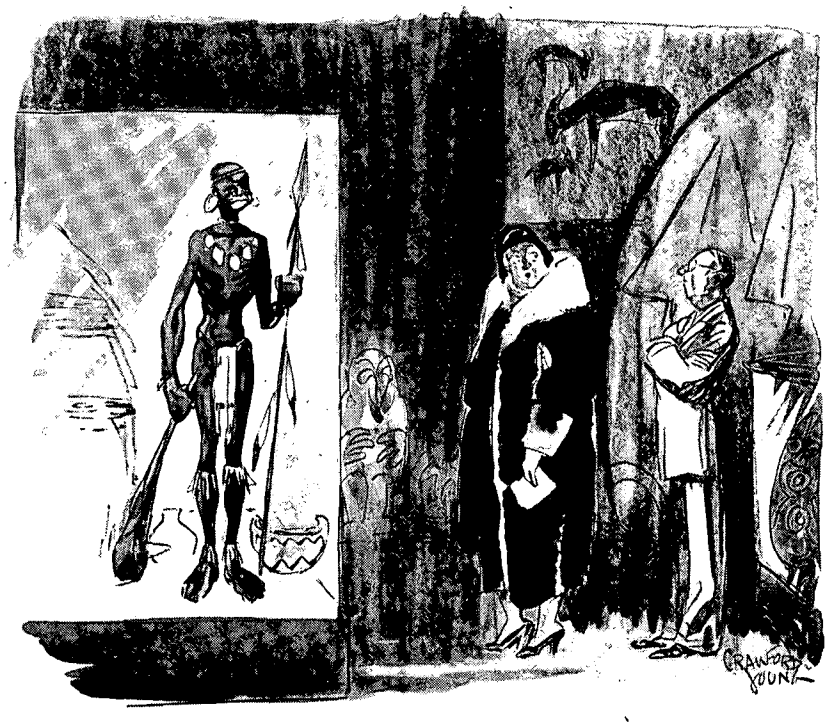
OLD Major himself now came striding out of the house, shouting for Macumber as he came. The foreman climbed down from his seat on the top rail.

"One thing I forgot, Clay," he said. "They're giving you a room in the house for a few days, instead of a bunk with common folks. José will show you where your stuff has been moved to. And I'll be seeing you tonight." Hughes watched him curiously as he turned and ran for his horse at a lumbering trot.

Clay found his assigned quarters, now shown him by José, to be small and cool, midway of the house on the stable side. The room opened from a narrow, dark hallway, which led to the outdoors and had a single window with bars of two-inch oak. A rusty padlock dangled from a hasp on the outside of the door, suggesting that the room might have been a storeroom once; but now a queer sensation stirred Hughes as it occurred to him that this room was mighty suitable for a jail.

Another objectionable surprise was

(Continued on page 43)



"I don't see that he is bellicose, Professor; I think he is awfully thin"

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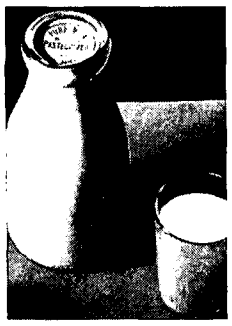
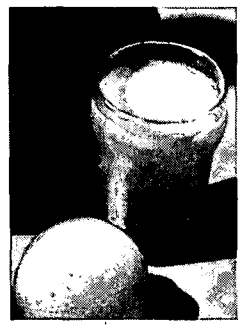
THESE FOODS ARE GOOD FOR YOU

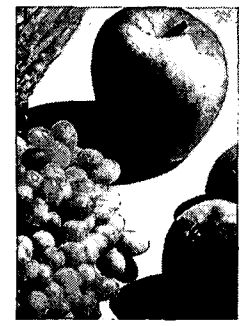
MILK is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.



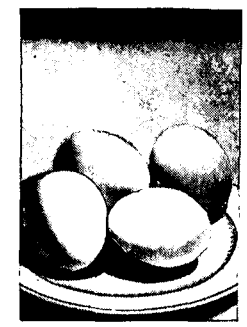
ORANGE JUICE, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in keeping gums healthy.



FRUITS, rich in both minerals and vitamins essential to tooth health.



EGGS, the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.



See your dentist before teeth ache
Use Pepsodent before teeth decay

TURN TO PAGE 33
Important announcement of a remarkable new discovery in this magazine! (not a tooth paste.)

The new idea in dentistry is to *prevent* trouble before it starts. To that end Pepsodent tooth paste is an important aid.

YOUR dentist prefers to direct his efforts toward *preventing* trouble rather than repairing its effects. When you go to him at regular intervals, his fees are small — his service great. Delay until teeth ache and by then repairs are far more costly. Health may have been irreparably damaged.

Remove film—regularly

When you remove film from teeth, you are *preventing* trouble. Film harbors germs that cause decay and other disorders. It glues them tightly to teeth while they carry on their destructive action.

Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It is never properly removed from many teeth. In fact, these discolorations are often believed to be the teeth's natural color.

Remove film with Pepsodent tooth paste. That is the special purpose for which Pepsodent was developed. It is the function for which dentists so strongly recommend it.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

▼ ▼ ▼

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

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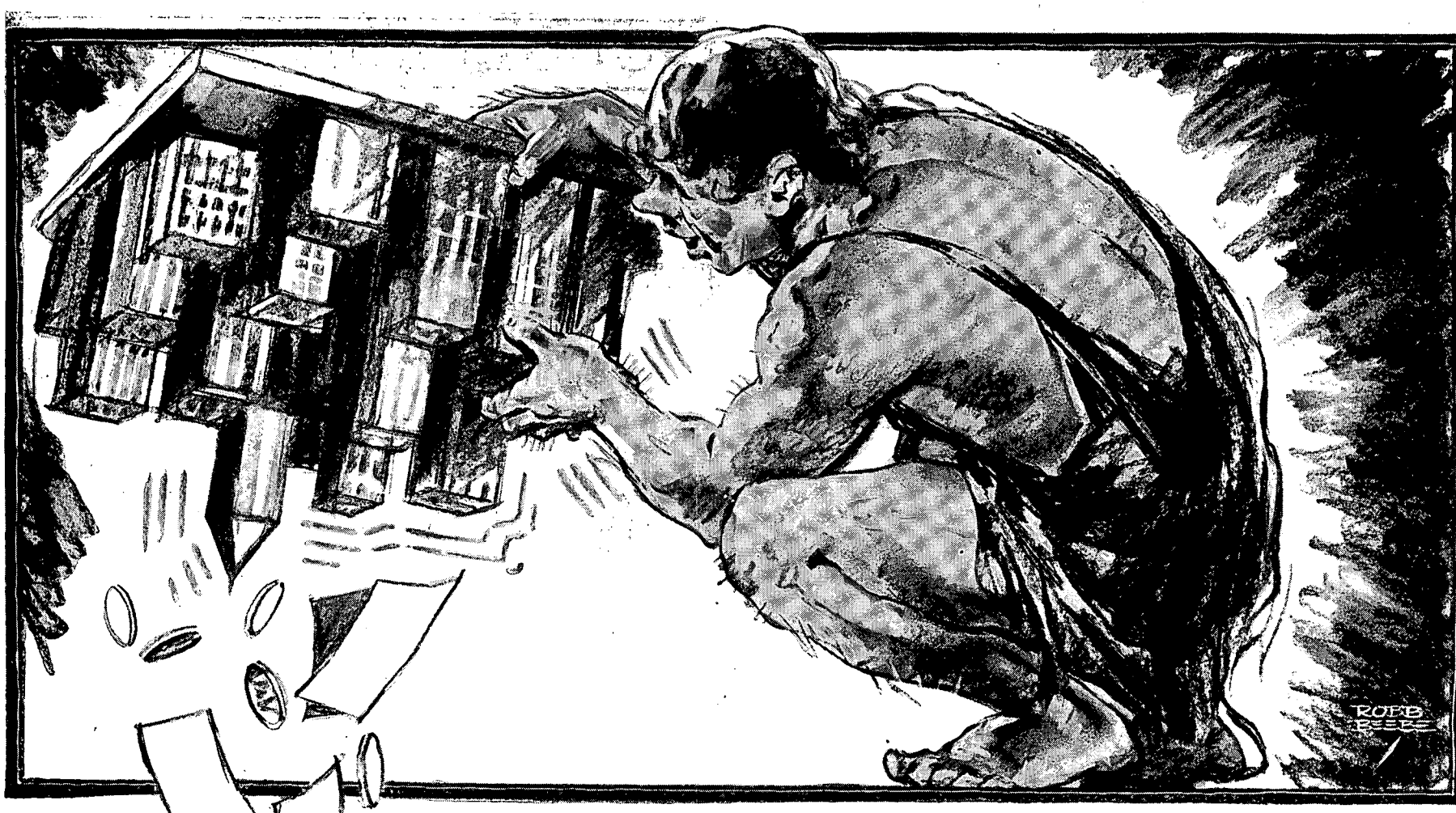

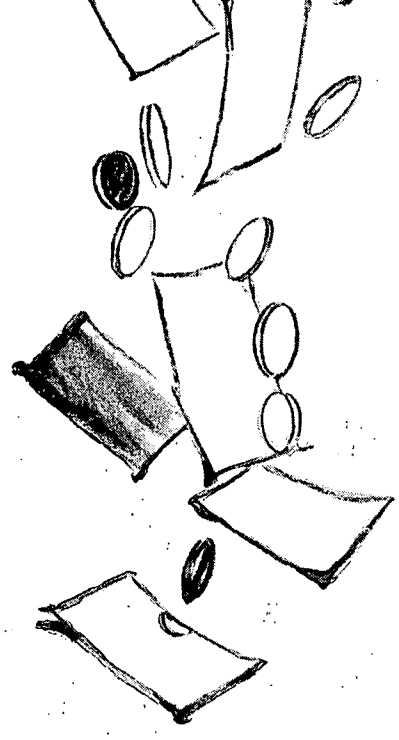

Will your city pay tribute to rust?

Will your city be "shaken down" and your streets turned inside out because of rust and disintegration of underground mains? Will you and your fellow citizens be called upon some day to pay—either in increased rates or increased taxes—the high, unnecessary cost of replacing rusted-out, short-lived mains?... The answer to these questions should be "no." It *can* be "no" and it *will* be "no" if your city lays cast iron pipe. That's why the majority of engineers prefer to specify cast iron pipe exclusively for gas and water mains. For cast iron mains need be laid but once and paid for but once in a hundred years, and more... The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it . . . It will pay you to take an active interest in the kind of pipe to be laid by your city . . . Look for the "Q-check" trademark when you see pipe in the street. It identifies pipe that will not make your city pay tribute to rust . .

For information regarding the advantages of specifying cast iron pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts or industrial needs address The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois . . . Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

Reg. Trade Mark

Look for the "Q-check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trademark of the Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

CAST IRON PIPE

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Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 40

waiting for him there. Unstrapping his bed-roll, to get out more tobacco, he instantly saw that someone had been before him. His gun belt and his holstered Colt were gone, and a glance at his saddle, near by on the floor, revealed that whoever had got his gun belt had rustled his rifle, too.

An impulse to rush out and demand an instant show-down from Bob Macumber turned him savagely toward the door, but the muffled drum-roll of receding hoofs told him that the Crazy Mule party was gone. With a sudden suspicion he tested the door, but found it unlocked; and when he had cooled himself to a semblance of indifference, he returned once more to the outer air.

THE man who had been pointed out to him as Art French strolled forward to meet him. The features of Art French were distinguished only by the battered twist put upon some riders by the adversities of the range; but his eyes were unusual. They were opaque eyes, so dark as to appear black; commonly they sought the distance, and they were almost dreamy now as they lay, apparently unseeing, upon the far peaks of the Sweetwaters. Hughes got an odd impression that French, while dissimulating with unseeing eyes, was attentively listening.

"I don't suppose you want to play a game of seven up?" said French, his eyes drifting.

"Might as well," Hughes agreed.

Slowly a faint smile, ironic but not unfriendly, showed itself in the weather-hardened features of Art French, and Hughes answered it in kind. Neither of them ever alluded to the fact that from that hour Hughes was a prisoner in truth, and Art French his jailer. It was a curious arrangement, tacitly recognized by them both, and warily accepted.

That was one of those days that seem to hang forever in midair. All day long riders came and went; but by supper time most of them had drifted back, and when, shortly before dusk, three more cowboys came in, hazing a cavvy of nearly fifty head of stock from Twelve Mile Corral, there were nearly a dozen at the ranch which that morning Hughes had found so nearly deserted. In the presence of Hughes they were mostly silent; casual men, not unfriendly and not notably curious; but he knew that they covertly studied him. They argued among themselves in little groups, their voices low. Over and over Clay Hughes overheard the repeated names of Earl Shaw, Adobe Wells, until those names began to represent shadowy mysteries, definitely malignant.

Bob Macumber had not returned when Hughes, weary of the surveillance of Art French and the heavy constraint which the situation imposed, at last decided to turn in.

A light hung from the ceiling of the hallway from which opened the small room assigned Hughes. Even so, as Hughes, an unlighted lamp in his hand, preceded the silent and expressionless Art French down the hallway he was of the opinion that he could have surprised French in time to down him with the lamp, arm himself from the belt of the fallen man and make his get-away. But the conviction was strong in his mind that he not only himself held an interesting hand in a game that stirred his poker instinct, but that he as yet had little to worry about. "I'll play these," he assured himself again; and the door of his lightless room closed behind him.

He groped for the table and set down his lamp. As he did so a cautious metallic click from the door behind him once more brought a sharp turn of anger through him. The sound he had heard had been the snap of the padlock in its hasp.

Hughes hesitated a moment, then grinned one-sidedly in the dark. "I'll still play these," he thought again. He removed the lamp chimney and struck a match.

Then as the small flame flared he perceived, with a sense of almost physical impact, that he was not alone. And, immediately, a second amazement swept him as he saw that the slender figure which stood, back to the wall, next to the window was that of Sally Major.

She watched him, her grave eyes at once startled and recklessly resolute; perhaps she also had heard the click of the lock. One of her hands fluttered in a quick gesture, urging him to silence. A dozen questions raced through his mind, but what occurred to him instantly was that his window was undoubtedly watched from without. They would not take pains to disarm him and lock him behind bars of ordinary wood without mounting a guard. He lowered the flame of the match, abruptly, so that it went out.

Immediately her whisper came to him across the waiting dark: "Go ahead—you must light the lamp."

He knew that she was right. If he was to simulate that he was alone, as Sally Major evidently wished, he must light the lamp, move aimlessly about the room, and so make his way to her side, where they might perhaps talk in whispers without being heard. The next match broke in his fingers but the third flooded the room with its sharp yellow flare.

The lamp was never lighted. Something like an angry hornet zinged past him, so closely that he imagined he felt the breath of its flight against his ribs, to spatter into the adobe wall behind him in a manner not hornetlike at all. Simultaneously with this phenomenon the crash of a gun came to them from somewhere in the darkness beyond the barred window.

THE match went out as Hughes dropped to his hands and knees. Somehow the lamp chimney slipped from his grasp and crashed upon the floor, adding to the sense of instant, confused disaster in the dark. He heard the girl gasp; and then he felt the quick grip of her hand upon his shoulder as she dropped to her knees beside him.

"Are you hit?" a tense whisper in the dark.

"No," he answered, whispering also. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"I had to talk to you. The only chance seemed to be to wait for you here."

There was an instant's pause, and then she added—and he would have sworn that she smiled quizzically in the dark—"It begins to look as if that might have been a mistake."

"It begins to look that way," he agreed.

Hurrying boots sounded in the hallway outside like a sudden scurry of rising wind. Then the latch jerked and somebody flung his weight against the locked door.

"Clay! Clay Hughes!" It was the voice of Tom Ireland. "Are you there?"

And another voice said, "I heard his lamp bust on the floor. Smash in the door."

(To be continued next week)

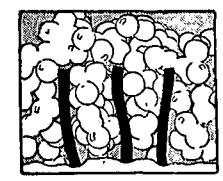
Stiffest Beards Wilt Before Small-bubble Action

. . . Colgate's softens hair at skin-line, makes shaves closer, cleaner, longer-lasting

WIRE WHISKERS? Sure. Lots of men have them. They're the men who cling to Colgate's. For they find that small-bubble lather tames the wildest whiskers. It paves the way for razors right *at the skin-line.* Colgate shaves last longer. Here's why . . .

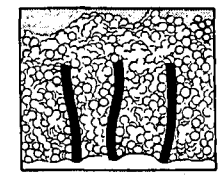
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water. Instantly, your beard gets moist and pliable . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



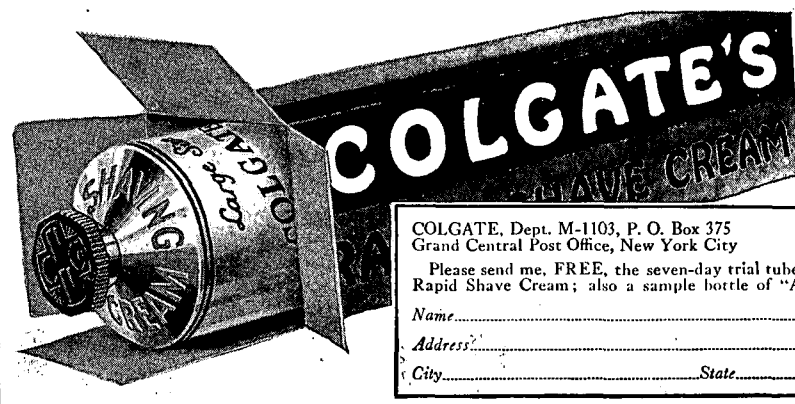
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the *base of the beard.* This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



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Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

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Sleep Tonight!

Sound, Natural, Unbroken Sleep This Drugless Way

YOU don't need to toss and turn and fret before you get to sleep tonight. You don't need to waken in the middle of the night and lose precious hours of rest.

If you want, you can get to sleep tonight almost as soon as you go to bed. And get 8 hours of sound sleep! Deep sleep! Natural sleep that really rests both mind and body!

You can do this without the use of anything remotely resembling a drug or sedative. So you wake up in the morning clear-eyed, fresh, "fit" for anything the day may bring.

A food concentrate called Ovaltine will do this for you, as it has for thousands before you. Produced under license in the United States according to the exact Swiss formula, Ovaltine is a delicious food-drink. You mix it with warm milk—drink it just before going to bed—and go to sleep. Then while you sleep, Ovaltine does several remarkable things for you.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Ovaltine, because of its high proportion of diastase, will digest four to five times its own weight of other foods in your stomach, and thus lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or run-down. Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, take it as a stomach "conditioner".

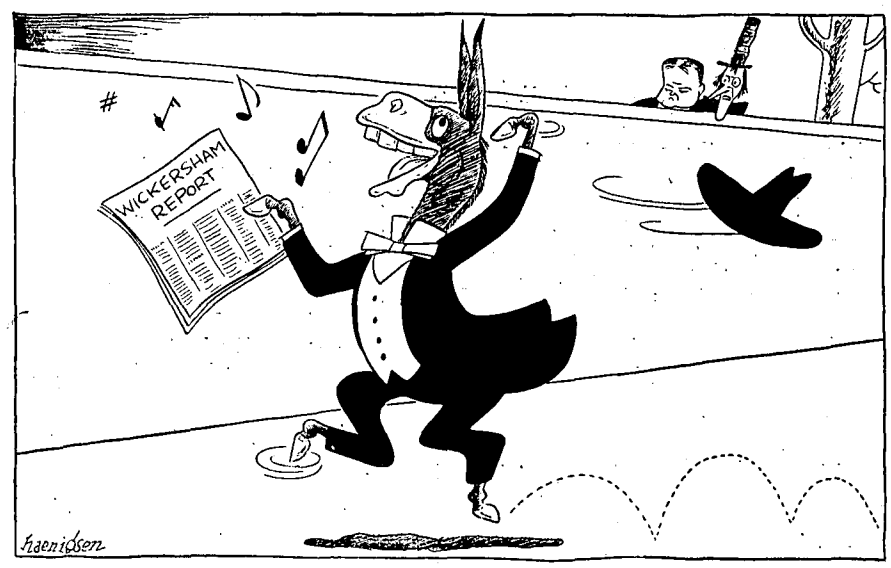
Whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach. For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually helps* the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! There is nothing in it that can harm you. You'll be surprised at what it does for you. 782

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula



Trial and Error

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THIS is the first Republican Administration to provide the Democratic party with a campaign textbook—a textbook printed at public expense. I am referring to the report of the famous Wickersham commission on prohibition.

Democrats from the dry states of the South predict that the Democratic party will declare for an end of prohibition in their platform of 1932 and will put up a candidate who will be for repeal, or revision equivalent to repeal, of the Eighteenth Amendment. And with that sort of candidate on that sort of platform the Southern seers say their party will not lose a Southern state. For the Wickersham report sent out under the frank of the Democratic senators or representatives will be the most useful campaign textbook ever printed.

The report of the commission was astounding. Remember, the eleven members of the commission were selected by a dry President, by one who believed that prohibition was "noble in purpose."

One must credit Mr. Hoover with fair dealing in the selection of his fact-finding commission. There was a fair representation of drys in his commission, but not more than that. Still, of the eleven men appointed not one finds that prohibition has in ten years' trial been a success.

Back-Seat Driving

Six of the eleven commissioners find that there ought to be a change as soon as possible, either repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or a revision of that amendment which envisages an abandonment of prohibition as we now know it.

Only five of the eleven think that prohibition is worthy of a further trial. And of the five, three indicate that a further trial will show conclusively that revision will be necessary.

Except for the fact that a majority of the commission perceived that a report against prohibition would be embarrassing to the President, there would probably have been a recommendation that the Eighteenth Amendment be revised at once. A controlling influence against a nearly unanimous report that prohibition has failed and must be abandoned seems to have been the singular intellectual achievement of George W. Wickersham, who apparently now is convinced that he was wrong in being a wet and should always have been a dry.

With the President's wet spokesman and chairman going from wet to dry, it was hard for some of the dry members to deny prohibition another trial. All four Federal judges on the commission voted in true judicial fashion for a second trial. In view of the fact that it was said, authoritatively, that the question of repeal or revision was not before the commission, it is astonishing that two members voted for repeal, four voted for immediate revision and three voted for revision if on further trial enforcement failed.

Standing by the Dry Standard

Restricted as the commission was by President Hoover's own declaration against repeal, no one could have predicted that six of the eleven members would declare themselves for repeal or for revision equivalent to repeal, and that three others would be half persuaded that revision to this extent would soon prove necessary.

President Hoover, according to interpreters, is "open-minded" on prohibition. Only three substantive courses are open: first, return of control of liquor to the states, that is to say repeal of the amendment; second, keeping of control of liquor in Congress without prohibition, that is to say a revision such as a majority of the commission either favored or were inclined to favor; third, retaining constitutional prohibition essentially as it is.

President Hoover has expressly declared in his message to Congress against the first two. His mind is open, therefore, only to minor modifications. There is reason to think that President Hoover believes that this country is still dry politically. He may change his opinion between now and 1932. But his express declaration against both repeal and the revision suggested by a majority of his commission stands in the way of his becoming a really wet candidate.

The next move is up to the Democrats. If they are wise, they will make their own the revision proposal of Col. Henry W. Anderson, the brilliant Richmond lawyer, whose individual report had the approval of a majority of the other members.

If they do not, Colonel Anderson may be the candidate for President of the wets in the Republican party. His revision program makes him a national figure. He probably has ended all talk of repeal which offers no constructive substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment. To win the country a party must offer something in place of the amendment. And Colonel Anderson has shown us what that something might be.

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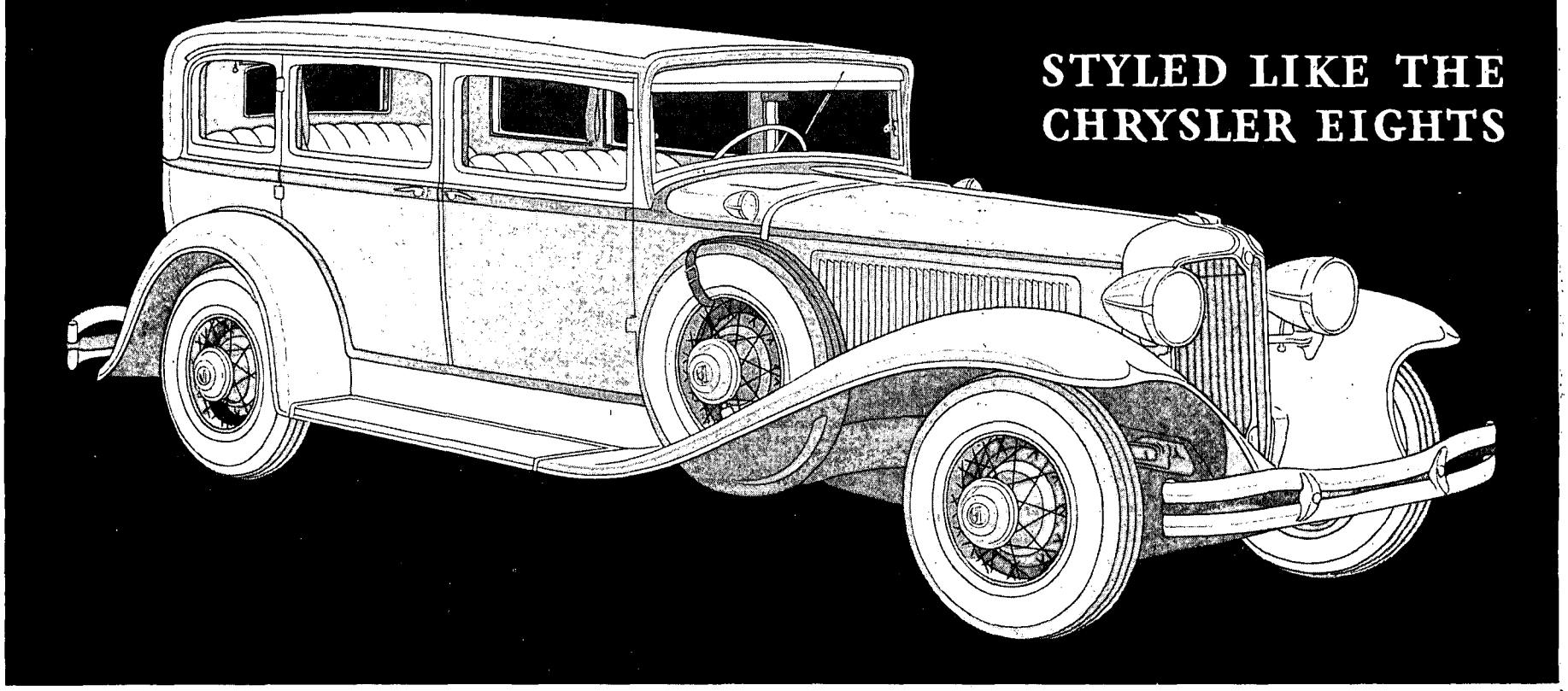

CHRYSLER now proudly presents a new Chrysler Six styled in the manner of the Chrysler Straight Eights—a very remarkable new Six at a very remarkable low price. It has a heavy double-drop frame with the great advantage of an extremely low center of gravity. The low-swung unity of chassis and body results in unusual smartness, perfect balance, greater steadiness and real safety at all speeds. It has a long, easy-riding wheelbase of 116 inches . . . It has a big 70-horsepower engine . . . It has a modern safety body of strong steel, solidly welded, with no joints to cause squeaks . . . It has self-equalizing weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes . . . It has hydraulic shock absorbers . . . It has adjustable front seat . . . It has five wire wheels at no extra cost . . . It has everything it needs to be the outstanding value among sixes. The performance of the new Chrysler Six is really something to experience. Something to get excited about. Something that says better than words can say: "*This* is a *great* motor car."

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...particularly when you slip an Ever-Ready Blade into your razor and your tough whiskers waltz away as lightly as a ballet dancer. Of course you sing while you enjoy these face-pleasing, disposition-brightening shaves.

Be a Singing Shaver. Get the genuine Ever-Ready Blades at any dealer's. They're guaranteed to improve your shaves.

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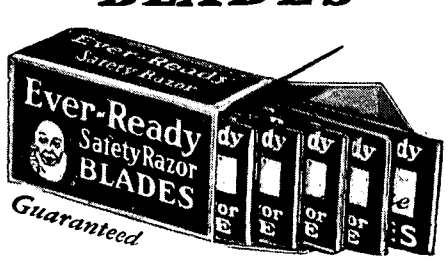


Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 11

He saw two things of interest: one definite, the other perhaps chimerical. Either unpleasant memories of the establishment of Jo Lung still haunted him or he had seen a curiously small, active figure dart into the shadow of a doorway not twenty paces behind!

His heart beat faster. The head lamps of what looked like a taxicab became dimly visible through fog! Indeed, perhaps the sound of the motor, although he had not recognized the fact, had prompted him to pause, to turn.

The little notebook in his pocket!

He had meant to speak to Norwich about it, but, changing his mind, had determined to examine it himself and then to hand it over to Haig when he met him. His idea that it might prove to contain some piece of evidence of value to Scotland Yard assumed a new and grave importance.

Coming upon it after the discovery of the Dakenham opals, he had appropriated it without scruple. Now, watching slowly approaching head lamps and questioning the reality of that figure which he believed he had seen dart into hiding, he remembered that he was unarmed. And he wondered. . . .

Nearer and nearer came the lamps. Yes, definitely, it was a taxi, and he determined, even although it might be already occupied, at all costs to stop the driver.

He stepped out onto the edge of the curb and raised his arm. The man—a bearded and bibulous veteran—pulled up.

"You're in luck, sir! A gen'l'man pays me double fare to take 'im down to the docks, and now I'm going straight 'ome to Brixton. Any good to you?"

"Splendid," Kearney declared. "Drop me in the Temple."

"Good enough, sir," grinned the man. "My lucky night!"

Kearney opened the door, uttering an audible gasp of relief, jumped in and banged it shut behind him. The taxi, which was far from up-to-date, started with reluctance. Kearney, twisting about, looked through the rear window.

Baleful eyes glared in at him!

Someone, indistinguishable except for his eyes, was clinging to the back of the cab!

"My God!" Kearney whispered.

Suddenly, those weird eyes, which seemed to belong to no tangible body, disappeared. . . . The taxi was well under way now.

Kearney craned through the open window, looking back.

Fog . . . desolation . . . *nothing!*

But one or two belated pedestrians, notably a city constable, as the taxi passed into Fleet Street, observed upon the luggage rack upon its roof what looked like a rolled-up blanket, or, as another thought, a very dilapidated kit-bag. . . .

DAWSON HAIG hurried across the little court in which Kearney's rooms were situated, ran up the steps and rang the bell impatiently. Almost at once the old manservant who looked after the place opened the door. He lived in the basement. The ground floor was devoted to offices, but the second and third were residential. He knew Haig well, and:

"I'm sure it's very important, sir," he said, "or I wouldn't have pressed you to come along. But Mr. Dickinson—that's Mr. Kearney's principal—had been waiting for an hour. And Mr. Kearney had to go across to the office the moment he arrived home."

"But what's this about some book?"

"The book is lying on the desk upstairs, sir, with a note, and my orders are for you to go up."

"All right, Wilson. I know the way. . . ."

Two minutes later he sat at Kearney's table, reading the note which his friend had left. Haig had not removed his white raincoat. A Yard car was waiting—and a ghastly duty called. . . .

But, as he read, his expression changed—grew puzzled—and then indicated sudden excitement. The little leather-bound memo-book, to which Kearney's note chiefly related, lay upon the table beside him. It was really an advertisement issued by one of the shipping companies, containing a calendar and all sorts of odds and ends of information about tides, and similar material.

He picked it up again, glancing at the curious, penciled entries which it contained. The book was newly issued and these were few. Some were unintelligible, being written in what looked like a combination of cipher and Chinese. But others opposite certain dates set him furiously thinking.

Suddenly he stood up, shed his raincoat, and dropped it with his hat on the floor. By heavens! He might be better employed here than down in Limehouse!

The first of these intriguing notes appeared against the date of the 11th—the day which had just passed. It read as follows:

"D 21-25-32. B7-B 4."

The last entry—B 4—had been written on the margin of the opposite page as though it were an afterthought, but a caret and a pencil line indicated that it should be added to the others.

Under date of the 13th was:

"Paris. Suleiman Bey's."

For the following three days the diary contained no notes, but under date of the 17th the following appeared:

"D 41."

A gap until the 22d and then occurred the entry:

"Mohammed."

For the following day, the 23d, the writer had scribbled something which Haig was unable to read. But on the 24th came this curious item:

18° 35′ N. and 41° 5′ E.

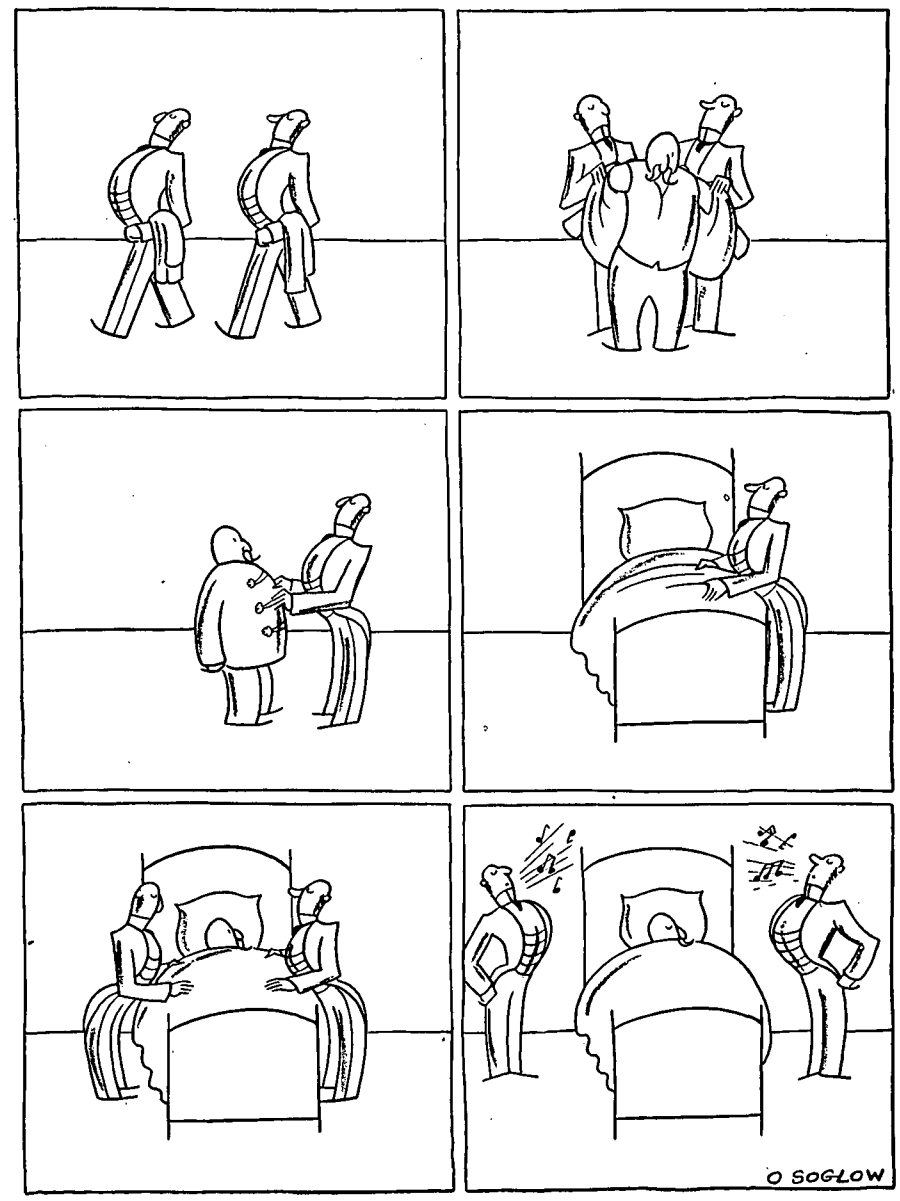
Finally, against date of the 25th appeared a cross in red ink.

This was the last entry.

DAWSON HAIG pulled out his pipe, filled it very carefully and lighted it. Then he re-read Kearney's note and looked for and found a leaflet referred to. It was one issued by the steamship company and it gave the dates on which the R. M. S. Wallaroo touched ports enroute to Brisbane, Australia.

Very deliberately, although his brain was on fire, he compared certain entries in the memo-book with this leaflet. The date, the 17th, corresponded to that at which the ship reached Marseilles; the next—the 22d—to that when she arrived at Port Said! The final dates meant nothing to him, except that he estimated them to correspond to the Wallaroo's position at some place south of Suez.

(Continued on page 48)



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I do not choose to change

A BANKER remarked the other day:

"The business man who does not choose to change is a bad risk."

No matter who you are, there is a competitor just around the corner laying deep strategy to deprive you of your custom and customers—or your job.

Change and Competition today march down Main Street as one.

They put the word "amazing" into the Amazing Decade through which we have just passed. Telephone exchanges with mechanical operators; power stations with robot attendants; elevators self-starting and self-levelling; street cars with automotive brakes; airplanes directed by radio and lugging passengers, express and mail by night and day; pipe lines burrowing across the continent; ships driven by electricity.

Broadcasting, a national institution; the photoplay; the talking pictures; television.

Chemistry has added to our vocabulary such words as celotex, celophane, celanese, rayon, velox, duco and pyrex, while science gave us mechanical refrigeration, oil heat, frozen foods, and the automatic stoker.

o

Change and Competition! Together they see to it that a commercial house of a century's standing may be destroyed with bewildering suddenness. But by the same token, an infant enterprise becomes national overnight.

Biologists tell us death is necessary to life. Economists might say as much. The economic battle, inexorable, yet beneficent, provides change, which is progress, life.

Out of the flux and ferment emerge the victors—men, alert, resourceful. In America, we permit them to win the reward in order that all of us may live more fully.

★

EVEN greater changes may be expected in the years ahead. Already in 1931—some 600 new processes in production have been announced. In one week recently 3,174 new patents were issued, four times the normal number.

To him who can read the riddles of tomorrow's production, tomorrow's transportation and communication, tomorrow's selling, success is assured. A million of us stand ready to underwrite his vision. The world still steps aside to let any man pass who can see a year ahead.

Back of all this change is someone's brain at work. In America, the lists are open to all. No matter who you are, office boy or general manager, "men wanted with ideas" still applies to you. A night watchman, sitting in his shanty, discovered thermostatic control and made your automatic electric iron and toaster possible. The times cry out for new improvements in every line, from asbestos and banking to insurance and zinc.

Look over and beyond your desk. *There* is opportunity. From a background of what is going on in other lines, make application to your own. Keep informed—anticipate, adapt, adopt—and keep informed.

Nation's Business is published to help supply you with that necessary background of information.★

NATION'S BUSINESS is a monthly magazine, published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at the Nation's Capital, for 320,000 business executives. It sets forth authoritatively the striking changes in our economic life—changes that make opportunity real in America. The subscription rate is $7.50 for a full term of three years.

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★ *Read, for example, in the March number of Nation's Business, "Change—Your Greatest Competitor."*

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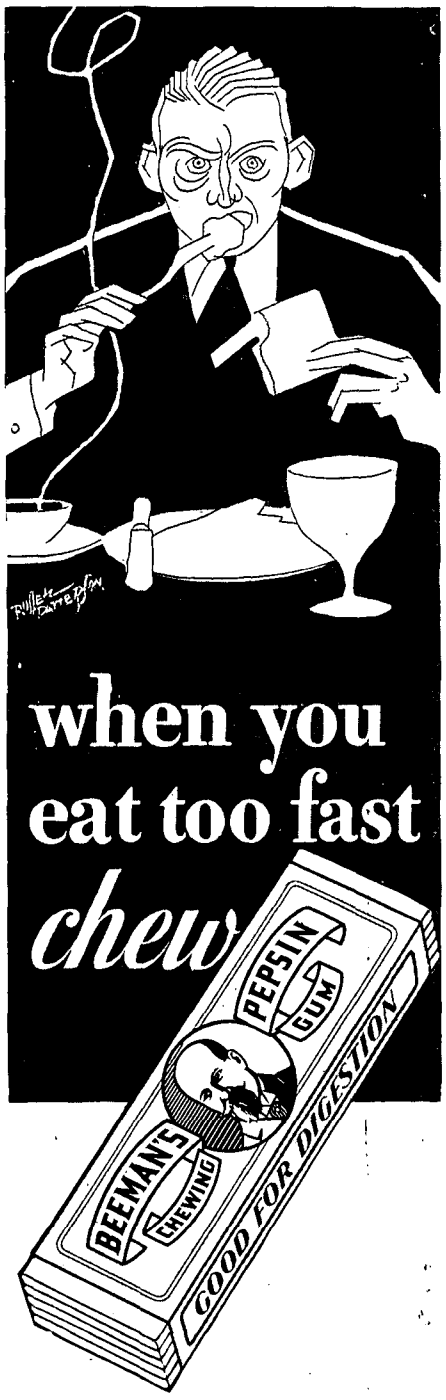
hurried?



when you eat too fast *chew*

for digestion

IF you eat as hard and as fast as you work, no wonder your digestion is upset — is making you grouchy and irritable.

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 46

Of course, Kearney might have set him off on a wild goose chase, and these entries might bear no relation to the voyage of the Wallaroo. But, considering where the book came from, what was he to think?

And B 4 was the number of Eileen's stateroom!

"What the devil does it mean?" he said aloud.

He turned the leaves back. If only he could read those hieroglyphic notes! But they were meaningless.

He stared again at the entries in the diary.

His pipe had gone out, and as he was taking a match from the stand on the table, a possible explanation presented itself. Of course! He should have thought of it before!

These notes related to Jo Lung's abandoned dope-running enterprise!

This theory almost covered the facts, but left him uneasy about the entry B 4 until, sitting back in Kearney's chair and smoking furiously, a possible explanation came of this also. The cabins of all suspected persons, who might be revenue or police agents, had been marked by the plotter, and for some reason Eileen had fallen under suspicion.

"That's it!" he muttered.

AT WHICH moment, so that it startled him out of his reverie, the phone bell rang. He took up the receiver, and:

"Hello," he said. "Yes?"

"Is that you, Haig? Kearney speaking. I'm hung up at the office awaiting a phone call from New York. But have you grasped the facts about the memo-book I pinched from Jo Lung's?"

"Some of them. It needs a good many hours' work and a man who knows Chinese. But I think it does the hanging trick. Good for you! Shall you be long?"

"I may be an hour. Can't say."

"Then I shall have to push off. I'll take the book with me. I'm on my way back to Limehouse—"

"Limehouse! Why, at this hour?"

"An awful thing has happened, Matt—a damnable thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Norwich has been murdered!"

"What!"

The words had a stupefying effect upon Kearney. He experienced great difficulty in coördinating his tangled ideas. Norwich murdered! . . . That cry in the fog, which he had assumed to be due to a cat! The shadowy figure in the doorway . . . the unmistakable figure which had looked in at the back of the taxicab!

"You left him somewhere at the corner of Three Colt Street?" Dawson Haig went on rapidly.

"Yes—yes—that's right."

"He was found, some time later, dead in the door of a warehouse. His pockets had been rifled—everything taken. Now I've read your note and studied those entries, I'm pretty sure the murderer was looking for this incriminating evidence on the table before me! *You* had a damned lucky escape!"

"But"—Kearney gasped—"how was poor Norwich killed?"

There was a slight interval, then:

"I don't know," Haig replied. "From the account given by Limehouse and confirmed by Leman Street, he seems to have fallen in with a stray panther."

"Stray panther? What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, they tell me his throat is horribly torn, but not by a knife cut. He had been mangled, Kearney. The thing's teeth pierced his jugular. He bled to death. Thank God, you're safe, old scout!"

"But—the Wallaroo—"

"I'm putting a good man aboard the Wallaroo!"

THE person variously known as "Yu'an" and "Excellency," wearing a plain blue house robe, paced up and down Jo Lung's office. The dark-eyed woman seated in a chair near the door watched him uneasily. At last:

"They do not return," the man crooned. "This may mean death, but you sit there very quietly, tender blossom."

"What can I do?"

"You have done all that it lies in a woman's power to do. You have perhaps ruined me."

He continued to walk up and down, once pausing to glance at a clock on the writing table.

"We are watched," he said, in his high, reedy voice, "because of the trade, the petty trade, which is done here. And because of a series of blunders those who are watching these small things may be rewarded unjustly by a glimpse of the great."

Ceaselessly he paced the floor; until:

"Ali left more than an hour ago," said the woman suddenly; "and we cannot trust The Adder. If he has . . ."

"His orders would justify it." Into the high voice crept a soothing note. "What does it matter, most beautiful, provided that it corrects the consequence of your folly?"

"My folly!" the woman exclaimed, and laughed indignantly. "How was I to know when I saw the man pick the book up that it was not his own—that it meant so much?"

"A woman who is beautiful," the Chinaman replied softly, "is desirable. But there are many. A woman who has not only beauty, but also intuition, is a worthy companion."

He resumed his promenade and presently began to laugh. As the short squeals of his evil merriment rose higher and higher, reaching a note unattainable by any normal human voice, the woman shrank back in her seat. She had dropped her ermine cloak on the back of the chair. Sheathed in a black frock she looked tiny, doll-like. Her thin fingers became tightly clenched and she stared straight before her, fearing to look at the man who laughed.

"Tonight," he said, "either I shake off the dust of England from my feet forever, or I lay my bones in this cold island."

"Let us start!" the woman implored. "What are we waiting for?"

"Tender flower," the reedy voice replied caressingly, "a clever man knows how long to wait. It is only the fool who flies when no enemy pursues him. I have promised you a rope of pink pearls twice as long as your body. This, also, is the length of the rope used at executions in England."

DAWSON HAIG sat back in the chair, replacing the telephone.

"His throat was mangled as though he had met a wild animal . . . the jugular had been penetrated."

Was that what Leman Street had reported? So far as he remembered, those were the very words. Automatically his hand touched the little leather-bound memo-book. In leaving the establishment of Jo Lung, Matt Kearney had picked up something which meant life or death to . . . someone.

Haig believed he knew that someone's name; began to believe that what he had failed to find in Singapore might lie here under his fingers.

"The jugular . . . penetrated. . . ."

He no longer doubted that poor Norwich had been followed by agents of that someone. And for this!—this very book upon the table!

Yes! here lay the clue, if only he could unravel it. Jo Lung's by now would be efficiently covered. They would be awaiting his arrival. The book itself was evidence, but, as he knew too well, not conclusive evidence. A premature arrest might lead to a conviction; but—it might lose the game. A Scotland Yard officer is not murdered lightly. . . . Here, on the table, lay something which meant the hangman's rope for the Big Chief!

Good God! It was maddening! He bent again over the pages of the diary.

And now, suddenly, he found himself listening—listening for *what?*

"He bled to death . . ."

Dawson Haig thought of those words, and, at the same moment, thought he detected a faint sound in the bedroom behind him!

He sat rigidly still. He was convinced that his nerves were playing him tricks. This was to be expected, but must be combated.

What in heaven's name had happened to Norwich?

That a wild beast escaped from a menagerie, and there was at least one big collection not so far distant from the spot where he had met his death, should have attacked him was possible, but improbable. No, Norwich's death had been murder, purposeful murder. . . .

Definitely, something was moving in the bedroom!

So gently, so lightly did it move, that had his nerves been less keenly strung, he must have failed to detect it.

Haig turned very quietly in his chair and looked towards the half-open door leading into Kearney's bedroom. The only light beyond was that, very faint, which came from the window. . . . But, silhouetted against it he saw a crouching figure. . . .

INSTANTLY the fact flashed through his mind that he was unarmed. But, at the same moment, he remembered something. There was a Japanese sword—a recent acquisition of Kearney's—hanging upon the wall of the lobby. . . .

He rested his elbows upon the table, removed his pipe from his clamped jaws. Gently, but unmistakably, he could hear the door opening behind him. He stood up with assumed indifference, walked towards the lobby, and went out. . . .

In five seconds he had snatched the sword from the nail upon which it hung (the lights in the sitting-room had been switched off!), unsheathed it—turned.

And as he turned—he saw *it*. . . .

He could not regard as a man this visitant who fabulously had gained admission to these chambers. But he saw the thing which, he could not doubt, had killed poor Norwich!

It was bending over the writing table, had darted into the room instantly upon his leaving it—a small, thick-set figure, enormously deformed, humped, grotesque . . . long arms and disproportionately large hands. But the head!—the head, glimpsed for a moment in the lobby light!

Nausea swept over him at sight of that small, malignant head, that nearly hairless head, like the skull of an infant. The brow was no more than an inch

(Continued on page 50)

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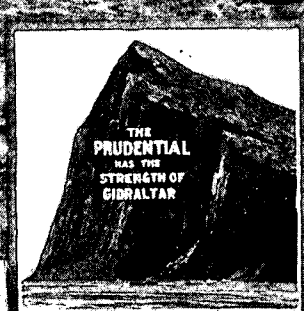

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 48

and a half high. The chin retreated into the neck, so that its presence was merely indicated by a goiterlike curve, but the upper lip below those flattened nostrils protruded inhumanly. . . .

The creature turned its little, sunken eyes upon him. He saw two enormous teeth, exaggerated canines, curved downward over the lower lip—white and gleaming. . . .

For one instant a sort of supernatural dread held him spellbound. Then, sword in hand, he leaped.

But, quickly as he leaped, the thing was quicker. Like a shadow, the white-fanged horror sprang through the bedroom door.

Haig lunged wildly.

The blade of the Japanese sword passed completely through a lower panel as the abnormally active fugitive crashed the door fast behind him. Haig threw himself against it, expecting to meet resistance. The sword he could not extricate; but now his blood was up.

The door was unfastened. As it swung open he crashed forward, face downward upon the bedroom carpet.

He was up in an instant, however, and sprang to the light switch.

The room was empty!

A glance at the wardrobe, only possible hiding place, showed him that it was locked. The window was open, and racing across, he craned out, looking down the face of the building into the shadowy court below.

Something that looked like a big cat was moving twenty feet underneath. Even as he looked, it had gone, faded . . . disappeared.

Reaction came—and a return of the nausea he had experienced at sight of those gleaming fangs. He would have been prepared to stake all he possessed upon the impossibility of any human being's climbing down the face of the building at that point. Yet, he had seen it accomplished! A feat he was prepared to swear, which no European or American cat burglar would even have attempted.

Running back to Kearney's writing table, he pulled up, fists clenched.

The memo-book had disappeared!

ABSOLUTE silence prevailed in the office of Jo Lung. The woman smoked cigarettes ceaselessly, one after another. Yu'an paced the carpet with his heavy yet catlike tread. Suddenly:

"We shall be trapped," the woman said. "Why are we waiting?"

"Polodos is watching. He will give ample warning."

"But Ali—or The Adder—may be caught as they return. . . ."

Yu'an glanced at the speaker through slitlike eyes. Then silently he extended a hand in the direction of the big desk. On the wall behind the desk in one of the openings of the switchboard glowed a tiny speck of light.

"The blue lights are on," he returned contemptuously. "Even if we were surrounded—neither would be taken."

"They may be taken already—"

Came the muffled note of a phone bell. Yu'an stepped quickly to the table and took up the receiver.

"Yes?" he said.

The refined tones of the Greek answered him.

"Something is afoot," Polodos reported. "Shan announces that the party which set out from Leman Street is now leaving Limehouse—bound in this direction. What are your orders?"

"As already arranged," the high, piping voice replied. "I am now going to join Jo Lung. There will be no sea tonight, so we shall cross in the cruiser. Are you clear as to your instructions?"

"Perfectly clear, Excellency. Where do you wish me to join you?"

"At Trieste on Thursday morning—the usual place."

Yu'an replaced the receiver; and:

"The police! I knew it!" cried the woman, springing up.

He faced her.

"With you," he said softly, in Chinese, "the police are like an evil dream. One would think, Orange Blossom, that you feared them. This is not flattering to me." Then—

"Come," he said, "we are going. Jo Lung waits for us."

INSPECTOR EDDY of Leman Street had placed his men with care. It would have been difficult for a rat to enter the premises of Jo Lung without attracting the attention of one of them. His dispositions effected:

"That ought to do," he said to the detective-sergeant who accompanied him. "Scotland Yard seems to think that the murderer will make for here tonight: if he does, he'll fall into the net. I only wish we had a description of him. Do you think it can be Jo Lung?"

The other shook his head.

"The job's quite out of his line, Inspector," he returned confidently. "Jo Lung is too well set and has too big a business to take risks like that."

"Personally, I can't see any connection between the death of poor Norwich and the Jo Lung place. We'll know more, though, when Dawson Haig arrives."

The neighborhood had sunk at last into a sort of quiet; the fog had nearly dispersed; and the footsteps of any pedestrian would have been audible for a great distance.

In a mean house near the corner of a mean street, outside the cordon drawn by the police around the suspected premises, a light shone behind a blue shade. This shade belonged to an upper window, and the presence of the light seemed to indicate that alone of all the inhabitants of that street, which was almost exclusively Chinese in character, one remained wakeful.

On the opposite side of a second, wider thoroughfare upon which this first debouched, a furtive figure crept along close to the dingy shops. In sight of that lighted window it paused, turned, and seemed to sink into the shadows again.

It next appeared, this slinking shape, at a spot east of the treasure-house of Jo Lung. At the end of a little courtyard upon which several mean residences opened, a blue-shaded fanlight was dimly illuminated.

The lurking figure became merged in shadows once more. . . .

There is a certain narrow alley forming the riverside boundary of part of Pennyfields and from it, northerly, opens one even narrower which, if pursued, would ultimately lead the traveler to Limehouse Causeway. It was at a point in this latter that the creeping shape next emerged to become visible for a moment in the light of a street lamp. Immediately opposite the narrow passage it stood watching.

At the far end, a dim yellow light was visible. The indeterminate shape darted across, then swiftly slipped aside and, exercising a strange affinity with darkness, became magically lost again . . . except that reddish eyes—like the eyes of a watching leopard—gleamed in the dusk.

Someone was coming out—someone who had stopped dead at the moment that that elusive thing darted across his path.

THERE was a moment of silence . . . a soft whistle—two minor notes.

It was answered from the lee of a high wall. Thereupon, a reedlike voice spoke rapidly in Chinese:

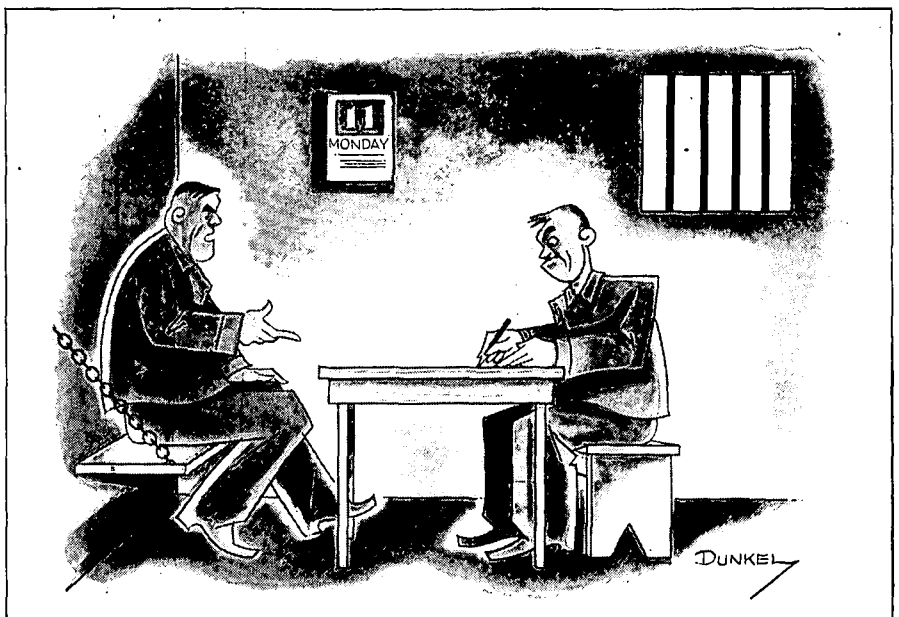
"Ali is here. Follow swiftly. Do not show yourself."

Yu'an came into the street. Beside him was a small figure so muffled in a brown fur coat that beyond the fact that she was a woman no one could have identified her. With no glance to right or left, they set out in the direction of the river.

Ten paces they had gone when a figure appeared from the alleyway and glided in the same direction. Close behind him, stooping, apelike, came another. And this singular procession headed towards the Thames.

A wicket gate was opened and a deserted yard crossed. Curious, had there been any to observe, the fact that the two followers never became fully visible! Always, they moved in shadow!

(To be continued next week)



"I'm not writing the governor this week—he owes me a letter!"

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ANNOUNCING

the beautiful New Edition of The Harvard Classics

The most important publishing news in 15 years

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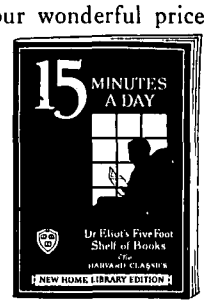
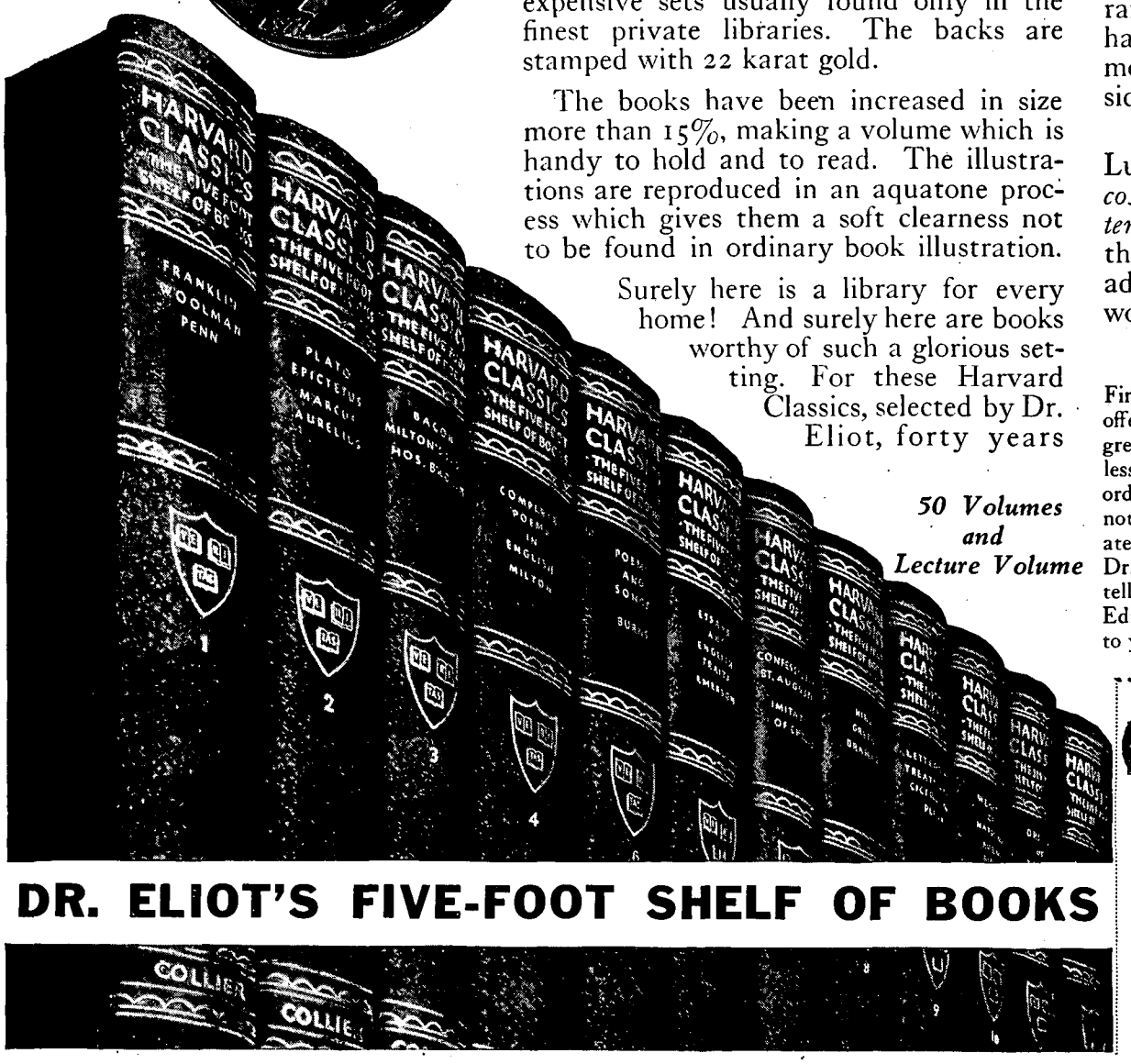
Find out today full details about our wonderful price offer, by which you may have this great private library at considerably less than the cost per volume of the ordinary popular novel. You need not decide now. But send immediately for the booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's plan of reading and which tells more in detail about the new Edition. It is free, and it comes to you without any obligation.





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Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

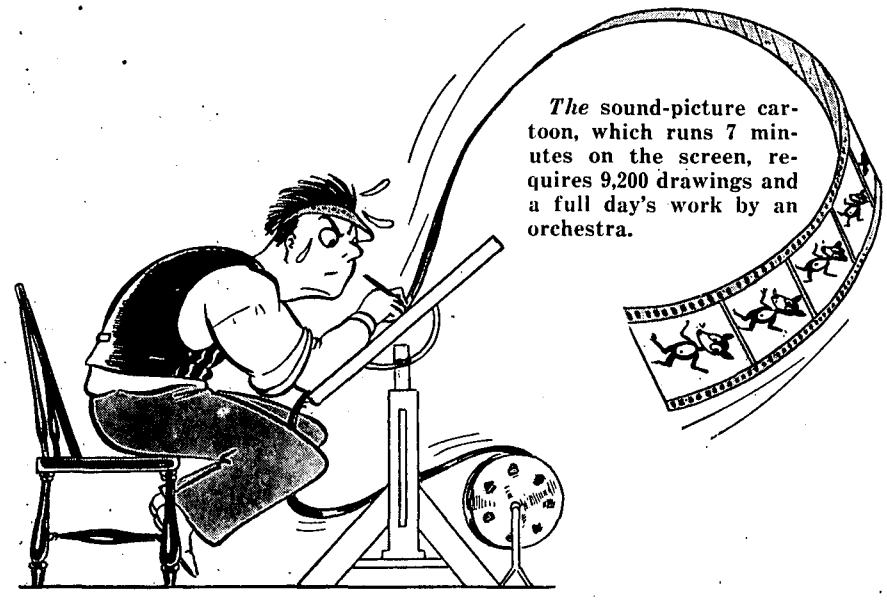
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



The sound-picture cartoon, which runs 7 minutes on the screen, requires 9,200 drawings and a full day's work by an orchestra.

Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

Many more automobile accidents happen between 5 P. M. and 6 P. M. than in any other hour of the day, and more on Saturday than on any other day of the week.

A famous Fifth Avenue shop now repairs free of charge all silk stockings purchased in it, which is a darn' good idea.

In 1928, 58% of the money presented as gifts or bequests to various kinds of institutions by wealthy Americans went to schools and colleges; in 1930 it had decreased to 48%, which shows there is a growing appreciation of other deserving organizations such as hospitals, public homes and charities.

A Chicago mail-order house, for purposes of expediency, estimates within a few dollars the amount of orders received in each load of mail by weighing the trucks as they come through the entrance.

Today American transport airplanes on scheduled routes fly 120,000 miles daily, the largest mileage being made in the 3 round trips on the New York-Atlanta line, and the second largest in the 11 round trips on the New York-Washington line.

At the present time 400,000 American citizens live permanently in foreign countries.

During childbirth 7 mothers die for every 1,000 live babies born in the United States today; the highest number of 11.4 occurring in South Carolina, and the lowest number of 4.3 occurring in Minnesota.

Radio sets are 6 times more numerous on the Pacific Coast, per 1,000 population, than in the South, the extremes in states being between California with 259 sets per 1,000 and Mississippi with only 24 sets.

The most valuable farm land in the United States, per average acre, is in Florida, where it has increased 77% in value since 1915, while the cheapest land is in Montana, where it has decreased 28% during this same period.

A new machine, consisting of a spectroscope and a photo-electric cell, records the degree of difference between color shades, even those which cannot be distinguished by the trained eye.

Uncle Sam now owns more than 9,000 islands scattered throughout the world.

Children are the keys to happiness in marriage, a fact confirmed by court records, which show that 63% of all divorces are sought by and granted to couples without them.

Azizia, a small town in Tripoli about 25 miles south of the Mediterranean on the edge of the Sahara Desert, is the hottest spot on earth, the temperature there having registered as high as 136.4 degrees Fahrenheit.

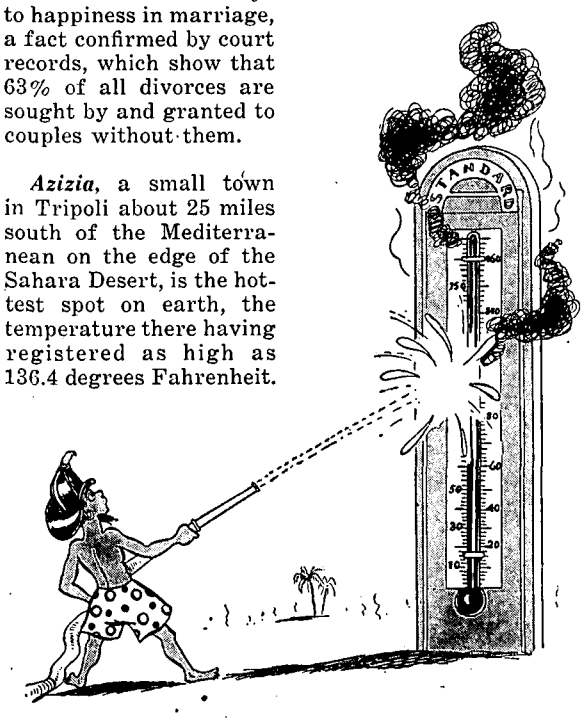
A few years ago, March led in the number of deaths, but now it is December, showing that there are basic changes in such a permanent thing as mortality.

The finest aged rye and bourbon whisky obtainable in the United States today retails for $125 a case—if you have wondered how much millionaires pay for the real "McCoy."

A special electro-optical shutter camera has produced a slow-motion movie of an electric spark which lasts only 1/100,000 of a second.

Only 1 out of every 17 persons who work at a paying occupation reports a taxable income to the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Collier's will pay one dollar each for unusual, briefly stated facts submitted and used in this column. Address, Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

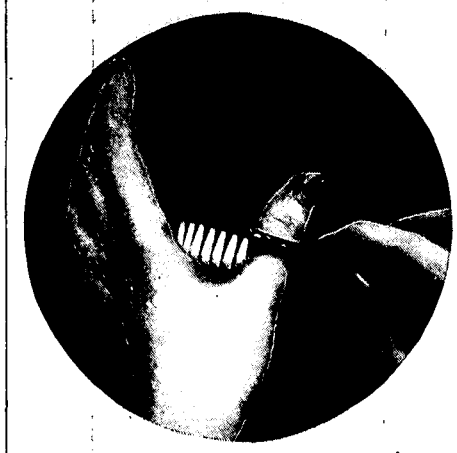


BETTER BRISTLES

More spring in Tek Bristles and therefore more cleansing power. Laboratory tested for lasting resiliency.

BETTER SHAPE

Tek fits like this behind your front teeth. So it contacts every curve and crevice of your dental arch.



BETTER VALUE

Enjoy the distinctly higher quality and benefits of Tek. But Tek costs no more than your old-style brush.

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Sterilized and packed in sealed container. Tek, 50¢. Tek Jr., 35¢. Guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

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As Cheaply as One

Continued from page 23

a brilliant success. His debt had been reduced to two hundred dollars; she had paid hers long ago and had eight hundred in the savings bank—earning a puny four and a half per cent, while their friends were running hundreds into thousands on the bull market. . . .

At this point in her reflections he came in.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"The lab's run out of hexo. And I can't go ahead without it."

Hexo was their abbreviation for a German chemical with a name as long as your arm, which cost forty dollars an ounce; he used a lot of it in his experiments. (The university paid for it, of course.)

"IS THAT all?" said Marge, relieved. "They'll get some more; and it isn't often we can have a Sunday afternoon together. Sit down, Brad. Want some lunch, or a cocktail?"

"No. . . . Nothing." He stalked about, restless. "It may take weeks to get more hexo—the requisition has to be O. K.'d all along the line, and I've used so much that somebody may hold it up for investigation. A few weeks' delay right now might put off my degree for another year."

"My God!" No wonder he was upset. . . . "How much hexo will you need to finish up?" she asked. "I mean how much will it cost?"

"About three hundred dollars. . . . Oh, I'll get it some time; but—"

"Could you go out and buy it?" she probed. "You yourself, I mean?"

"Well, they don't carry it in drug stores; but I could get it in a couple of days if I had authority to order it. But I haven't."

"You buy it and pay for it," said Marge. "I'll put up the money."

"What? . . . I haven't got down to letting you pay my way!"

"We've both borrowed from each other enough, before this."

"Till the next pay day. But this would mean a lot of red tape—I won't let you risk your money that way!"

"You won't let me do anything else with it either," she flung at him, sick with disappointment. "I'd have bought stocks and made money like everybody else, if you hadn't been so afraid of Wall Street!"

"I never said a word to you about investing your money!"

"I know you didn't; but I knew how you felt—" And she hadn't been willing to take chances with the savings that meant his security as well as hers. For a woman who called herself Miss Crowhurst, she had certainly been acting like Mrs. Finch. . . . "Anyway," she said, "let me buy that hexo. Even if we never get the money back, it would be better than another year of this."

"So that's how you feel about it!" he said stiffly. "Well, no wonder. You'd have left Mrs. Trafford long ago if it hadn't been for me—"

It was true that she was learning nothing with Mrs. Trafford; she'd thought of getting another job where she'd have to work—make herself a real secretary. But that would mean less money; till Brad was on his feet she didn't dare risk it. . . . But she hadn't thought he knew that.

"So if you want to get out," he plunged on, "I won't be a drag on you. I didn't marry you to get somebody to support me!"

"You married me because we could both save money—" she began.

"I married you because I was crazy about you, and you know it!"

"You act as if you were cured of that. But it was good business—"

"It was once. But we agreed that if you wanted to quit—"

"Stop raving, Brad! I never thought of such a thing!"

"Oh, didn't you? When I had that offer of a job in Idaho you said you didn't want to leave New York; but you're hoping Mrs. Trafford will take you on that round-the-world cruise this winter. And you don't want children. So it looks as if we're only living together till it's more convenient to walk out," he finished bitterly.

She'd never thought of it that way; but— At first she'd wanted children; but they couldn't afford them, so she'd stopped thinking about it. She didn't want to go to Idaho; and she did want to go around the world, even if she had to go with Mrs. Trafford—

"Try to be sensible," she said. "We don't need to make up our minds about—about anything till you've got your degree. Meanwhile—we get along pretty well most of the time, and I don't know any other man I'd want to live with. I don't see why we can't go on as we are."

"Just as a matter of habit and convenience?"

"Most marriages get to be that; I don't see why ours should be an exception. . . . Only I do think you ought to let me buy you that hexo."

He wouldn't; but they stopped arguing, and had a drink, and felt better. But things had been said aloud that could never be unsaid, or quite forgotten. That night Marge wondered what comes next, when you've admitted that your marriage is only a habit and a convenience. . . !

MRS. TRAFFORD'S husband had left her two million; she was worth five million on paper just before the Wall Street crash—and a million and a half after it. Thereupon Mrs. Trafford exemplified the moral blessings of adversity. She discovered that there was nothing wrong with her nerves any more; she canceled her reservations for the round-the-world cruise; she decided to sell her limousine and try to get along with two somewhat smaller cars; and she fired Miss Crowhurst.

"I shouldn't let you go," she explained to Marge, "if it would cause you hardship. But your husband works, and you haven't lost money. In times like these we must all readjust ourselves, and carry on."

Marge went home fuming, and was furious when Brad didn't fume as much as she felt he should.

"Of course it's a rotten trick," he agreed. "But she's right in a way—we're better off than most people. I've got a little in the bank; I'll pay the expenses of the establishment till you find another job."

"Thanks," she said sullenly. "But I didn't marry you to get somebody to support me. I'll go on paying my share out of my savings."

It didn't occur to her that he might feel about helping her as she had felt about helping him—something you naturally wanted to do for your best friend. She thought it made him feel important to have the only salary in the family for a while. Well, when she got another job—

But that was a bad winter to hunt one. Her savings had dwindled almost to nothing, Brad had finished his laboratory work and was writing his thesis, before she went to work for Nicholas

(Continued on page 54)

Membership now open in the Exit-Dandruff Club

DON'T tolerate dandruff! It is not only a nuisance, but an actual menace to the healthy growth of your hair. A tight, clogged scalp aggravates dandruff—but men who follow the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment are seldom bothered by it, and certainly no precaution could be simpler—why don't *you* try this routine for perfect scalp health?

First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly on the scalp. Second, wrap a towel that has been wrung out in hot water, around the head for a few minutes. Third, remove the towel and with the tips of the fingers massage the entire head firmly, working from the neck and temples up to the crown. Fourth, conclude the treatment with a shampoo, using a mild soap or preparation. And, most important of all, do this *every week* regularly. It's a positive benefit to the scalp, stimulates the growth of the hair and helps prevent or eliminate dandruff.

Buy a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic, and join the exit-dandruff club today!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

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JOINTS STIFF?

Hurt to move?

GIRL: *"Here, Grandpa, pat Sloan's Liniment on that sore place."*

MAN: *"Thanks, Betty, it's just what I wanted. Sloan's always stops these terrible joint pains."*

CAUSE OF STIFF JOINTS: Lack of oil secretion in the joint results in friction of the bones. This makes joints stiff and painful to move.

HOW TO RELIEVE: To relieve stiff joints pat on Sloan's Liniment. Sloan's stimulates circulation at once. When circulation is roused more blood flows to the sore spot. This blood stimulates flow of joint oil. Pain is relieved. Stiff joints become easy to move.

PROVE TONIGHT: Prove to your satisfaction at once that Sloan's will ease stiff joints for you. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment today. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment

Glacier Park's the place for you—and your vacation

This is the life for summer days—*carefree, gorgeous, thrilling!* Ride mountain trails from morning till night, hike, fish, golf, motor, or just take time off from cares. Something new to see and do every day! For the whole story write Great Northern Vacations, St. Paul.

The New
EMPIRE BUILDER
The Luxurious
ORIENTAL LIMITED

(Continued from page 53)

Belsant, M. D., at thirty-five a week. He was a prosperous middle-aged bachelor, who lived above his office in an old brownstone on lower Lexington Avenue, where the Belsants had lived for sixty years. He explained to Marge that his secretary would have rather long hours—he was in general practice; and then he took a framed photograph off his desk and showed it to her.

"My mother," he said. "She died last year. You remind me of her."

A month ago Marge would have seen disadvantages in a job which she got because she reminded a man of his mother; but by now she was thankful to get any job for any reason at all.

She had to work so much harder than at Mrs. Trafford's that she gave up trying to get home to get dinner for Brad; he ate at cafeterias now and so did she—till Dr. Belsant, on evenings when she worked overtime, got into the habit of asking her upstairs to dinner. He had an excellent cook, and some old sherry that was a revelation to Marge, who had grown up under prohibition and never known what good wine was.

She liked him; he was prim and old-maidish but a gentleman, and he worried over his patients like an old-fashioned country doctor. But in some ways he was like a child; he had been a good son, and seemed lost without his mother. Inevitably he began to fall in love with the secretary who reminded him of her; and Marge was rather glad he did.

For he was sure to marry before long, and till he knew more about women the first one who went after him could get him. Here was an opportunity, and a responsibility, for a woman who liked him but wasn't in love with him; a little flirtation would give him the training that he needed. Also, it might liven her up; and it couldn't hurt Brad—

SO SHE waited for Belsant to tell her how he felt; and when he said nothing she began to worry. What was the matter? Had he decided that a secretary was too familiar an object to be considered romantically? Well, she'd show him; she hadn't forgotten her technique, even if she had been married two years. So she used her technique, and still he said nothing; and she began to feel hot and cold and fidgety. It never occurred to her that he might consider it dishonorable to reveal his feelings to a married woman; she thought such scruples had gone out.

One evening she was tired and nervous; she hoped he'd ask her to dinner, and give her some sherry. But when he came in he merely glanced at her with a curt "No emergency calls?" and started upstairs. Suddenly she was crying—and that wasn't technique; it was pure misery. And then she was in his arms, meeting his kisses. . . .

"I'd never meant to let you know," he said at last. "But now that this has happened I suppose there's only one thing we can do about it."

"You take a good deal for granted," she told him sharply.

"You mean your husband wouldn't release you? But surely, if you told him that you wanted to marry me—"

She might have known that was what he meant. . . . In a flash, she saw all the things the right sort of wife might do for Nick Belsant.

"But I hadn't thought about marrying you!" she protested. "I—I'd never expected that anything like this was going to happen."

"But it did. Marge, we've fallen in love. From what you've told me about your marriage, I can see that it's become a tragic farce." (She flushed; had she talked like that?) "Get your freedom, and marry me. I assume he'd be willing to give you technical grounds for suing him."

"He might—but I wouldn't. Most colleges wouldn't hire a professor who'd been divorced for infidelity, even if it was only technical. I'd rather be honest and let him divorce me, if I do it at all."

"But that would sully your name! Why not talk it over frankly with your husband, and see how he feels about it?"

"I can't do that now," she protested. "He's writing up the results of years of work. If I sprang this on him now he might be so upset he couldn't finish it in time to get his degree. We'll have to wait—"

"Wait? . . . Why, you act as if you were still in love with him!"

"I'm not. But he's my best friend; I owe him a good deal. And—" She attempted a reminiscent smile, which turned out rather dolefully. "And I haven't time to fall in love again till I've paid my debts."

THERE they had to leave it for an uneasy fortnight. Belsant was always starting to make love to her and always honorably breaking off. Marge liked it when he kissed her but she didn't miss it much when he didn't.

Yet she thought she'd better marry him. She and Brad, obviously, were through. They needn't have been through if they'd managed better; but if their marriage had become a mere habit it wasn't worth saving. Belsant was madly in love with her and she cared enough for him to put her heart into the business of being his wife. For she meant to make a business of it this time—have children, let her husband support her, manage him like a wife instead of living casually with him like a partner. She'd learned something from her mistakes with Brad.

She didn't see much of Brad in those two weeks. He had almost finished his thesis (there would be an examination, but that didn't worry him); he did his writing in a university office, he was out late and she got up early. So he slept on the living-room couch, where he wouldn't disturb her when he came in. In the situation, she was glad of that. . . . At least she ought to be glad. . . .

But one morning he reared up drowsily as she was going out.

"Marge! Wait a minute. I've got an offer from Athanasius University, down South—head of the department, at four thousand a year. Good job; I'd like to take it. But I don't suppose you—well, I thought I'd tell you so you could think it over."

"All right," she promised. "I'll do that."

But there was only one thing to think; it was a godsend—a chance to break off naturally. She'd hated the prospect of telling Brad she preferred another man. . . . But she'd have to get a divorce, anyway; and she couldn't divorce Brad in New York. Athanasius was a church college; its professors must be untainted by scandal. He could divorce her for desertion, of course; but that would take years— It was all very complicated, thought Mrs. Finch, as she took off her hat in the doctor's office, and opened her desk and started being Miss Crowhurst again.

She kept thinking about it all day, till Belsant gave her something else to think about; he asked her to dine with him at a hotel, and go to the theater. He'd never done that before; his education was progressing. . . . And then, about half past five, Brad called her up.

"Marge! I've just finished—five years' work. Let's celebrate!"

She wanted to celebrate; she felt as the generation ahead of hers had felt on the day the war ended. But—

"Tonight? I can't, Brad. I'm going to the theater—with Dr. Belsant." (Why had she promised to?)

"Don't you stand well enough with your boss to break a date?"

She could break it, of course. But if she saw Brad tonight she'd have to tell him she wasn't going south with him. It wouldn't be much of a celebration after that—for either of them.

"I can't do it, my dear. We could have a celebration tomorrow—"

"I don't feel like waiting till tomorrow. Can't you understand, Marge? I feel as if I'd risen from the dead! For years I've had to think of just this one thing. Now I want to look around, see what else there is to think about. Come on and help me."

Her free hand was gripping the desk—the desk where she worked for Nick Belsant—as if it were a life preserver. If she went on a party with Brad tonight—

No. No use letting herself in for anything. That sort of thing didn't last. . . .

"I honestly can't, Brad. Get some of the boys from the laboratory."

"I'd rather have you than anybody. Not a chance? . . . All right, then!" he said with some vehemence. "I'll get somebody else."

That was best all round, thought Marge drearily. . . . It never occurred to her that he might get another woman till she saw him in a speakeasy at midnight, flushed and unsteady, with a poisonous-looking blonde.

Who was the blonde? And what was Marge doing in the speakeasy? And how, with thirty-two thousand speakeasies in New York, did she and Brad happen to turn up at the same one? . . . Well, reading from left to right—

The blonde wasn't what Marge thought she was, though she might have been flattered at being mistaken for it; she was only a graduate student whom Brad knew around the laboratory.

As for Marge, the play had been wasted on her; all evening she had been fidgety, thinking about Brad, who was going south by himself. So when they left the theater she told Belsant she needed a drink.

"But I can't take you home with me at this hour!" he protested. "We must avoid false appearances till you've got your divorce."

"I know a speakeasy," said Marge. "And we're going there."

IN FACT she knew just one, out of thirty-two thousand—and Brad, not unnaturally, knew the same one. Young people on small salaries may buy gin for home consumption, but they can't afford speakeasy prices. Yet they must know one place (one is enough) for the benefit of people from back home who come to town and want to see the sights. . . . Marge had never dreamed she'd run into Brad; she thought he'd be at the apartment. And here he was, stewed to the gills, with a dreadful woman. . . .

"What's the matter?" said Belsant. "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing." She turned away, thankful that Brad hadn't seen her—and that Belsant didn't know him, even by sight. "Here's the waiter."

Belsant asked for wine and got a quart of champagne. He looked distressed when he saw the check, and thriftily paid it at once before it could get any bigger. While he was paying it Marge's eyes went back to Brad. He was different, tonight, and it wasn't only the liquor. The nightmare of years was over; he had risen from the dead, and was looking around to see what there was to think about. And the first thing his eyes had lit on, apparently, was this terrible creature—

"Well—" Belsant raised his glass, "here's to us, Marge dear!"

Gloomily she raised her glass—and

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then there was a commotion across the room. Two men at the door swung about, facing the crowd.

"Keep your seats, please!" one of them barked. "This isn't a stickup—it's a raid by the United States government. We won't bother you; all we want is the boss and the waiters, and a little evidence—"

He stopped, picked a highball off the nearest table. It happened to belong to the poisonous-looking blonde.

"Here!" said Brad indignantly. "What's the idea?"

"Keep your shirt on, brother. I need this as evidence under the nuisance law. And don't make any smart cracks about me being the nuisance; I've heard 'em before. The court's goin' to padlock this dump as a public nuisance, where undesirable characters congregate."

"Undesirable characters?" Brad rose, with alcoholic gravity. "Look here, do you know who I am?" The raider obviously didn't care; he had turned away. But Brad went on in a bellicose monotone: "Well, I'll tell you who I am. I'm Bradley Finch, Ph. D.—pretty near a Ph. D., anyway—just appointed professor of chemistry in Athanasius University—"

MARGE turned cold. Athanasius, that pious church college! If they heard of this— Luckily the raider hadn't heard it; but now he turned around. . . . What was the matter with that woman? Why didn't she pull Brad down, make him shut up? . . . But the blonde had risen stealthily and was slipping out. She lived in a university dormitory and her parents were church workers back home; she didn't dare risk getting her name in the papers. . . . Oh, the dirty little coward! thought Marge furiously. The dirty little coward! But what could you expect from that kind of woman?

"What's this?" said the prohibition agent. "Who'd you say you are?"

Brad's reply was drowned in a crash as a table was overturned—a table with wine glasses on it, and plates, and silver. With it, crashing, went a bucket of ice, and a quart of champagne for which Dr. Belsant had paid twenty-five dollars. Marge vaulted over the wreckage and came up to the raider—smiling, cool, good-humored, competent.

"Officer, you don't mind if I take this boy out, do you?"

"Not a bit, miss—if you don't mind having him on your hands."

"Oh, that's all right," said Marge cheerfully. "It's my job."

Brad had been staring at her glassily; now his face lit up.

"Marge! For the love of— How did you get here?"

"Never mind that," she said. "We're both getting out."

She steered him between the tables, got his hat and coat. Her fingers were tight on his arm as the doorman let them out into the areaway below a stoop, where the cool night air struck them.

Its chill touch brought Brad out of his coma.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "I never did a thing like that before. . . . What was I saying when you came along? Was I making an ass of myself?"

"More or less. But it doesn't matter."

"Marge, I'm so ashamed— I didn't mean to get stewed; but when you wouldn't break your date the party was spoiled anyway, and that girl that was with me kept throwing them in— What became of her?"

"Who cares?" said Marge. "You don't want her. . . . Do you?"

"No! To hell with her. I want you."

He caught her up, kissed her so hard it hurt. Her shivering hands caressed his shoulders.

"So—" She choked. "So you felt the party was spoiled," she said, "if I wasn't on it? . . . Oh, my dear! I'm on it now!"

The door opened behind them; reluctantly their arms unwound. Out came the prohibition agents, shepherding a squad of dejected waiters; interminably they filed past Brad and Marge. . . .

"But I'm going south," Brad said. "I wired them this afternoon. . . . You don't want to leave town, and you like your job—"

"I've fired myself. I'm going with you."

"Marge, do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. Did you think I'd let you go off down there by yourself?"

The raiders were gone; he swept her into his arms— But again the door opened. The patrons were getting out, now—a swarm of people pushing past; Brad and Marge had to let go of each other—more or less.

"But look here!" he said grimly. "If you think I need somebody to take care of me— Well, I did tonight; but if you're coming just because you think I need you I—I'd rather not have you." It was hard to say it with her eyes laughing at him, her mouth six inches from his; but he went on with desperate resolution—

"I'd have to support you down there, Marge. I'd make good money, but if you're figuring two could live as cheaply as one—"

"Cheaply?" she laughed. "People can't live cheaply at all when they're all tied up with each other the way we are. It's a luxury, thank God; and we've got to have it at any price."

"Well, I won't let you come along just from—from habit and convenience. The way we've been living this last year isn't good enough. If you just think I need you—"

"Oh, don't be silly! I need you!" Her shivering hands drew his face down to hers. "Darling, we don't have to make love in vestibules any more! Take me home!"

IT WAS no accident that Nicholas Belsant, M. D., was the last man out of the speakeasy; he had been trying to find somebody who would pay him back the twenty-five dollars he had spent for a bottle of champagne he hadn't had a chance to drink. Now he had abandoned that visionary endeavor; sadly he emerged—and saw Marge standing at the curb. A man was beside her, his arm around her; they were signaling for a taxi—

Belsant hadn't understood what had happened to her, but he had heard that strange things happened in speakeasies; he had given her up for lost—kidnapped, perhaps. But here she was. . . . The Belsants had never had to fight for their women; they rarely selected women men wanted to fight about. But Nick Belsant was willing to fight for Marge. Just as a taxi ran in to the curb he came up to her, caught her arm.

"Here!" he said. "Where are you going?"

If Brad had known who he was he might have respected his wife's employer; but all he saw was some drunk who was trying to take his girl away from him. So he put his hand against Belsant's face, and shoved—and Dr. Belsant looked up from the sidewalk where he had fallen in time to see her climbing into the taxi with the man who had shoved him.

"Marge!" he cried. Then, the outraged employer in him replacing the discarded lover—"Miss Crowhurst!" he called indignantly.

She looked out of the taxi window, waved him good-by.

"There's no such person," she said. "There's only a Mrs. Finch."

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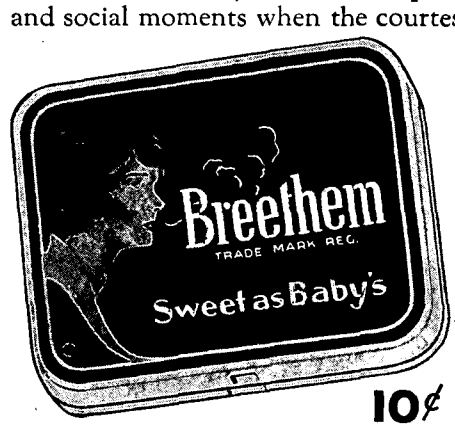

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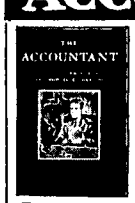

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Changing Chins

Continued from page 29

with the authority of the medical profession that chin straps do no good. You may suffer in them all day and all night until your muscles ache. Remove the strap—and back bounces the chin.

Violent massage will not rub away chins. While there is much to be said for massage since it does tone up the skin and thus help smooth out wrinkles, it never will smooth out chins.

In each case the fallacy lies in the basic principle involved. To cure a sagging chin, the proper point of attack is not the chin but the neck. This theory is maintained by Louise Gifford, posture expert and former director of movement in the Theatre Guild School.

"What happens to your chin," says Miss Gifford, "depends on your neck—the length and strength of it. Time and time again a too well upholstered dowager or an actress, terrified by the foreboding shadow of a double chin, comes to my studio begging for help. At once I start working on her neck, only to have her protest, 'It's not my neck but my chin that I am concerned about.'

The Neck's Function

"Invariably," declares Miss Gifford, "I have to explain that you cure the chin by way of the neck. Methods that concentrate on the chin are useless."

The doctor backs up this statement of the posture expert. Dr. Barbara Beattie, a practicing physician who is tremendously interested in posture, explains the anatomical reason behind it.

"The neck supports the head," says Dr. Beattie. "If the head is held up where it belongs, the chin will take care of itself. Up the back of the neck runs a column of vertebræ, the top one of which is the Atlas. On this rests the head. Now the human head is heavy, made up as it is of twenty-three strong, thick bones. No wonder the vertebral column tends to soldier on the job and let the head sink down until it is embedded in the shoulders. It is a physiological fact that as one grows older the neck grows shorter. It settles like an old house on its foundations.

"When we are young and our necks are as nature made them," continues Dr. Beattie, "these vertebræ don't fit tightly together. Between each two is a space filled by a small cartilaginous cushion which in youth has some height and resilience, as any good cushion should have. But under the weight of the head these spaces decrease; the cushions become shorter and less resilient. The remedy is simple—stretch out the neck until the inter-vertebral spaces are normal and the neck is again its proper length."

Here is an exercise which the posture expert has proved will help you:

Reach up with the crown of your head until you seem to be pushing the roof off the house. With this feeling of lifting the very roof from its beams, walk around the room. By this effort you are actually pulling the vertebræ from their embedded position. If you can get this feeling of spinal extension—if, better still, you can imagine that the spine goes on up through the crown of your head and pierces the ceiling, it will help you stretch your neck as it should be stretched, and so avoid chin multiplication.

If you do this exercise properly, your chin will be not *out* but *in*—in fact, well in. You will be looking not upward, nor even forward, but downward, chin in as far as possible. Don't worry if for the moment you seem to have several chins. Paradoxical as it may seem, by exaggerating their number you are taking steps to decrease them. For extra measure, jerk your head vigorously—yank it to the side and up the back as though you were pulling it right off your shoulders. Don't worry, it's held fast, you can't lose it. All you will lose is an extra chin.

This is an exercise designed to beautify not only the chin but the neck. A neck to be beautiful must have some length.

Length of neck is measured not from in front but from behind. Yet curiously enough everyone seems concerned with the front of the neck and doesn't think of the back. And the back line is much more important. Put your time and effort there. The moment the back line shortens, ringlets of fat appear, or deeply-etched wrinkles just as ugly as fat. The inevitable accompaniment of either is the unsightly bump behind, and in front the sagging tissue that forecasts a double chin.

When you have stretched your neck properly, however, the battle is only half won. In the fight against chins in the plural, victory is not yours until you have strengthened the neck muscles.

Again we call upon the medical profession to back us up.

"For the fatiguing task of supporting the head," says Dr. Beattie, "the vertebral column is encased in a collar of powerful muscles, the most important of which is the sterno-mastoid group in front and the trapezius behind. These muscles must work against the law of gravity. If they are flabby and weak the head sags and settles and a double chin soon appears. The perfect neck, as typified by the Venus de Milo, is a cylindrical collar of muscles strong enough to contribute their share of head support."

Muscles grow only by activity—and here's a bit of activity the doctor prescribes for your neck muscles:

Let the head droop forward of its own weight until the chin rests on the chest. Let every muscle be relaxed, limp as the neck of a rag doll-baby. Keeping this position, turn the head to the right as far as you can until you see what is happening behind you. Turn back and circle the head to the left and look at the world over that shoulder. Pull until lazy muscles protest at the strain. Pull until you can see the front border of the sterno-mastoid stand out taut and strong from collar bone to ear. Keep on circling the head from one side to the other. Be sure that the chin is so well in you will also feel the strain along the trapezius muscle behind.

It's Good for You, Too

"After you have done this exercise once or twice," says Dr. Beattie, "massage the back of your neck vigorously from hair line to shoulder blades. This increases circulation, releases tension and loosens muscles. Incidentally, it makes you feel swell."

If you are really seriously interested in getting rid of chins, try also this exercise, even though it is more strenuous:

Lie down, preferably on the floor or, if you're lazy, in bed. Fold your hands under your head, fingers interlocked. Bring the elbows well forward and, with chin held well in, pull the head up with the hands and at the same time raise the knees until your forehead presses against them. Then lower head and knees until you are lying flat and relaxed again. The important point in

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this exercise is to keep the chin well in; otherwise it is ineffectual. If you do it correctly you feel the pull not only in your neck but in the entire length of your spine.

All three of these exercises are not worth the paper they are written on, certainly not the time spent trying them, unless you get into your consciousness that feeling of head held high, crown uppermost. To maintain this high-hat position requires effort; your immediate impulse is to let down, the chronic gesture of fatigue. Fatigue, like old age, has a way of pounding on the top of the head until in resignation the head sinks down on the shoulders again.

Stretching Your Spine

When this feeling comes creeping upon you, snap yourself out of it. Push up until you feel as Alice in Wonderland did when she ate the cake that made her grow. If you push up vigorously enough you lengthen not only your neck but your entire spine. A protruding chin is like a protruding stomach. Both vanish with a straight, stretched spine.

Our unfortunate habit of letting the head settle is augmented by the fact that we spend hours of the day bending over. It may be over an office desk, a kitchen sink, the baby's crib, or over a bridge table, but, however worthy the project, the effect on the neck is the same. Happily we can bend forward correctly if we take the trouble to do it. Don't bend from the neck or from the shoulders, but from the waist, which probably needs the exercise. And as you bend pull up the head. If you keep that feeling of extension, you may bend forward as far as you like without throwing the chin out of gear.

So, if you're not satisfied with your chin line, don't blame your sedentary life, or the fact that you like sugar, or the family tendency to grow stout. Slenderness has little to do with chins. Changing chins is not a matter of variation of weight or age, but strictly a matter of changing necks and the way you hold your head. So be a sport: hold up your head. Hold it high and proud until your neck is stretched and strong. First thing you know, that double chin —why, it's vanished. You haven't any!

Made in Old Kentucky

Continued from page 17

"Mule," he says, "could you oblige me with a chew?"

I ain't paying much attention; I'm sitting there reading a magazine and then I hear Frank ask him again.

"Mule," he says, "have you got any of that black plug on you?"

Well, I looked up then and the kid was twisting and squirming and looking out of the window and every place but at Frank.

"I ain't got none on me right now," he says.

"Oh, that's all right, never mind," says Frank and he starts talking about what a great little ball player Herbie Moran of the Braves would be if he could only hit left-handers a little better. Pretty soon the kid pulls out and he seemed glad to get away.

Frank turned to me with a sad look in his eyes. "A woman," he says. "Some jane is reforming him."

Well, sir, Husk sent that kid right back against the Braves for the third time the next day and he's worse than ever. He acts like an old nag with the heaves. In about two minutes he's out of there and in the shower.

After the game I seen Schulte talking to Husk and I knew something was up. That night Husk come out to our hotel and give the kid a talking-to. I don't know what he said but it didn't make no difference. The kid went in in the eighth against Brooklyn a few days later after we had the game sewed up and couldn't get nobody out. He had to be relieved before the end of the inning. I decided I'd lay into him myself and that night I collared him before he got away to see this reforming woman.

"Mule," I says, "what ails you?"

He's been pale as a ghost for days and nervous and fidgety as a horse with a burr under his blanket. Before, he was always the laziest, easy-goingest man on our club.

"I can't figure it out, Jack," he says. "I ain't feeling good and I can't sleep good and my vittels don't taste good. I reckon I ain't no good nohow," he says.

"Mule," I says, "how old was you when you started chewing tobacco?"

"About nine, I reckon," he says.

"How old was you when you quit?" I asked him.

Well, sir, he give me a scared look, flopped right down there on his bed and started to squall like a baby.

I let him cry a while and then I give him a talking-to. I told him a guy was a sucker to let any jane reform him and ruin his career.

"How much was you making in that factory?" I asked him.

"Twelve dollars a week," he says.

"Working how long?" I says.

"Twelve hours a day," he tells me.

"All right," I says. "Now how much you making now?"

"Two hundred dollars a month," he says.

"Working how long?" I asks him.

"Two, three hours a day," he answers.

"Nice work, too, ain't it?" I says.

"Nothing nicer," he admits.

"There," I says, "is your answer. If you don't take a brace you'll be back in that factory again and where will your swell city jane be then?"

"She loves me. She'll follow me anywheres," he says.

"All the worse for you," I tells him. "How could you support a wife on twelve dollars a week?"

"Oh, Jack," he says, "you can't understand. You ain't never been in love."

WELL, I talked and I argued and I swore at him and laughed at him and pleaded with him but none of it done me no good. He was stuck on this gal, whoever she was, and if she said it was naughty to chew, why, then he mustn't chew.

It wasn't only on the kid's account I was worried. We was having our hands full staying out in front and we needed all the pitching we could get. If anything happened to "Three Finger" or Ovie or Jack or Big Ed—well, it would be just too bad for us.

I laid awake half the night a couple of nights trying to figure out some way to rescue this kid from what was eating him. Finally I decided they was only one chance and I took it. I set down and wrote me a letter to Van Antwerp's pa and I told him a city gal was making a sucker out of his pride and joy and had made him quit chewing and he wasn't worth a plugged nickel any more. Well, I sent that letter and I waited and waited but there wasn't no answer.

(*Continued on page 58*)

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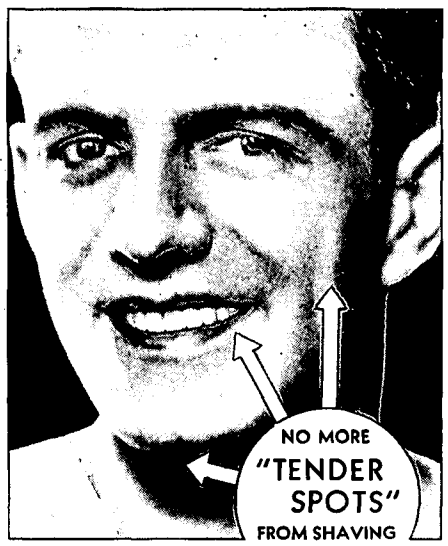

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(*Continued from page 57*)

By the middle of September we've slipped down to third place. We're only a couple of games behind the Giants and Pirates but they're getting stronger all the time and we're slipping. Besides Mule being no good to us we got three men who are hurt bad with spike wounds but playing every day and the whole club is nervous and touchy instead of being full of pepper and fight like we was in August.

Well, the Giants come to town full of the old fight and swagger for a three-game series. Before the first game Husk calls us together in the clubhouse.

"The report is going around that I got a yellow ball club," he says. "Somebody says one of my pitchers folded up on me for a woman and somebody else says we ain't got guts enough to win in the Three-I and I'm sick of it. You better go out there and show me something or else write the Giant management for your series seats, if you want to see it, that is." He knew how to get us fighting mad and he sure done it this time.

"Three Finger" beat Matty in a great pitchers' battle the first game and we was beginning to get back our confidence. The second game was a slugging match and before it was over Husk had Jack, Big Ed and Ovie all in there and none of them looked so good but we finally win out 10-8 or some such score. We're on our toes now and ready to break a leg if necessary to win that third game which will let us pass the Giants and move into first place if the Pirates should lose to the Dodgers.

For seven innings we battled them babies to a standstill. First one club is in front and then the other. At the end of the seventh we're tied 6-6. In the seventh I turn my ankle sliding into second and she swells up quite bad. I want to play but Husk takes a peek at it and says no, so Solly Hoffman goes in in my place. Of course I'm too excited about that game to change my clothes and I set there on the bench biting my nails and crossing and uncrossing my legs on every pitch when one of the gatemen comes up and says there's a lady to see me over in the stand.

"Aw, to hell with her," I says.

"She says it is very important," he declares, "something about Van Antwerp, I think."

"Aha," I says to myself, "it's this reforming dame of his. I'll sure see her and hand her a chunk of my mind."

I can't walk far, so the gateman lets her through into the runway behind the dugout and when I come out she's standing there with a big box under her arm.

SHE'S just a little slip of a gal about four foot ten and pretty as a picture, with blue eyes and light hair and peaches-and-cream complexion, only she's dressed sort of funny with old-fashioned clothes and she has a bashful, scared look to her like she's afraid of everybody.

She was blushing when I come up. "Is this Mr. Condon?" she asks with a shy little giggle.

"Yes, I'm him," I says, trying to be rough.

"I don't reckon you know who I am," she says. "I'm Sally Spotswood, the bookkeeper in the sash and blind factory. Orkid's paw got your letter and the boys in the factory took up a collection and sent me to Chicago to see Orkid," she says and blushes some more.

"You're from his home town?" I asks her, so surprised I don't get her at first.

"Yessuh, I come up to save him from this city woman," she says.

"Just a minute," I tells her. "I'll send him right out to you."

"Wait," she says, "I've got him a present here from the boys. Maybe you better give it to him first," she says and gives me the package.

Well, I hobbled back and give Van Antwerp this box and told him a gal outside had sent it in. He takes the string and wrapping paper off and there it is—One Gross BLUE MULE FINEST CHEWING it says and then down below it says MADE IN OLD KENTUCKY.

"WHO give you this?" he says and he's trembling like a leaf and his mouth is drooling, I swear, at the sight of all that chewing.

"A little gal out there in the runway," I says. "She claims her name is Sally Spotswood, but I don't know," I says.

Well, that big rookie just hurdled over all the things laying in that dugout—bats and gloves and sweaters and water pails—like a kangaroo rushing out to save its young. I figures they're all set and turns my attention to the game again. By this time it's the last of the eighth and still 6-6. They battle through the ninth the same way but in our half of the ninth Husk played a hunch and lost. When Kling doubled with two gone, he sent Del Howard in to hit for Pfeister, figuring maybe we can win right there. Del hit a long one to right but it was caught and they went into the tenth still tied.

"Three Finger" had started the game after one day's rest and Big Ed had been overworked against the Phils the week before, so Husk shot Ovie in in Jack's place. He hadn't had his regular rest either but he got by the tenth and eleventh okay, only meanwhiles Ote Crandall was making a sucker out of us. We couldn't get a hard foul off of him.

Then Snodgrass opens the twelfth for them with a single and moves to second on Doyle's sacrifice. That brings Merkle up and Fred has been hitting hard all three games. Suddenly I get an idea and I limp over to Husk and tell him about this gal coming in with all that chewing.

"Go on out there and see if he's ready to pitch," he says.

I knew he wouldn't be ready unless he had a chew in his face and I was wondering if he'd take a chew in front of this little gal. Well, I wish you could of seen what I seen. Them two kids are so close you couldn't slip a shadow between them. They're setting there on a sack of grass seed the ground-keeper had left there and on the side of the sack it says BLUE GRASS SPECIAL—KENTUCKY'S FINEST. All around them was a circle of big brown splashes.

"How come?" I says to Mule. "I thought you was the guy who always swallered the juice," and I pointed to the splashes.

"I was kind of out of practice," he says, "and I made them splatters when I was warming up. I'm swallerin' now," he says.

"Good," I says, "then you're ready to go."

WELL, I hustled him back out to the bull pen and by the time he throwed a few Merkle had doubled Snodgrass home with the run that broke the tie. Mule went in after that and pitched like he always pitched when he was right, high hard one on the outside, low hook on the inside, low fast one on the outside, high hook on the inside—boy, he had something.

I wish I could say we win that game but we didn't score in our half of the twelfth and they beat us, 7-6. Just the same we win something more than a ball game, something that let us cop off the flag and world's series later. Clemington John Van Antwerp was chewing again.

"I'm not eating candy during Lent!"

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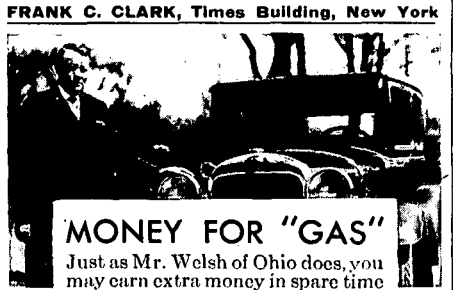

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"This is a lovely table—let's have another rubber!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North S. K-10-8-5 H. 9 D. K-Q-7-6-2 C. 10-9-8	
West S. 9-6-3 H. Q-10-7-3-2 D. 10-9-5-4 C. 3		*East* S. 7-4-2 H. K-J-8-5 D. 8-3 C. K-6-4-2
	South S. A-Q-J H. A-6-4 D. A-J C. A-Q-J-7-5	

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played at Auction Bridge, South bidding one No Trump and the others passing.

Noticing that the hand suggested some interesting Contract bidding, I recently gave it to a large number of tables playing Progressive Contract. Half of the Souths bid three No Trumps, and at a majority of those tables West, North and East passed, but at one of the tables North felt that a count of 8, reckoning nothing but two Kings and a Queen as assets, warranted a bid of four Diamonds over South's three No Trumps, as the hand had two Tens and a five-card suit headed by King-Queen. You are supposed to have a count of 9 in high cards alone to suggest a slam by overcalling partner's three No Trumps. After North had made this sporty overbid, South, with a count of 23 and a remarkable hand, went on to show the Ace of Hearts by bidding four Hearts, and North then bid five Diamonds to show length in the Diamond suit as well as the King-Queen. South next bid five Spades, showing his Spade strength; and North bid six Spades to show his Spade King. South ended the bidding with six No Trumps.

At some tables where two Clubs was used as a forcing bid showing strength in Clubs, the hand was bid: South two Clubs, North two Diamonds, South two No Trumps, North three Diamonds, South three No Trumps; and at still others where the two Clubs was used as an artificial bid showing a desire to announce two declarations, the bidding was: South two Clubs, North two Diamonds (denying an Ace and King), South two No Trumps, North three Diamonds (showing Diamond strength), South four Clubs, North four Spades (showing strength in that suit also) and then South six No Trumps.

In the play, which was the same at Contract as at Auction, West led the Trey of Hearts; and when Declarer saw his dummy he realized that one adverse hand had five Hearts and the other four. With at least four Hearts in the East hand, there was no point in holding up South's Ace.

South won the first trick with the Ace of Hearts and Declarer's job was quite easy for the first ten tricks. Even with the three No Trump contract it was advisable for Declarer to cinch game before risking the Club finesse. South won tricks 2 and 3 by leading the Ace and Jack of Diamonds (so as not to be obliged to overtake a Diamond with one of dummy's honors, which might—indeed would—have made an adverse Diamond good), and to tricks 4 and 5 the Ace and Queen of Spades. To trick 6 South led the Jack of Spades, which dummy's King overtook. Then dummy ran the established Spade and three established Diamonds, and South discarded two Hearts and two Clubs.

All this happened at every table, but one or two of the Declarers did not see that it was necessary to part with one small Club and either the Queen or Jack instead of discarding the Seven and Five. Those Declarers who kept a small Club in the South hand were able to lead Clubs twice from dummy and so take in all the Club tricks; those who discarded both of South's small Clubs were obliged to overtake trick 11 with South's Jack and then lead the Ace, and on the last trick the Queen, up to East's King.

Declarer won twelve tricks even when he mismanaged the Clubs; but in both Auction and Contract the thirteenth trick has a value worth taking into consideration. In Contract it counts 50 as an "extra" trick and in Auction it counts its normal trick-value plus 50 for the difference between a small-slam and a grand-slam bonus.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 7-5-4-3 H. A-K-J-7-5-3 D. 8-5-4 C. None	*East* S. Q-J-10 H. Q-10-9-2 D. 10-3-2 C. J-9-8
West S. 9 H. 8 D. K-Q-J-9-6 C. K-10-7-6-4-2	*South* S. A-K-8-6-2 H. 6-4 D. A-7 C. A-Q-5-3

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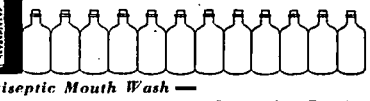

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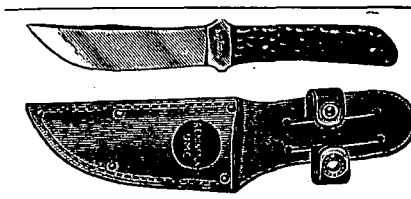

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When the Women Came

Continued from page 20

the soil of Louisiana. They too were coming to be married, yet men did not press around and stare, but stood back respectfully with uncovered heads. Even the roughest woodsman forbore to offend a shyness which he vaguely understood. Yawl after yawl discharged its silent load, sixty girls in all. At fifty-nine of them Hector de Vitry did not glance again. There was only one for him.

The youngest of all, and the loveliest, showed a face of gravity and a tremor at her sweet lips as she clung to Sister Hortense and stepped out upon the firm white sand. Ordinarily this petite Mademoiselle Bathilde was prone to smile and show her pretty teeth, but not now. The present crisis was too important.

A Lottery of Ladies

Bathilde knew little about life, except what transpired within the convent walls at Rouen. She was an orphan, and might have donned the gray habit of abnegation to become a Sister if she had not loved children so very dearly, if some deep maternal instinct had not hungered for babies of her own. So the fluttering Bathilde, like a plump and graceful black-eyed bird, put her trust in God, held tight to the Gray nun, and dropped her virgin lids before the gaze of men.

The yawls plied back and forth from ship to ship, depositing more and more girls to join the group that Sister Hortense herded as a sheep dog guards its flock. When the last landed she marshaled her procession, arm in arm, two by two, like pupils from a nunnery marching to Mass. Sister Hortense and little Bathilde led their column, which toiled up the levee's outer slope.

Unconsciously, scarce knowing what he did, Hector followed them, his eyes fastened upon Bathilde, trying to put himself in her place. Vaguely he wondered what might be passing within her mind. What could a young girl think about, when she voyaged across the sea to be set, as it were, upon a block—auctioned off, and bid for by some utterly unknown man?

Like a string of persevering ants, the girls clambered to the levee's crown and paused for breath, Bathilde carrying the precious casket, for no man would marry her without a dower. That's why she had had no hopes of a husband in Picardy.

With a gulp of quick surprise, of disappointment and chilling fear, little Bathilde looked over the levee. Could this be the miraculous New Orleans as described to her? Assuredly not. No milk, no honey, no exotic flowers or lumps of gold and silver strewn along the ground. Everything so dingy, so dilapidated. Just below her lay an open square fenced in by a drunken *chevaux de frise*, which was constructed of tipsy wooden palisades to enclose a *place d'armes* for the soldiers. The troops were now drawn up on parade in honor of the casket girls. Such soldiers! Such soldiers! Bathilde did not guess it, but Troop No. 1 was led by a popular blacksmith. Troop No. 2 obeyed a captain who was formerly the most dreaded robber of Paris. The leader of Troop No. 3 bore one of the proudest names in France, but had been transported here for certain causes concerning which the boldest dared not ask a question. Company No. 4 took orders from a Swedish veteran, an officer of distinction. Company No. 5 consisted of ragtag blackamoors.

Twice at Rouen, through a convent window, Bathilde had witnessed the King's armies go marching past, brave in their brilliant trappings, and her heart had beaten madly at the sight. But now the child's heart almost stopped, and Hector heard her ask in an unbelieving whisper: "Sister Hortense, is *this* New Orleans? *This?*"

"Yes, my child, and we will find for you a good husband."

Her dream of a husband now became a horrid nightmare. The panic-stricken Bathilde shuddered at these men—red men, brown men, yellow men, black and white, all colors of men, Negroes, Choctaw Indians, hairy Canadians, gabbling in every tongue that was turned loose at Babel. Her cheeks turned pale and Bathilde's fingers felt like ice.

"Come, my children," the nun's voice sounded very far away, as she led her flock along the levee, each girl trudging with downcast eyes.

The new Ursuline Convent was not yet complete, so Sister Hortense conducted them to a makeshift building, whose location is still commemorated by the name of Nuns' Street and Religious Street.

However crude their temporary accommodation might be, it made no difference. Sixty agitated virgins could not consider the character of roof or food, while the nuns were arranging to offer them as premiums in a lottery of ladies. The Sisters must fix regular office hours to exhibit their stock of females, so that men might pick them out. Busily the nuns buzzed around in a state of flutteration. There must be a system, a rule of precedence, for admitting customers, else these impatient bachelors might storm in and wreck a building that was none too strong. Even the grim-lipped Jesuits smiled. Soon there would be work for them. Weddings, many weddings. Then the christenings.

With the Governor's Aid

As a pot of honey draws the flies, so did tidings of sixty virgins attract every hot-foot celibate to New Orleans. Planters galloped into town. Hunters threaded the tangled swamps. Blond-haired Germans dropped down the river from the Côte des Allemands. Trappers, sailors, clerks, soldiers, ship-masters, like a crazy carrousel, went milling and jostling around the nuns' house to secure first choice of girls.

Poor little trembling Bathilde cowered beside a window, peering with terror-dilated eyes upon the swarm of men outside. Bearded giants shoved closer and closer while they watched her door. A trapper in his coontail cap thrust aside a German farmer to gain a more strategic position. A knife flashed. She saw a huge hand catch the upraised arm. Ugh! Ugh! These men would fight. No. An officer stopped them. A Choctaw savage, motionless as a copper idol, stood with folded arms. A sinuous little brown man came wriggling through the crowd like a serpent, and Bathilde imagined that his glittery eyes were glaring straight into her own.

The child shuddered and shrank back, limp upon the floor. No. No. No. She could never endure the ordeal of being shown off to those men, her charms discussed, appraised and perhaps refused. Or the horror of being dragged away by some monster Caliban of the woods.

"God is merciful," she sighed and sat with chilled hands that were clenched over the dower box in her lap.

God proved His goodness. Already Captain de Vitry had proceeded straight to Governor Bienville, for once pleading his distinguished services and seeking a reward. Under the King's decree an officer might resign his commission and settle in the colony on a grant of valuable lands, with royal assistance to make them productive. One cow and its calf would be given to each happy couple; one cock with five hens to applaud his strutting; ducks, certain cattle. During the first three years of their settlement they were to receive provisions from the government, powder, shot, grains and various seeds.

De Vitry did not haggle over sordid details, and the governor arranged a generous concession of land with such promptitude that Bathilde was still crouching near the window when her dull ears heard Sister Hortense say:

"See! There comes Sieur de Bienville. We must admit him."

"Your Wealth is Here"

For all of his tropical service and forty active years the Father of Louisiana still preserved a youthful appearance; and the captain who came with him seemed much younger. From a corner of her timid eyes Bathilde noted very particularly that he was tall and handsome. During a period of breathless suspense the governor whispered with Sister Hortense, and things happened so quickly that a dazzled Bathilde failed to comprehend, for the nun came to her, in a soft gray gown that made no swishing. One arm she put around the girl and said, "You will remain, my dear;" then by a gesture Sister Hortense signified that all other girls must depart.

"Dear child," the nun explained, "our governor himself does you the honor to provide a husband—Captain le Comte de Vitry."

The expectant bridegroom bowed, and the eyes of small Bathilde opened wide. A great lump closed her throat. She could not utter a sound, could only raise a wavering finger and point at Hector, trying to make sure if he really wanted her for a wife.

"There is no haste, my child," Sister Hortense said. "You are weary from your voyage, perhaps excited. It may be better to wait a few days, perhaps a week—"

"Mademoiselle is not to be hurried, or forced," Hector spoke with firmness. "Good Sister, please use her very gently."

It was then that petite Bathilde made her own decision. Fearlessly she went to de Vitry and held out the casket, saying:

"Take this, monsieur. I give you all my wealth."

"No, sweet child, your wealth is here," and, bowing, Hector kissed the unresisting lips that were lifted up to his.

In a cool, generous plantation home the favored friend may now be shown a box, its sacred contents still untouched—the casket dower of Bathilde de Vitry. Those simple garments are yellowed by time and hallowed into the proudest heirlooms of a family that for generations has cultivated the fields and adorned the annals of Louisiana.

Another article about the Port of Queer Cargoes will appear in an early issue

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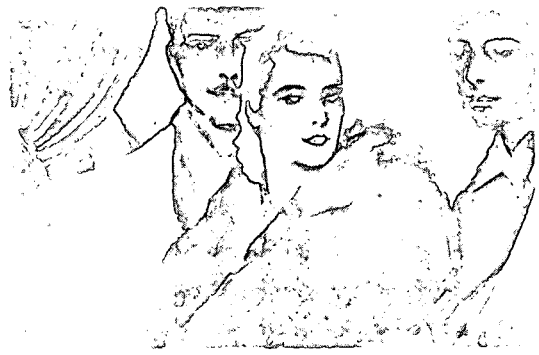

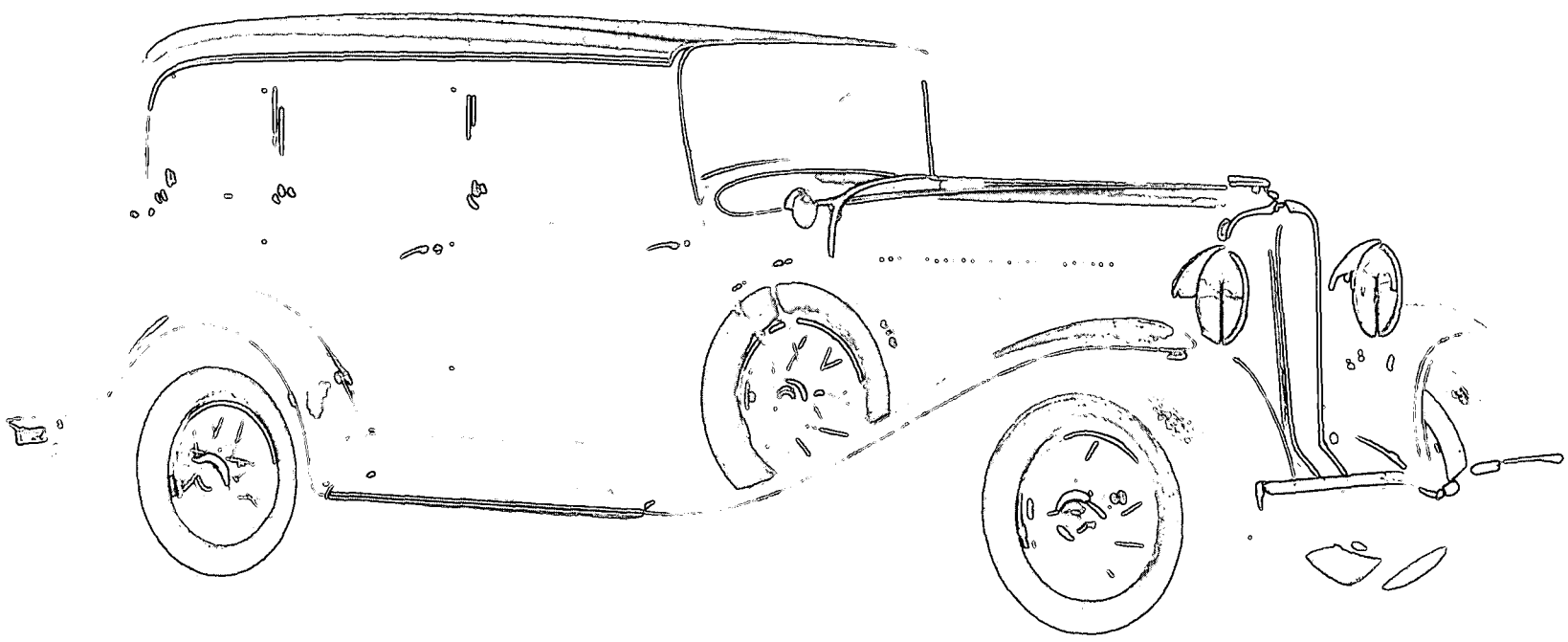

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

The corruption of recent years derives almost exclusively from prohibition nullification

Breeder of Corruption

POLITICAL corruption is not pleasant to contemplate. We Americans can't be comfortable at the thought or even the suspicion that any part of our government is debauched by criminal greed. Yet for some years now we have been aware that public officials were being bribed and that in consequence orderly processes of government were breaking down.

In an article published in this issue of Collier's, Colonel Robert Isham Randolph tells a part of the tragic story of the debauching of Chicago. Colonel Randolph is a man of distinction and of courage. For years as a public-spirited citizen, and more recently as president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, he has fought against those criminals in politics and out who were soiling the reputation of his city by their dishonesty and unjust government.

The corruption which decent Chicagoans are fighting derives its revenues chiefly from the outlaw liquor traffic.

The Wickersham Commission reported convincing evidence of the extent to which the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment has spread corruption throughout the nation. What an indictment the commission presented! Here are its words:

"As to corruption, it is sufficient to refer to the reported decisions of the courts during the past decade in all parts of the country, which reveal a succession of prosecutions for conspiracies, sometimes involving the police, prosecuting and administrative organizations of whole communities; to the flagrant corruption disclosed in connection with diversions of industrial alcohol and unlawful production of beer; to the record of Federal prohibition administration as to which cases of corruption have been continuous and corruption has appeared in services which in the past had been above suspicion; to the records of state police organizations; to the revelations as to police corruption in every type of municipality, large and small, throughout the decade; to the conditions as to prosecution revealed in surveys of criminal justice in many parts of the land; to the evidence of connection between corrupt local politics and gangs and the organized unlawful liquor traffic, and of systematic collection of tribute from that traffic for corrupt political purposes."

Remember, these are the measured words of the outstanding people chosen by President Hoover to consider prohibition and the growth of crime. They are not the loose words of irresponsible agitators or street-corner Communists. On the contrary, they compose part of a solemn report to the President and to Congress.

Everyone who knows anything at all knows that the Wickersham Commission exaggerated nothing. If anything, the condition was understated. Liquor is sold in abundant quantities, again according to the commission, throughout the country and corruption, and corruption alone, makes possible the traffic wherever and whenever it is sold.

Of course it is true that after every great war corruption has appeared and the moral fiber of the nation has seemed for a time to weaken. The development of the past ten years has, however, been unique in our history.

Speaking generally, since the Harding administration, governmental officials and clerks outside the agencies affected by the liquor traffic have been free from taint or even suspicion of wrongdoing.

Many have doubted the intelligence of congressmen or legislators, but the honor of lawmakers has not been impugned. At worst we accuse those with whom we disagree of prejudice or stupidity.

Consider the facts as we will, inevitably we are driven to the conclusion that the political corruption which has cursed us during recent years is derived almost exclusively from the nullification of the prohibition amendment.

The corruption which Colonel Randolph and his associates are fighting in Chicago, the corruption against which President Hoover would arouse our national conscience, is almost wholly the offspring of nullified prohibition.

Corrupt government is in truth the inevitable product of this nullified law.

Some statutes, such as the old Sunday blue laws, can be forgotten without bribery, but it is not so with a law so conspicuous as the Eighteenth Amendment.

Outlaw liquor cannot be had without bribery. Governmental corruption is the price paid for bootleg drink.

The answer is perfectly obvious even though the Wickersham Commission lacked the courage to state it.

Corruption can be stopped in just two ways:

First, those millions of influential Americans who now buy bootleg liquor can stop buying and drinking.

The Wickersham Commission, however, with other bodies, has reported an increase and not a diminution of drinking.

Second, the Amendment may be modified so that the liquor laws may square with public opinion and custom.

This latter is the solution to which ultimately we must come. Honest government is more important than prohibition. If the Eighteenth Amendment is corrupting our government, the Eighteenth Amendment or anything else which proves itself to be an incurable source of corruption must go.

We are an honorable people and in the long run we will not tolerate dishonor.

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Two old favorites find new friends — each year more men say:

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"Balance" is a better friend than luck

You put in so much of this, and so much of that. You mix and you bake. When you open the oven door, you take out—what? If your recipe was correctly "balanced", and your flour in proper "balance", you take out a perfectly beautiful, perfectly delicious food—*every time.* Otherwise, no matter how skillful a baker you may be, you must depend to a certain extent on luck.

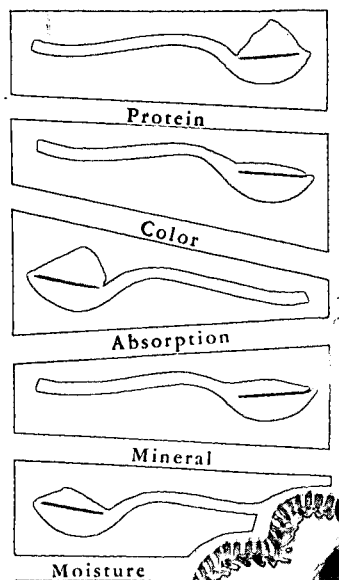
In baking, "balance" is a better friend than luck. Be sure your recipes are perfectly "balanced"—that they call for exactly the right amount of every ingredient. And be sure you use a "balanced" flour—Pillsbury's Best. Then *all* your baking days will be what other women call—"lucky days".

No single type of wheat contains just the right amounts of protein, mineral, moisture, etc., to work perfectly for all baking. Therefore Pillsbury's Best is made from a special blend of *different types* of the finest wheats, scientifically "balanced" for perfect baking. These wheats are mixed according to a combination used only in Pillsbury's Best—there is no other flour just like it. Pillsbury's Best Flour contains just the right amount of every part of the wheat necessary for successful all-purpose baking.

Try Pillsbury's Best. Everything you bake, bread, biscuits or pastry, turns out better. Everything has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor. Perfect "balance" is the secret—the reason more women use Pillsbury's Best Flour than any other!

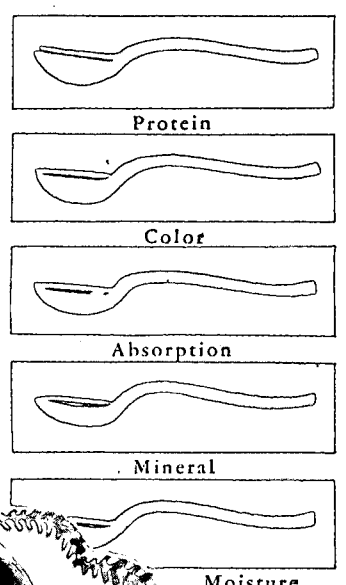
"Unbalanced"

All these different substances are found in wheat when it is harvested. But they're not properly "balanced" for baking. No *single variety* of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities to make a perfect all-purpose flour.



"Balanced"

The Pillsbury "balancing" process mixes as many as sixteen different types of the finest wheats. The result is a flour which contains just the right amount of protein, mineral, moisture, etc. — a flour perfectly "balanced" for all kinds of baking.



Pillsbury's Best Flour

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